

American

ICD

OCTOBER 1955

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for today—*

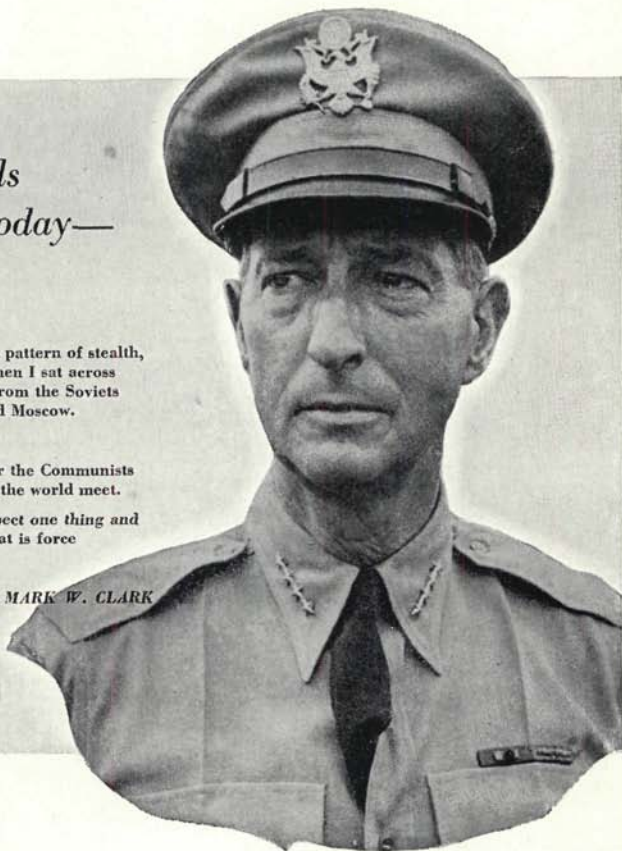
"I saw the Communist pattern of stealth, treachery and lying when I sat across the conference table from the Soviets in Vienna, London and Moscow.

"I saw it in Korea.

"It is present wherever the Communists and the free people of the world meet.

"The Communists respect one thing and one thing only, and that is force and determination."

—GENERAL MARK W. CLARK



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W. B. Astor

President



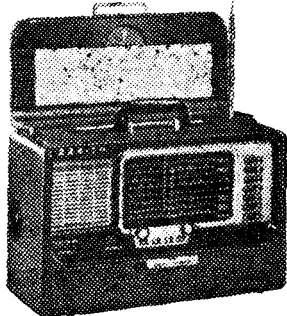
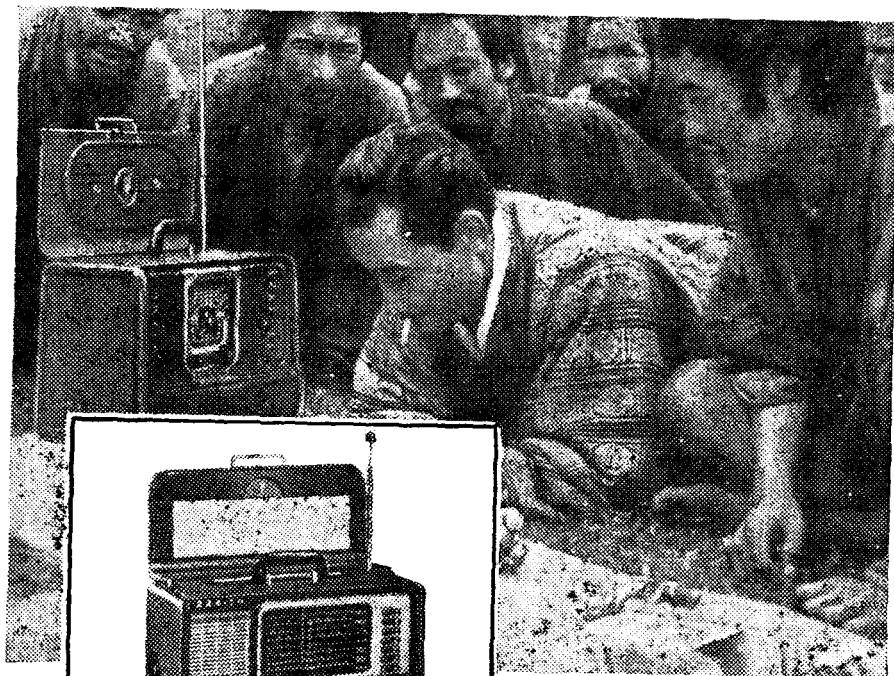
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Senator Knowland

ANSWERS TWENTY QUESTIONS ON FOREIGN POLICY

SENATOR WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND of California, Senate Republican leader, has long been known for his wide knowledge and independent thinking in foreign affairs. His opinions are concise and important and we are pleased to present herewith his answers to twenty questions submitted by the AMERICAN MERCURY.

SENATOR KNOWLAND GIVES HIS VIEWS ON SUCH TOPICS AS:

- ★ the possibility of a "hot war"
- ★ the Kremlin's new "peace offensive"
- ★ "containment" versus "liberation"
- ★ trade with the Iron Curtain countries
- ★ the Sarnoff plan for waging the cold war
- ★ the Bandung Conference
- ★ Chinese imprisonment of American citizens
- ★ U.S. participation in the United Nations
- ★ a defense pact for the Western Hemisphere

1. *Do you believe the current "peace offensive" of the Kremlin is a fraud designed to lull the United States into a false sense of security?*

Yes, in my judgment, the long-term strategy of international Communism remains the same — by subversion or invasion, to effect the downfall of all representative and peaceful forms of government. The history of 38 years of Communism demonstrates that Lenin's precept — that in the end, Communism or Freedom must conquer — has al-

ways been followed by Marxist party leaders. It becomes, therefore, critically necessary at this time for the Free World to realize that the Communist leopard has not changed its spots.

2. *Do you believe the United States should surrender its nuclear-weapons superiority on the basis of any conceivable disarmament agreement?*

There is reason to believe that except for the superiority of nuclear weapons possessed by the United

States, most, if not all, of Western Europe would have been overrun by Communism by this time. Since these weapons have been the chief deterrent to additional Communist aggression, I believe we can only subscribe to a disarmament agreement that provides for an effective system of control and inspection of nuclear, as well as conventional, weapons. In my judgment, based on their past record, the Soviets will not agree to such controls and if that is the case, it becomes clear that their intentions and pronouncements in this field are not based on good faith.

3 . *Should "containment" or "liberation" be the keystone of United States policy in dealing with the Soviet World?*

Containment calls for a defensive program that guarantees the status-quo condition of millions of presently enslaved human beings. Containment is a negative policy of reacting to Communist movements and the futility of this policy is evidenced by the fact that today 40 percent of the earth's inhabitants are under the control of international Communism. If peace is to reign in our lifetime, we must subscribe and follow a policy that is directed toward the eventual liberation of these people and countries presently behind the Iron Curtain. The status quo of enslavement presents a moral question, of which there can be no compromise if we

are ever to have a genuinely peaceful world.

4 . *Do you believe the cold war must inevitably, sooner or later, turn into a hot war?*

During my public career in Washington, I have constantly recommended a firm foreign policy as the best means of preserving "peace with honor" and combating the aggression of international Communism. In my judgment, any temporizing with Communist threats will lead rapidly to the time when the only choice for the remaining free countries will be "to surrender or die." A forthright foreign policy calls for taking the initiative away from the Kremlin in winning the so-called "cold war" as the only solution to preventing a subsequent "hot war."

5 . *What measures, on the economic level, do you suggest that the United States adopt in prosecuting the cold war?*

In the economic field, I would recommend that our current policy of embargoing trade of strategic goods with Communist countries be strengthened and strictly enforced. A corollary of this proposal is to secure an agreement from our allies to cooperate with us in this endeavor. Economic distresses are presently the greatest source of trouble for Communist plans and an increasing inability to secure items which constitute the sinews of war-

making potential could have a great effect on the men in the Kremlin.

6 . *Should the United States exert pressures of any kind on the governments of the Free World, to curtail or abandon their trade with the Iron Curtain countries?*

It is fundamental to international relations that a sovereign nation has the right to trade with any other country it desires in order to produce favorable economic conditions at home. However, if it is axiomatic, and I believe it is, that we are engaged in a world-wide struggle for survival, this country should exert every moral influence it possesses to secure cooperation on limiting such trade from these countries who are joined with us against a common enemy. We do not forget that scrap iron and oil were sold to the Japanese war lords up until Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. This was blood-money trade.

7 . *What do you think of the Sarnoff plan for "A Strategy Board for Political Defense, the Cold War Equivalent of the Joint Chiefs of Staff"?*

A number of outstanding Americans such as David Sarnoff, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and Seaborn Collins, National Commander of the American Legion, have recommended a renewed and revitalized effort by the government to win the psychological phase of the cold war. The challenge of free men in a

free society is a genuine and revolutionary concept and it is tragic that the progress, growth and achievements of free Americans have never been adequately portrayed. Within the past few weeks, I have introduced legislation in the Senate to establish a National Freedom Board, which if approved will have the responsibility of coordinating and administering this nation's ideological answer to Communism. I am hopeful, when the legislation is enacted, that some of our outstanding citizens in private life will consent to serve their country on the Board. I am convinced that if we are to assume a position of leadership in this conflict we must diagnose for the world the evils and intentions of international Communism, and we must apply the antidote of truth to the falsity of Soviet promises.

8 . *Was the diplomatic recognition of the USSR in 1933 a blunder?*

In my judgment, the recognition by this country of the Soviet Union in 1933 was one of the greatest diplomatic mistakes committed during the 179-year period of this nation's history. Despite the record of 16 years of purges, espionage and inhumane treatment of the Russian people; despite the adverse recommendations of responsible career diplomatic officials of the State Department; despite the refusal to recognize by four preceding administrations, Democrat as well

as Republican, recognition was speedily granted on the basis of insincere Soviet promises of cooperation and non-interference in affairs of this country. These promises, like 50 out of 52 others pledged by the Kremlin in the past 30 years with other nations, were promptly broken.

9 . *Do you favor breaking off diplomatic relations with the USSR?*

I believe that diplomatic relations should be conducted with those countries who evidence a desire and intention to contribute to a peaceful world that honors the dignity of individuals and the right of self-determination among nations and peoples. Nations which support aggression and violate their agreements have no claim to recognition as a matter of right to receive on demand. If the future months should indicate a continuance of the aggressive and subversive policies of international Communism, I am in favor of this country's withdrawing its recognition of the Soviet Union in order to rally the moral force of world opinion behind the cause of human freedom. This action may then be necessary in order to win the "cold war" challenge of the Kremlin.

10 . *Do you believe the Bandung Conference was a cold war defeat or victory for the Free World?*

The United States, of course, was not a participant of the Bandung Conference and, to me, the Conference represented neither a defeat nor a victory for the Free World in the cold war. Insofar as representatives of smaller nations such as the Philippines, Pakistan, Thailand and Ceylon stood up against Communist activities and the efforts of Nehru and Chou En-lai, the Conference had a positive value. Insofar as the representatives of Red China and India were able to convince a number of the representatives present of the peaceful intentions of Communism, the Conference had a negative value for the Free World.

11 . *Where do you stand on the admission of Red China to the UN?*

I am unalterably opposed to either the recognition of Red China by this government or its admission into the United Nations. Recognition of Communist China would only compound the mistakes we made in 1933 in recognizing the Soviet Union. Admission into the United Nations of a regime that was named an aggressor by the UN in the Korean War, that has repeatedly violated the Korean Truce, that has contributed support to Communist forces in Indo-China and has illegally imprisoned American military personnel would violate the basic moral foundation upon which the United Nations is supposed to rest.

12 . *Do you favor a United States naval blockade of the mainland of China to force the Peiping Reds to free imprisoned American citizens?*

For the entire life of our Republic, Americans have been indoctrinated with the belief that every citizen owed an obligation to his flag and to his country which included service in the Armed Forces when required. This government must not lose sight of the fact that, by the same token, the nation has an obligation to the men in uniform who serve it. When Chou En-lai admitted that his regime had jailed 15 American airmen, I requested the President to institute a naval blockade of the China mainland until these men had been released. Although the fliers have now been released, I am still of the opinion that we should first use all possible diplomatic, moral and economic means, including a blockade, to enforce the release of all military personnel and American citizens still detained. As long as one of our citizens, military or civilian, is unjustly held, I do not intend to keep silent on the issue.

13 . *Do you believe that the United States suffered a humiliating defeat in Korea because our generals were hamstrung by the UN?*

No, Korea was no defeat for the United States and of course it was not a victory. The stalemated situation which resulted from that con-

flict has prolonged the dangers of Communist influence and activities in Asia, and this represents the greatest loss for the Free World. I disagreed with the policies followed in Korea when victory was denied us by the influence of unwise limitations, and I certainly would never want this country to acquiesce in another situation where the arms of our fighting forces and allies were tied behind their backs.

14 . *Should the United States withdraw from the UN, or do you consider that it can be salvaged as an effective instrument of collective security?*

The United Nations, if it does not destroy its moral position by compromising with aggressor nations or regimes, does have a function to perform. It could, for example, be a forum wherein the views of the Free World and the Communist world might be aired, provided there was an assurance that the debates were receiving as widespread coverage behind the Iron Curtain as they do in free nations. The United Nations was created to help in establishing a system of international law and order so that the peace of the world, for ourselves and our children, might be preserved. The Korean War, where only 16 out of 60 UN nations joined the United States in resisting aggression, proved that the organization was not an effective instrument of collective security. There are some

who envision the United Nations as a world state to which individual nations would surrender their sovereignty. However, the futility of such objectives is seen by the fact that there exists no common language or common heritage among the member nations of the UN and certain nations in that organization have no experience with representative and constitutional forms of government.

I personally shall never consent to permitting the guarantees of freedom under our own Constitution being diluted or modified directly or indirectly by any organization having in powerful policy positions nations which have no appreciation or respect for free institutions.

15 . *Do you see a danger that the United States may be "edged" into some kind of world government?*

If our citizens and government leaders remain alert to the lessons of history and the valiant efforts made by our forefathers in forging our Constitution, there will be no real threat toward incorporating the United States into some form of world government.

However, I must be frank to state that certain prominent citizens in this country have convinced themselves of the desirability of such an objective and are working toward its accomplishment. The Constitution of the United States is and must remain the supreme law of our nation.

16 . *Do you agree with those who advocate greater attention to strengthening international bonds in the Western Hemisphere, as a defense strategy against world Communism?*

I am certainly in agreement with any constructive proposal that will strengthen the common defense bond against Communism. However, as I see the problem, international Communism is a worldwide menace and we must give equal attention to Communist advances and tactics in the Western Hemisphere, in Europe and in Asia. One of the causes of the critical situation facing the Free World today is that, in the past, the spread of Communism in Asia has been ignored while we concentrated all of our efforts and energies against Communism in Europe.

17 . *What is your stand on the Bricker Amendment?*

During the 83rd Congress, I voted in favor of the proposed Constitutional amendment on this subject, but unfortunately the amendment was defeated in the Senate by a margin of one vote. I am convinced that a change in the Constitution is necessary to prevent executive agreements being used as a substitute for treaties, the latter of which must receive Senate ratification before approval. I am also opposed to either treaties or executive agreements being used to circumvent or subordinate either the Constitution

or the laws of the land passed by the Congress.

18. *Do you believe that American military personnel on active duty abroad should be under the jurisdiction of the civil courts of foreign lands?*

This problem is a very difficult one to solve on a reasonable basis. I am sure that neither our citizens nor the Congress would permit foreign troops stationed at bases on our own soil to be completely immune from the laws of this country. Therefore it seems to me that if we have American troops overseas, we need to apply a rule of reason for any criminal offenses that may be committed while away from a military post and off duty. Such military personnel should be guaranteed the assistance of adequate counsel and due process of law. Reversing rolls, we would not want foreign troops stationed in this country in peacetime when off duty to be exempt from our local, state or national laws.

19. *Was our consent to join in the Big Four Meeting at the Summit primarily the result of British election pressures?*

The conduct of this country's foreign relations is placed primarily by the Constitution on the President and the Executive Branch of the government. I believe that a great

deal of pressure existed in both France and England to have a high level conference with Soviet Russia. It had also been announced by the President — that he would go any place at any time in pursuance of world peace.

20. *Would you trust any promise of the Kremlin to abandon the Communist program of world revolution?*

It is unquestionably true there is nothing in the past record of Communism that would justify this government's reliance on Soviet promises for future peaceful actions. History records that out of 52 pacts, treaties and agreements signed by the Kremlin with other governments, 50 were broken as soon as they had served their purposes. However, I believe the weakness of these agreements rested on the fact that the *words* of the Soviets were taken at face value and no *performance* was required to show evidence of good faith. This requirement of deeds, I believe, is absolutely essential as a prerequisite to our being bound by any agreement entered into with the Communist hierarchy. The abandonment of the doctrine of world revolution and not merely the promise to do so would constitute a *deed* coming within the requirements necessary for world peace and the relief of international tensions.



EVER BEEN TO *Mugfuzzle Flat*?

By Harold Helfer

I WAS on my way to Miami Beach in my old convertible — all right, jalopy, if you insist — when I decided to stop along the Florida highway and have a little refreshment at this roadhouse. So I'm sitting there, disposing of some coffee and cinnamon buns, when I hear a fellow who'd been sitting on a stool by the counter say to the man behind the counter, "I think I'll go to two egg."

Then he suddenly gets up, and, without waiting for any implementation of his remark, and without any further word, hastily departs.

"What's with him?" I asked the man behind the counter, shaking my head. "A guy orders something in a place and he no sooner gets the words out of his mouth when he's taking off for somewhere else."

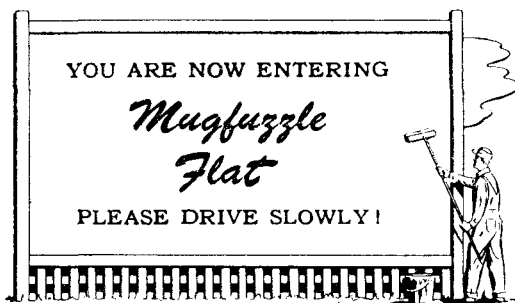
"Oh, he didn't order anything," the man behind the counter calmly stated. "He's just going to Two Egg."

That's a town down the road a bit."

So that's how I happened to visit Two Egg, Florida, during my vacation. Well, maybe it didn't have the night spots, the snazzy Bikini-type feminine strollers and the heady pastrami-perfumed eateries of Miami Beach, but Two Egg — although it was some 30-odd miles out of my way — was definitely one of the high spots of my vacation.

Now I'll tell you how Two Egg got its name. It wasn't always called that, you know. It was originally Alliston. But there were two families there who were always sending their youngsters to the general store with two eggs to exchange for snuff and corn meal. So, inasmuch as "Alliston" seemed to be a little stuffy anyway, the folks there, naturally, decided to change the name of their town to Two Egg.

Now I admit I happened to more or less stumble onto Two Egg but you'll find you can always add sauce and piquancy to your trips if you'll keep your eyes and ears open for these odd-named towns. These places invariably will turn out to be somewhat out of your way — there seems to be an unwritten law that



none can ever be on any main highway — but they can be refreshingly rewarding with an unspoiled slice of Americana.

Well, take Folly, Virginia, for instance. Now why in the world would anybody ever name a place that? I went some 18 miles out of my way for this one but it was worth it. It seems that the way the town got its name was this: When the community got ready to get itself a name there was quite a dispute about what it should be. In fact, it reached such temper-boiling proportions that a gun fight broke out and one man was killed. So they called the place Folly.

Of course, it's a matter of luck whether a picturesquely-named town will live up to full expectations. Startup, Washington, for instance, was quite a disappointment to me. It turned out to be that the place was just named after a guy named George G. Startup. Even assuming that George G. was a very deserving individual and all that, such things are, of course, always something of a letdown.

ON THE other hand, though, sometimes you can be pleasantly surprised by the way something will turn out. Well, for instance, take the town of Love, Virginia. Now there are quite a few families named Love around and about — but this Blue Ridge Mountains town was only some 12 miles or so out of my way so I decided, what the heck, I'll take a

run over. And, sure enough, there was an unusual story.

A sanguinary feud had broken out between the original settlers, the Coffees and the Fitzgeralds. Bloody incident seemed to follow bloody incident, with relations continually worsening. Then along came a shaggy itinerant preacher and the families listened to his words of brotherly love and they symbolized the end of this festering vendetta by calling their community Love.

There are towns whose names have pretty obvious meanings and yet turn out to have quite interesting asides to them. Take, for instance, Grant's Pass. You might have figured it was named after Ulysses S. But the intriguing thing is that a construction crew happened to be working on that pass when a stagecoach came along and the driver spilled the news of Grant's victory at Vicksburg.

Some names, of course, are obviously pure reflections of the hard-bitten sardonic nature of the pioneers tackling un-amiable surroundings and geography. For instance, like Lousy Level, Nevada. Or Foul Rift, Delaware. Or, in California, Hell-For-Noon City, Delirium Tremens, Chucklehead Diggings and Mugfuzzle Flat.

Part of the excitement and fascination of going after these odd-named towns, though, is never knowing whether you're going to hit a dud or a nugget of Americana. Take, for instance, Marked Tree,

Arkansas. It seems that a great many years before the white man came that a great tribe of Indians, with a chief named Moonshine, inhabited those parts. They were great hunters and one of their favorite hunting itineraries involved going down Little River and then into St. Francis River for a number of miles.

But the Indians found that they saved some ten miles of hard paddling upstream if, instead of actually boating from one river to the other, they picked up their dugouts at a certain point along the Little River and walked only a short distance overland to the St. Francis River. The trick was to make this land transfer at just the right point and, in order to be sure about this, a tree was marked where the disembarking should take place.

The whole thing was such a good idea that when the white hunters and trappers came along they followed the same pattern and, in time, the town of Marked Tree sprang up at this disembarkation point.

Sometimes the condition that a town is in at its present moment adds to the fillip and charm of its name. Take Zero, Montana, for instance. It was given that name because on the day the Northern Pacific Railway sent a surveying party into that area — and the groaning you are about to hear comes from modern day public relations and promotion men — it was mighty cold and the party named the place after the thermometer reading. But

today the word Zero has an awesome-ish double meaning. That's just about what its population has come to be. Actually, the population count is three — the postmistress, her husband and their daughter.

YOU WILL find that no matter how fantastic sounding a town's name may be, or how lost in the shadows of history, you can nearly always get some sort of glimmer as to how it came about. In fact, I have run across only one exception to this. The town is Toast, North Carolina.

It seems that at one time the place was known as Cross Roads. Well, as far as the people around there were concerned, that was all right with them. But when a post-office was being established there this name didn't suit the Federal government. Apparently it didn't have enough dignity or something.

So a number of other names were submitted to Washington. None of them pleased Washington. Finally, Washington named the town itself — Toast. Why "Toast" nobody seems to know. But this name continues to fascinate me.

Sometimes at breakfast I find myself staring at some half-burned slices of bread and musing that, if somehow you could ever discover why it was that Washington decided that Toast was a more substantial and fitting name than Cross Roads, you might find yourself on the threshold of unlocking the door to that vast mystery: The Bureaucratic Mind.



They Call Him the Fur Detective



BY GEORGE W. GROH

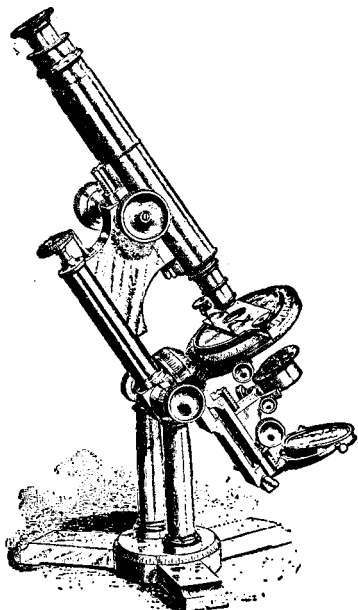
IN LOS ANGELES recently, a shoplifter snatched a mink coat from a department store rack, stuffed it down the front of his over-sized trousers, and waddled swiftly toward the door. He reached the street and disappeared in the crowd before an alert store detective could head him off.

When he was picked up for questioning two days later, the shoplifter assumed an air of injured innocence. He had disposed of the coat by that time, of course, and he knew that the store detective's hasty and uncertain identification wasn't good enough to stand up in court. As to the shoplifting trousers, he still had them on. But that, he thought, was safe enough. You can't

convict a man because he wears his pants two sizes too large. He was so sure of himself that he threatened to sue for false arrest.

Things stood like that when the harassed store manager put in a call to Max Bachrach 2,500 miles away. Bachrach asked a few questions, issued instructions, and sat back to wait. A few days later, he produced the missing evidence without stirring from the New York office and laboratory where he works.

When Bachrach explains it, the solution seems simple enough. He sent for the trousers, turned them inside out on his laboratory workbench, and scraped them carefully with a fine-toothed comb. He examined the



scrapings under a high-powered microscope and found tiny shreds of mink fur which had rubbed off on the garment. Confronted with that evidence, the astonished shoplifter promptly confessed.

The case of the overstuffed trousers is only one of many in Bachrach's career. Bachrach, however, is not a detective. He's a fur consultant, a man who tells breeders and dealers how to run their business, and he's so good at it that he can charge up to \$500 for a consultation. But to police, FBI agents and insurance investigators, he's known also as a man who can take a single tuft of fur and wring from it secrets that will solve a crime.

His science involves measurements and calculations which are fantastically exact. Starting with a strand of unknown fur, he may cut off a cross section $1/5,000$ th of an inch thick. He magnifies this sliver 150 to 200 times, studies the size and shape of the basic cells, and compares the result with 5,000 samples or "fur fingerprints" which he keeps on file. That tells him what kind of fur he's working with. Very often he can also determine whether the animal was wild or tame, where it lived, what it lived on, and how it was killed. Finally, by applying one or more of some 600 chemical tests, he can retrace the steps in which the fur was treated and processed.

Police made use of Bachrach's knowledge when a young woman was raped and murdered in Penn-

sylvania's Pocono Mountains. The principal clue consisted of fur hairs found on a suspect's clothing. Bachrach identified them as nutria, the fur of a South American rodent, and found that they matched with a fur collar which the woman was wearing when she died. That clinched the case and led to a conviction.

On another occasion he broke up a fur forgery racket in New York. The swindlers took ranch mink, touched it up with chemicals and dyes, and sold it as black diamond mink worth half again as much. The retouch job fooled even the fur dealers, until one suspicious dealer asked Bachrach for a lab report. He spotted the phony as easily as you and I would spot a penny painted silver to pass for a dime.

BACHRACH's own story, however, is more dramatic than any case history in his files. This plump and balding laboratory wizard is a man who found success through failure. Stranger still, he's a self-taught scientist who holds his most imposing diploma from a public high school. The quality of his self-instruction may be judged from the fact that he now lectures regularly at a New York university, holds positions of honor in three scientific societies, and serves as the fur industry's technical advisor to such bodies as the U.S. Customs Division, the Federal Trade Commission and the National Better Business Bureau.

Bachrach began his career 50 years ago as the boy with a broom in a New York fur and hide company. He advanced to office manager while still in his early 20's, then founded his own firm. Along the way, he made a discovery that was to change his life. Old-timers in the business could tell one fur from another, Bachrach observed, but they couldn't tell you how they told. They relied on a combination of instinct and experience which took years to acquire.

Bachrach figured there must be a better way. He searched the libraries for a book on the subject, and didn't find one for the very good reason that it hadn't been written. What he did find was a promising lead. Scientists thought it might be possible to identify both human and animal hair through microscopic observation.

Bachrach took night school courses until he had mastered the microscope, then plunged into the enormous task of "coding" the appearance of every fur he could find. While he was at it, he delved into the chemistry of fur. When the research job was finished — and we are hurrying now over ten years of work and study — Bachrach packed his findings into a massive 677-page technical tome entitled *Fur*. He had written the book he was looking for.

Meanwhile, he established a reputation as a shrewd and successful dealer in furs. Then the Depression struck, the fur market toppled, and

Bachrach went broke. A month later, he bounced back as a fur consultant. He had decided that fur prices go up and down, but the market for knowledge is always good.

BACHRACH applies his sleuthing skill to fur business mysteries as well as to crime. There was, for instance, the case of the black possum coat which turned unaccountably red. The young woman who bought it demanded a refund, and the store manager sent the coat to Bachrach for a lab report. He took one look at the garment and fired back a cryptic nine-word telegram as follows: "Ask the lady if she fell in a sewer."

The store manager's next communication was irate in tone. He pointed out that he had sold several hundred of the coats, at \$59.50 apiece, and he was in a bad spot if they all went bad. He wanted to know what happened, and why — and he was not in the mood for a frivolous suggestion. Bachrach assured him that he was entirely serious. "If you pay for advice," he added, "you ought to take it. Ask the lady about the sewer."

As it turned out, Bachrach was very nearly right. The young woman hadn't been in a sewer, but the coat had. She confessed that she was tossing it around in a bit of horseplay when it plopped into an open manhole. The manager was so relieved at the news that he forgave her the small fraud of trying to chisel an undeserved refund.

Like all of Bachrach's solutions, this one was based on special knowledge. He knew that a sewer is the most likely source of methane gas, and he had learned during a previous investigation that methane gas turns possum fur a cherry red.

BACHRACH's biggest case involved the "disappearance" of \$500,000 worth of Persian lamb. The pelts were in excellent condition when shipped from Africa, but they were far gone in ruin when they reached New York only two weeks later. The thick, black, curly wool had been stripped away as though eaten by an army of ants. Buyer, seller, shipper and warehouseman were plunged into a bitter legal battle, and an insurance company called Bachrach in to fix the blame.

He traced the cause of damage — a particular type of mold — and proved that it had formed on burlap. The seller had to make good the loss. He had dried the pelts on burlap frames which were improperly cleaned.

Bachrach's favorite case, however, concerns a damage suit which was never filed. That one began when a New York society woman stormed into an exclusive fur shop with a lawyer following close behind. She exhibited a skin rash which circled her neck like a string of ugly red beads, and said that she got it from wearing her new mink coat. She wanted her money back, and she also wanted a big bundle of the store's money to soothe her feelings of pain and shock.

Bachrach examined the fur and found nothing wrong. He extracted samples of the dye, tested it thoroughly, and got the same result. Still, it was obvious that something had caused that rash. Acting on a hunch, he obtained samples of the woman's perfume, mixed it with chemicals from the coat, and produced a solution so strong that it caused his own skin to erupt. The customer was both edified and mollified. She dropped the damage suit, kept the coat — and changed her perfume.



"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me"

By CHARLES C. COOKMAN

He never loved the Moscovites;
He always stood for human rights.
He was so engrossed in liberalism,
He plumb forgot his catechism.

McCarthyism

VINDICATED

By Louis Francis Budenz

WISCONSIN'S town of Ripon is considered of such small consequence that it is not even mentioned in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. This may have come about because that great reference source is more British than American.

Whatever the reason for the omission, it is not a place that can readily be overlooked. Ripon has been the scene of some great episodes in American history. It is the birthplace of the Republican Party, antedating in GOP annals the Philadelphia National Convention of 1856, which nominated General John Frémont for President.

This June it witnessed another act in the American drama when the Wisconsin Republican Convention spoke out in no uncertain terms against the censure of Senator Joe McCarthy and commended him for his fight against Communism.

So pronounced was this verdict that Leroy Gore, originator of the "Joe Must Go" movement, and a darling of the *Daily Worker*, announced that he was leaving the Republican Party of the Badger State because it had taken "McCarthyism to its bosom."

What happened at Ripon may therefore be called a vindication of McCarthyism, and of a number of events which preceded it. After all the frothing at the mouth by certain newspapers and political figures over "the insult to the uniform" in the General Zwicker case, that entire episode was dropped like the proverbial hot potato by the United States Senate. After all the fuming and furor by the Americans for Democratic Action and the *Daily Worker* over the finances of the Junior Senator from Wisconsin, it turned out that the audit of the

Internal Revenue Service revealed that the government owed *him* money.

It becomes quite evident that these reckless charges were made without too much scrupulosity as to the facts, with the design in effect to halt investigation into the extent and methods of the Communist conspiracy.

We had expected that a latent sense of honor in some of the self-admitted high-minded members of the Americans for Democratic Action would have moved them to apologize to Senator McCarthy for having maligned him. A deadly silence has followed, indicating that the winning of "civil liberties" for the Communists and their friends was the real objective of all the hullabaloo. To our regret, it reminds us of the Copperheads' attack on Lincoln — when they asked in public resolutions "whether this war is waged to put down rebellion at the South, or to destroy free institutions at the North." They, like the Communists, objected to interference with their subversive activities, and objected on exactly the same grounds.

In a personal sense, then, McCarthyism has won a smashing vindication, in that the grotesque charges against the man whose name was used for the slogan have been proved groundless. In some instances, they now appear as nothing other than downright fabrication. There must be thousands of Americans who feel ashamed that they were led like

sheep to the slaughter by the Communists and their allies, docilely following the directives of the Red high command against McCarthy and McCarthyism — given as early as March 1950. There must be some uneasy moments for certain members of the Senate, considering how they unwittingly gave comfort to the Communist line.

BUT THERE is a broader and stranger vindication which has come to McCarthyism, which involves more than the personal fortunes of Wisconsin's Junior Senator. McCarthyism in itself is something broader and more profound than the activities of McCarthy himself, although he was its leading representative. The Communists have defined McCarthyism as any move which is taken on the basis that Communism is a conspiracy against the United States. In other words, McCarthyism is the determination to defend the United States at home and abroad against Soviet Russia and its agents — the sworn enemies to this country in our time — and to do this despite compromisers, trimmers and appeasers.

From that broader viewpoint, McCarthy and McCarthyism have been vindicated by the events that have followed since the summer of 1954. Every McCarthyite — the name bestowed by the Reds on anyone who stands for an effective rebuffing of the Communist conspiracy — can now say: "I told you so."

Those who champion compromise and appeasement, having disposed of McCarthyism or having thought they had done so, are now following the path which Moscow has mapped out for us.

On this July 4, Joseph Alsop, returning to the United States, found it to his liking. The Communists on the same day felt the same way about the matter. Mr. Alsop stated that there was now a "freedom" in official quarters to carry on "negotiations at the summit" and to change our internal security system. The *Daily Worker* of July 3 asserted that a new "favorable climate" had been created, in which the Communists could move about freely and carry forward effectively. The *Herald Tribune* columnist and the Red organ differed in only one respect, and that was as to how to use "this new freedom" from McCarthyism. Mr. Alsop was concerned with questions which he did not answer: "What should we do about Asia?" and "What can be made of the new Soviet line?"

The Communists knew the answers to both. The "new climate" was to be used by them to persuade the United States to give way completely in Asia. The new Soviet line was for the purpose of beguiling us into Asian defeat and a weakening of our position in Europe — all, necessarily, in the name of "peace."

Alsop did not seem to see that the events which he welcomed — the "new freedom" he saw in the United

States — were making the questions he asked all the more serious. By means of the "Yalta atmosphere" brought about within the country, the Communists were having their own sweet will again. They had always been aware that the creation of a lack of vigilance within the nation is an aid to surrender abroad.

IN THE secret conference of the Communist Party in September 1953, Andrew Stevens had decreed that "the battle against McCarthyism must be linked up with the battle for peace" — that is, for all the Soviet demands. And this report by Andrew Stevens — undoubtedly the fictitious name of the Communist International representative — was distributed far and wide among Communist circles as the guide to Red activities. It would repay any patriotic American to reread that pamphlet, *New Opportunities in the Fight for Peace and Democracy*, to note how far the Communists have gone in persuading America to do what Moscow wants.

The heart of that report was "the struggle against McCarthyism," and this was to be forwarded in order to bludgeon the Eisenhower Administration into "a top-level meeting of the Big Powers."

McCarthyism has therefore been vindicated in the reverse, in that the Communist objectives have won out here in the United States since McCarthyism was halted on the national scene.

In order to keep a proper sense of proportion, it may be said that Joseph Alsop was unfortunate from his point of view in recommending Abraham Lincoln as a guide to Mr. Eisenhower. Mr. Lincoln went much further in his crushing of sedition than any McCarthyite has ever suggested. The wartime President suspended the writ of habeas corpus so far as the disseminators of subversion were concerned.

In defense of that act, he raised a question which some of our jurists might consider in connection with the pleas of the Fifth Amendment by the Communists and their friends: "Are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the government itself to go to pieces, lest that one be violated?" And later on, when challenged for having violated "civil liberties" in the arrest of Clement Vallandigham, Lincoln had also asked what might well be asked today: "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?"

If Lincoln's vigorous methods against subversion caused it to be crushed, it is not surprising that the temporary setback to McCarthyism has led to marked Communist advances. Since the summer of 1954 — when McCarthyism became such a major issue — Moscow and its fifth column have been able to persuade the American nation to make a number of serious concessions. "Top-level negotiations," ordered by An-

drew Stevens in following the instructions of Moscow, head the list. In every Soviet pronouncement to the Communists since 1952, in issue after issue of the *New Times* of Moscow, and in the center of the Stevens report, stands the demand for "Big Power negotiations."

"It is to this end," Stevens told the Soviet fifth column here, "that we must turn all our energies, our utmost skill, tenacity and resourcefulness, in overcoming all obstacles that hinder or delay the unfolding of the broadest united and parallel actions directed toward this end." He demanded that "from one end of the country to the other," there must be made to ring "the full-throated demand for peaceful negotiations." Nothing could have answered that demand more definitely than "the negotiations at the summit" at Geneva.

THESE "top level negotiations" — as had been the record from Yalta to Geneva — were to be the opening drama in a new series of surrenders by the United States to Soviet demands. Among these were to be, as the *New Times* so boldly and repetitively put it: (1) American abandonment of Quemoy, Matsu and Formosa, leading to our loss of South Korea and much of the Pacific; (2) the disarming of West Germany, to lead to a great neutral belt of helpless nations from Yugoslavia to Sweden; (3) the gradual giving up of all defense air bases by

the United States; (4) the end of our superiority in atomic materials.

Our "allies" were to be used to persuade us toward these ends, and also to induce other nations (such as West Germany) to fall in with them. The reliance upon Great Britain to pull the Soviet chestnuts out of the fire was a major theme in both the *New Times* and the *Daily Worker*. As history unfolds, it is apparent that the Communists did not reckon carelessly in this regard.

Marshal Tito, upon whom we doted so much, is employing our funds to spread Moscow's views and to extend "neutralism" throughout the world. In July, the Yugoslav Communist came out in support of Moscow's program for the disarmament of the West, clearly aimed at weakening West German resolutions to rearm.

"Extension of East-West trade," to help out the decrepit Soviet economy, has been another persistent Kremlin demand. One of the horrors attributed to McCarthyism was its protest against the growing British trade with Red China. It was represented as a national scandal that we should "interfere" in any way in what "our ally" was doing. But now Senator John H. McClellan, who succeeded McCarthy as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Permanent Investigations, is moved to denounce this British trade with the Chinese Reds as going beyond all bounds and as aiding the Red war machine.

The international scene is, therefore, as murky for the United States as it was at the time of Yalta and thereafter — if not more so. Stalin's policy of encirclement of this country, laid down in 1939, continues to progress. Now, the danger of the success is greater, in that the area of the encirclement has grown larger.

THE STRENGTHENING of the Soviet grip on the satellite regimes has been a key to the advance of this encirclement. Unless the enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain are liberated, it has long been evident that Soviet power will extend to other hapless nations. On the other hand, if the peoples of the satellite countries had received hope and acted upon it to liberate themselves, Soviet Communism would be in full retreat. Knowing all this, the Red organs have set up a chant over the years, asserting the "unbreakable ties" between the "peoples' democracies" and the Kremlin. To climax this macabre show, Moscow staged the Warsaw "peace treaty" conference in May. There the subjected nations, represented by the Soviet agents at their head, were passed off as "independent" sovereignties entering into an alliance with Soviet Russia.

One of the charges against McCarthyism was, and is, that it sought to make the question of the satellite regimes a "must" at the Geneva conference. It was asserted that any such move by the United States

Senate, as proposed by McCarthyism, "would tie the hands of the executive." The strengthening of the Soviet iron rule over the people whom we have abandoned, the lack of a real stand on their behalf, indicates that there was much of value in what McCarthyism proposed. Indeed, if the enslaved peoples are abandoned, the fate of the United States itself hangs in the balance.

A PRIME OBJECT of Red attack — in order to clear the way for "top level negotiations" — was Congressional investigations. The committees of Congress looking into subversion have become so quiet that Mr. Alsop can rejoice that the "investigative" function is being abandoned. Even when such a startling disclosure as that made by Winston Burdett, representative of the Columbia Broadcasting System, comes to public view, it is only a 24-hour marvel. The *Daily Worker* shrugs it aside, saying that people will soon forget about it. The Red organ is particularly pleased at this, since Burdett's testimony that he was a Soviet spy in a number of countries confirms the evidence given by Elizabeth Bentley and others as to the role of the late Jacob Golos in the whole business of Soviet espionage. But this episode, raising the natural question of how many other Burdetts there may be, is smothered in the "new climate" of appeasement.

In connection with the assault on

Congressional inquiries, the Communists raise the cry "investigate the investigators." This reached a high point in the *Daily Worker* of May 7, 1953. There are now no fewer than three such investigations afoot. What will come of them we do not know, but since they meet the Communist demand, they are to that extent a product of the "new climate" of which the Reds are so proud.

In its July 3 editorial, the *Daily Worker* expressed satisfaction that the "new climate" has weakened the Smith Act prosecutions and has opened the way for Fifth Amendment pleas almost at random. It commends the Supreme Court decision rebuffing "a witch-hunting Loyalty Board" in the J. P. Peters case. It records with pleasure that "the Court of Appeals in Washington has reaffirmed the right to receive passports as a natural right," and foresees freer movement hereafter for members of the conspiracy. Its forecast that Joseph Clark, foreign editor of the *Daily Worker*, would receive a passport to Geneva, was confirmed.

The "weak, persecuted Communist Party" seems to have proved stronger once again, at least temporarily, than the Government of the United States.

McCarthyism stood on the premise that these things would come about unless the conspiracy were vigorously uprooted. The course of events has confirmed that contention.

Baseball's Barbers

BY

RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

⊙ EVEN though Yogi Berra has insisted that a ballplayer doesn't win ball games with his face, many a game has been won by word of mouth. The bench jockey, or barber, has become somewhat of an undercover agent through the years and is as much a part of baseball strategy today as the hit-and-run.

Clint Courtney once talked a rookie out of swinging at a single pitch. The pitcher blew in the first one, a straight fast ball, for a strike. "You ought to hit that one," said Courtney, "It was just a straight fast ball. Here, we'll try another just like it."

The rookie thought sure it would be a curve, but it was another fast ball, and he just stood there looking at it.

"There's nothing on them," apologized Courtney, "just a fast ball. This next one is a fast ball too. How about it?"

But the rookie wasn't going to be fooled; he knew this one was going to be that big curve. But it was another fast ball right down the middle for strike three.

Yogi Berra's famous "You don't hit with your face," retort came



about when Birdie Tebbetts, one of the leading bench jockies today, hollered at Yogi: "Hey, Berra, how does your wife like living in a tree?"

Yogi heard that crack all season. Some players even swung from dug-out roofs by one hand, scratching themselves and bellowing like Tarzan. It took Yogi all season to think up his *bon mot*.

There are many forms of barbering: The good-natured kind intended to draw laughs from one's own players, thereby lifting the morale of the club; the needling kind which, though in good taste, hopes to upset a player on the opposition; and the bitter insulting kind tended to enrage a player beyond his temper and make him less effective. This last kind sometimes backfires.

Ty Cobb was a man it didn't pay to rib. Some inexperienced rookies tried it one day while Ty was taking batting practice. Cobb cut them short by directing line drives into their dugout.

One time Dizzy Dean was pitching to the league's leading slugger in a crucial fight for the pennant with the sacks clogged. Diz ambled up to the plate, put a brotherly arm around the batter's shoulder and said, "Listen to the stands holler. That's for you and me. They think we're stars. But in a little while one of us is gonna be a terrific bust."

Walking back to the mound he proceeded to strike out the batter. "Well, it ain't me," hollered Diz as he walked off the field.

Dean got his come-uppance years later when he began to lose his fog ball. Players on other clubs used to sock hell out of his once blazing-fast ball that now chugged to the plate. But Billy Herman, recalling the trouble the Great Dean used to give him, wanted better revenge.

One game when Dean slung his waning fast one at Herman, Billy reached out, caught the ball with his bare hand and slammed it back at the astonished Dean. "You'll have to do better than that," he scorned, as he took another toe-hold and rattled the fence for a double.

⓪ LEO DUROCHER is one of the leading barbers in the game today — and he served a long apprenticeship. In 1928 as a fresh Yankee rookie, he stopped a game in Detroit by storming up to the plate umpire, while fat Bob Fothergill was at bat. "You can't let these two guys bat at the same time!" was his dead pan protest. Fat chased him with his bat

until the cops dragged him back to the dugout.

Few players can get a pitcher's goat as successfully as Leo Durocher. Leo once needled a certain pitcher's lack of speed so derisively that the hurler threw the fastest ball of his career straight at Leo's head in the coaching box. Leo did a backward somersault getting out of the way of that ball and scurried into the dugout when the pitcher came after him. The pitcher was so unnerved he was soon knocked out of the box.

Rookies expect to be barbered from the moment they put on the first uniform and are constantly on guard. There was a rookie with the Dodgers this year who had never been to New York before. Almost before he checked into his hotel and before he had a chance to go out and see the sights, he was whisked over to play an exhibition game in New Jersey. Suddenly the rookie felt a roaring in his ears as the subway train entered the Hudson Tunnels. He turned to a rookie next to him and asked; "Where are we now?"

"You're under the river," came the startling reply.

"Listen you," retorted Martin unrolling his biceps, "I can take a lot from the veterans on this club. But no fresh busher is going to kid me and get away with it."

Fans have been rough on players, but sometimes the player gets even. There was the time a hot Boston Red Sox rookie ran into the grandstand before game time and sat down beside

a young couple: "Hi Sweetie," he greeted the startled girl whom he had never seen before. "It's nice seeing you again. We sure had a nice time last time I was in town. See you in a couple days. Same time, same place." With that he ran back to the field. All through the game the couple never stopped arguing.

⊙ **JOCKEYING** with umpires is not the most profitable pastime, but it has provided amusing legend. When barbering got too rough and the league fathers issued a special edict forbidding excessive abuse of the umpire, Jimmy Dykes found a way to evade the directive. He had his catcher, Ray Murray, hand Umpire Larry Napp a business card whenever a bad strike was called. The card advertised an optometrist.

Dizzy Dean once thought his throw had beaten a runner. The umpire George Barr gave a spectacular skyward gesture. Diz followed him around like a lost puppy looking for his father. Barr said nothing. Dizzy finally tapped him on the head with his chewing tobacco bag as he was loading his gums. "Seems like you could pay me the courtesy of answering me," Diz begged.

"I did," Barr said kindly. "I shook my head."

"Oh no you didn't," chastized Dean waving a pinch of tobacco between his eating fingers. "If you had, I'd a heard somethin' rattle." Dean was fined \$100 and thrown out of the game.

Frankie Frisch, former St. Louis manager and now World Series sportscaster, kept up a constant feud with Umpire Bill Klem. One day when Klem called a close play at first base against the Gashousers, Frisch roared down the baseline toward Klem, but stopped suddenly and collapsed. Players rushed from both dugouts. It seemed like a heart attack brought on by a bad decision. A doctor was summoned from the stands. Klem meanwhile bulled through the group of mumbling mourners. Standing astride the near corpse, Bill shook his finger and boomed: "Frisch, dead or alive, you're out of this game."

In Elmira, New York, last year Centerfielder Bill Joffe put up his glove to catch a fly and a 22-caliber rifle slug went through it without touching him. This brings to mind Herman Hickman's favorite baseball story about his old friend Peahead Walker.

During his early playing days Peahead was a third baseman for a semi-pro team in West Virginia. The fans down there had a hobby of shooting rifles at pop flies in the infield. Peahead put up with this for most of the season. But one day he stomped into the manager's office, slammed his glove on the desk and declared; "I'm quitting!"

"Why," asked the manager.

"I don't mind those folks shooting at pop flies, but last night I heard 'em say today they were going to shoot at grounders."

People It Shouldn't Have Happened To

BY JOHN R. ADVENT

✓ Thieves stole an electric drill valued at \$45 from a parked truck in Denver, which belonged to the Denver Lock and Key Co.

✓ A Rotary Club luncheon in Hartford, Connecticut, adjourned after the main attraction, a team billed as the "Memory Marvels," failed to show up.

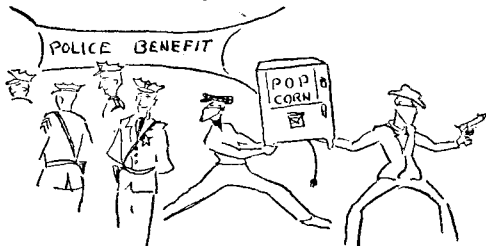
✓ Members of the Dallas Electric Club (composed of electrical engineers and contractors) when a light on the speakers stand went out during the middle of their meeting, traced wiring, inspected connections and tore into the lamp base. A hotel employee discovered the bulb had burned out.

✓ After giving a lecture to the Los Angeles Optimist Club on "How To Train Your Memory," Sigmund Blomberg shook hands all around and left — leaving his hat behind.

✓ As a married couple in Sturgis, Michigan, were signing papers insuring their household goods, Insurance Agent Fred Rahn dropped his cigarette and set their couch on fire.

✓ After evading the draft for five years, Paul E. Maier, Portland, Oregon, was picked up by the FBI and delivered to the local induction center, where he was rejected as 4-F.

✓ After two weeks of active duty in Atlantic City, Rookie Patrolman Edward Byard reported his first robbery. His badge had been stolen.



✓ A self-service popcorn machine was stolen from a police benefit dance in Kramer, North Dakota. The thieves carried away the machine as two officers stood nearby watching their brother cops.

✓ As the Tattnal Square Baptist Church choir of Macon, Georgia, sang "I Surrender All," a thief entered the choir dressing room and took three billfolds containing \$87.

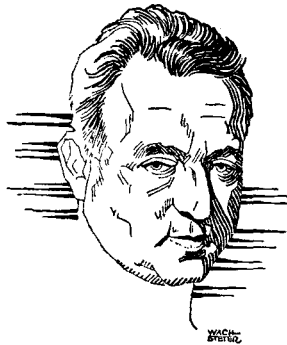
Sum of the Summit

MORAL FAILURE

By Eugene Lyons

AS THESE words are written, the fabulous show "at the summit" has just wound up its one-week stand. By the time they see print, consoling post-mortems will have filled the press and the airwaves. The more ostrich-minded among us will have announced at least a truce and perhaps "the end" of the cold war. Congenital optimists will have transferred their aching hopes to negotiations on the foreign ministers' level. And the slaughterhouse gang in Moscow will continue to divert us with more frozen smiles, surprise social calls and the rest of their grim charade of amiability.

But for the one-third of the human race under the brutal yoke of Communism, the Geneva spectacle provided neither diversion nor consolation. The tormented millions in the Red Gehennas were given no token of deep-reaching sympathy, no hand-hold for hope of release.



Even the most imaginative of the Western proposals were concerned only with assuring a larger measure of safety for the free, with never a thought for the continuing ordeal of the unfree.

President Eisenhower, to his credit, did allude once — just once — to the nations and peoples in captivity, and to the mischief wrought these 38 years by world Communism. But he did it in the cautious ritual double-talk of too-friendly diplomacy, as formulated in advance by a cautious Congress. Neither Eden nor Faure went even that far.

The sad and simple truth is that at Geneva no one was impelled, either by policy or by conscience, to speak up boldly, eloquently, from the heart, for the great portion of humankind in forced-labor hells and torture chambers, for the agonized victims of a satanic dictatorship. No one found the political daring to

puncture the fiction that the Moscow bravos are "statesmen" representing their beloved subjects, rather than butchers representing their abattoir.

Everyone resolutely pretended not to notice the acrid smell of blood about the Soviet delegation. A conspiracy of mock cordiality hid from view the monstrosities within the Soviet prison-empire. The atmosphere as described by newsmen was jolly and cordial, a lot of good fellows together disporting themselves cheerfully amidst the horrors of these years.

IN PURELY moral terms, when one stops to think of it, the summit show was dismal and degrading.

Here were the leading secular rulers of Christendom, after a decade of obscene Red crimes against everything human and decent, face to face with the guilty despots — and the whole world watching and listening. But no one dared depart from the polite agenda to deal forthrightly and in defiance of protocol with the deeper issues of our time, the issues that would have concerned Christ.

It was an opportunity to speak over the heads of the Kremlin executioners — to accuse and castigate and demand redress of heinous wrongs. No one took advantage of it. One hoped to the last that the flames of righteousness would break through the asbestos of expediency. But no one mustered enough fellow-

feeling for the legions of oppressed and humiliated to embarrass the Red brigands and hearten their victims by mentioning the ugly realities behind the iron and bamboo curtains.

And because of this echoing silence, this dumb-show of moral indifference, the whole proceeding was without a redeeming element of nobility or grandeur. The yardstick of achievement most used was that of "public relations." So the petty diplomatic victories were so much dust and delusion; the diplomatic defeats were bleak and bitter. Whoever may have profited, the human spirit took a tragic licking.

The spokesmen of the Free World forgot — or pretended not to remember — that the crisis of our present civilization is in essence moral; that the problems with which they dealt, though real enough, are merely symptoms of moral decay. Even if some of them are in time solved, they must show up again in deadlier forms as long as the source of the pollution remains and festers.

This has been said before, in many voices and on many occasions. But it needs to be underscored again today, on the morrow of Geneva, in the context of the accommodation with total evil being so eagerly sought by the Free World. President Eisenhower himself said it well in his last State of the Nation address, when he declared:

"It is of the utmost importance, then, that each of us understand

the true nature of the world struggle now taking place. It is not a struggle merely of economic theories or forms of government or military power. *The issue is the true nature of man.* Either he is a creature whom the Psalmist described as 'a little lower than the angels,' crowned with glory and honor, holding dominion over 'the works of his Creator,' or man is a soulless, animated machine, to be enslaved, used and consumed by the state for its own glorification.

"It is therefore a struggle which goes to the roots of the human spirit, and its shadow falls across the long sweep of man's destiny. This prize so precious, so fraught with ultimate meaning, is the true object of the contending forces in the world."

That true object, alas, was not even mentioned at Geneva. There was not an iota of sustenance for the "roots of the human spirit." What was discussed and bargained over at the summit was only the balance of physical forces: the techniques for attaining a *modus vivendi* with the system that "enslaves, uses and consumes . . . soulless, animated machines."

Yet the substance of the present-day struggle is not, as people like Bertrand Russell would have us believe, simply the survival of man "as a biological species." It is, rather, his survival as a free, creative and morally sentient creature "a little lower than the angels."

By any other test the survival of

the human race is *per se* no more important than the survival of ants or alligators. Moreover — and that is the irony of the biological approach — mankind, if finally stripped of its last shreds of the angelic, will not thereby purchase survival. It may even be less effectively equipped for that purpose. For it will still possess the awful scientific instruments of mutual extermination, with only biological fear as a curb on their use.

BERTRAND RUSSELL himself, in his famous essay on "A Free Man's Worship," posed the ultimate question: "Shall we worship Force or shall we worship Goodness?" Unhesitatingly he chose Goodness and defended his choice. He summoned his fellow-men to "preserve respect for truth, for beauty, for the ideal of perfection . . . to live constantly in the vision of the good."

He did not argue that the choice is nullified by the threat of annihilation. On the contrary, his point was that Goodness is what takes the sting out of death — that we must adhere to it precisely *because* individual man, his race, and ultimately the solar system itself are doomed to disappear.

But that was long ago, before he, along with so many others, suffered a catastrophic loss of nerve under the impact of the threat of nuclear destruction. Confronted by Force in its uttermost shape — Force that in theory at least could wipe out all life — he now summons us shrilly to

surrender the vision of Goodness and draws other scientists into signing the summons.

"I personally," he wrote recently, "am, of course, not neutral in my feelings, and I should not wish the danger of war averted by an abject submission of the West." But, he went on, this is no time to indulge personal preferences. This is a time when each of us must think of himself "only as a member of a biological species" threatened by death.

In the words of Dr. John D. Beach of Marquette University (whose brilliant essay in the April 28 issue of the *Catholic World* I am shamelessly rifling in the interests of our common cause), Lord Russell "now prostrates himself before Power" and "asks that we join him."

Says Lord Russell: "Unless we are ready to give up some of our old loyalties, we may be forced into a fight which might end the human race." Obviously he means the loyalties to the supreme values now being violated in the Soviet sphere and challenged in the rest of the world. And that, says Dr. Beach, "can mean but one thing: we must prepare ourselves to accept the effective capitulation of the West to the Soviet Union."

Such is the inescapable logic of policies which make sheer survival, coexistence with evil at any price, their object.

"What is of vital importance," Dr. Beach rightly points out, "is that Russell's current views are being

presented at all — and read, and perhaps accepted. . . . In time, these views may achieve dominance among Free Men. Should this occur, the issue of our time would indeed be quickly resolved. For then our principal 'ideological' weapon against the Soviet Union would be openly expressed fear of our survival."

DOES THIS seem a long way from the Geneva conference with which I started? It seems to me, on the contrary, at the very heart of the subject. In ignoring and evading the moral core of mankind's dilemma, in limiting itself to the equations of Force and Power, the West is disarming itself. It is throwing away the greatest powers and forces of all — decisive even in the struggle for mere biological continuity.

The purblind "realists" who would stake everything on a live-and-let-live accommodation with world Communism are simply kidding themselves. The supposed accommodation, if reached on paper, will prove another mirage in the desert of their self-deceptions.

There have been other intervals of presumptive accommodation with the Soviets. The mid-1930's, for instance, when "united fronts" and "people's fronts" flourished; when Litvinov talked collective security in the League of Nations; when Communism was dressed up to look like "twentieth century Americanism." Yet those were precisely the years when the Kremlin built up its

apparatus of worldwide power, and deployed its forces for the big blows against freedom to come.

If the live-and-let-live bargain was merely a device to weaken and defeat us then, when Communism was relatively weak, surely it is idiotic to expect a similar bargain to be genuine today, when Communism is swollen with power.

Whatever Geneva and its follow-up negotiations may accomplish, the one certainty is that the cold war will continue. No crystal ball is needed to foresee this — a crystal-clear mind is enough. Even if all the statesmen involved were to proclaim solemnly that it is ended, the worldwide Communist offensive against freedom will go on. Indeed, a general conviction that the cold war is over would make the menace more deadly, in the degree that it brings a false sense of security.

Agreements with the Kremlin in its character as a conventional state do not apply to the Kremlin in its vastly more important character as the high command of a dynamic world movement. They may affect tactics on this or that cold-war front, but not the basic Communist strategy and objectives. While the global machinery of Communist intrigue, agitation, subversion, infiltration and local military adventures remains to torment mankind, the struggle will be with us. The Soviet hierarchy itself could not “call off” that struggle if it so decided — it is the prisoner of its commitments.

A RUSSIAN analyst of Kremlin moves whose judgments I have reason to take seriously recently made a study of Molotov’s speech before the Supreme Soviet last February. The foreign policy aims there outlined, he writes, add up to “a program of decisive and extensive attack on capitalism, a program of extensive aggression, though not necessarily by military means.” It is from this general program, he concludes, that all recent Soviet diplomacy — including the gestures of seeming “moderation” — really flow.

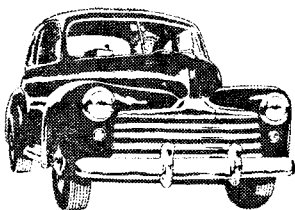
The accommodation the West is striving for, in other words, may well be (if it is achieved) merely calculated camouflage for stepped-up Communist activity, precisely as in the 1930’s but on a larger scale and with more disastrous consequences for ourselves. What Moscow, with good reason, fears most is our appeal to its Soviet slaves and vassal nations on the basis of our common stake in freedom, our common humanity. A deal to perpetuate the Red nightmare and to coexist with it would cancel out our right and capacity to make such an appeal.

Surrender of the values we live by, as the price for “biological survival of the species,” would be a Faustian bargain destined to reach a Faustian climax. We would be trading our soul without, in the final analysis, even saving our body. On the morrow of Geneva we should realize that there can be no genuine safety without salvation.

South America by Car

BY WILBUR CROSS

MANY adventurers and sportsmen who have motored the back roads of the United States, traversed the far reaches of Canada, or penetrated deep into the heart of Mexico sooner or later ask themselves, "Why not South America by automobile next?"



Why not? You *can* motor through South America — I've done it. But you have to ship your car to its northern shores by boat first. *No one* has ever reached the continent from the United States over land. You must put up with a hundred major inconveniences, hardships, even dangers.

For example, to drive from Venezuela to Brazil, its tangent neighbor to the south, you travel west to Colombia; south through Ecuador; then Peru and Chile; east to Argentina; and north through Uruguay. Some gaps have to be covered by transshipping the car by rail or boat — or else waiting weeks until landslide-blocked or washed-out roads are passable, and even then proceed at five or ten miles per hour.

In short, as my own experiences proved, motoring U.S.-style will not

fit the travel picture in South America for many years to come. Thousands of sports cars spin happily along the fine new roads in Mexico. The scenery is fascinating,

the people engaging. I have driven these roads and it is natural to expect exploration further south to be delightful too. And it is, *but* —

The road ends at the Guatemala-Mexico border and then goes hopping, skipping, and jumping along through most of Central America until it hits the swamps of Darien in southern Panama. The 200 miles of steaming jungle and hostile Indian lands have been called "one of the least known areas in the world." From fantastic stories of fatal attempts made to cross the gap by dugout, horse, or afoot, it is clear no road will be built here soon.

Is it worth it, then, to ship your car to, say, La Guaira, Venezuela, where I started my trip, just to drive over 9,500 miles of winding, twisting, uncertain roads to a destination like Rio de Janeiro at the other end? It is an adventure beyond compare, an expedition rich in beauty and inspiration.

For the motoring enthusiast, it is a chance to flaunt his skills and pit his machine against a proving ground that gives no quarter—hairpin turns, mud, rubble, tight-rope-narrow bridges, impossible grades, waist-deep fords, high altitudes, washouts, ruts, and surprises.

For the hunter and fisherman, there lies almost any type of quarry in the book, with habitats from jungle swamps to Andean peaks of over 20,000 feet. From raging surf to sequestered lakes and gentle streams. And most within hiking distance of the sprawling, twisting, magnificent stretch of unpredictable road known as the Pan American Highway.

Even the hardships assume heroic proportions. You will traverse the Atacama Desert, the driest on record in any part of the globe. And it stretches as far as the distance from New York to California! You will cross the Andes through mountain passes as high as 14,000 feet, feel the loneliness of the *paramos*—vast almost uninhabited swamplands two miles above sea level.

You will come to think nothing of timing a 135-mile sprint *between tides* along a narrow spit of roadless beach where you can hit 90 miles per hour—and where you must, incidentally, cover the distance within three hours or find yourself at the mercy of tides and surf. And it will be an everyday experience to hug one-lane mountain roads only inches away from unguarded canyon

rims that drop off thousands of feet.

During my two-month trip down the Pan American Highway, I forded streams on narrow “rails” of rock laid on the spot by natives, as my car edged forward foot by foot. I poked across rickety trestles undermined by tropical cloudbursts. I eluded the dangers of local skirmishes while traversing Colombia at a time when bands of revolutionists had set up roadblocks and were carrying on a long-term civil war.

THE WORLD of adventure lies around the next bend in the highway. Wild goats scramble for safety; or a jaguar slinks sullenly away from a carcass; or a wild parrot flashes his color in the treetops. There is the excitement of spanning deep gorges, pursuing roads not shown on the map, or trying to reach a lonely hamlet before the Andean dusk turns suddenly into blackness.

Or you'll hear the raucous approach of a hailstorm with stones the size of marbles, the echo of volcanic action, the fury of rock slides crashing into the far valley. And always, you run the risk of being cut off from your objective by flash floods in the valleys, avalanches and earthquakes in the mountains, drifting sand dunes in the deserts.

Most of all, there is the unbelievable mood of *timelessness*, the feeling that even Simon Bolivar would not seem out of place leading his troops along the lonely roadway—or

through the bleached villages unchanged since the days of the Conquistadores. In the *llanos* of Venezuela, you will see thatch huts and natives reminiscent of deepest Africa, in the *cordilleras* of Colombia, races of mountain men who vanish in the mists and seem like people from another world.

In Ecuador there are many races of primitive and colorful Indian tribes who do not even speak Spanish. In Peru you can look back through the centuries upon the ruins of ancient civilizations, and visit the descendants of proud Incan rulers, who have not advanced in culture since the mountain cities began to crumble into dust. In the interior of Argentina, the southern reaches of Chile, the backwaters of Uruguay, the jungles of Brazil, the centuries have not moved forward. These are lands without time, and you will touch upon them briefly here and there all along the highway.

BUT FOR every mood of antiquity and every hardship of driving, there are a dozen rare sights of beauty. Mysterious flora and fauna, snow-covered old giants of the Andes, active volcanoes, fascinating costumes, colorful panoramas, tranquil

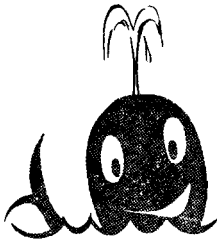
lakes, curious foods. Not to mention an indescribable array of homemade vehicles, weird mechanical contraptions, gold mines, copper pits, oil fields, and architectural wonders defying all known laws of physics.

And, tired as the term may be, you can't help thinking of South America as a land of *contrasts*, not when you see shanties next to mansions, modern cities like São Paulo and Bogota only a few miles from tiny mountain villages with white-washed houses and brilliantly flowered plazas. And when you encounter modern engineering miracles one minute and century-old farming implements the next.

Yes, you *can* drive through South America any time the desire takes root in your heart. But count on several months to do it, three sets of sturdy tires, and an attitude that there's nothing surprising about a TV antenna holding laundry in the jungle, a mud-and-thatch hut with a modern refrigerator, mysteriously powered, within, or a four-lane super-parkway that leads from a metropolis and suddenly ends in a one-lane dirt road. Just about anything under the sun can — and does — happen along the Pan American Highway, road to adventure.

Listen! the wind is rising,
and the air is wild with leaves,
We have had our summer evenings,
now for October eves!

— *Autumn*, Humbert Wolfe



Operation Starfish

By Helen Donnafield

YOU KNOW, if I could just teach those starfish to work on the buoy-chains outside the breakwater, it would make my job a lot easier." This outburst came from Santa Monica's harbor master, Pat Lister, who had just finished a three-day inspection of the 1,305 huge pilings which support the Santa Monica Municipal Pier.

"The starfish do a tremendous job of keeping the wood free from worms, mussels and barnacles," he explained. "In fact, Santa Monica has one of the cleanest piers along the Pacific Coast."

However, the starfish don't seem interested in the buoy-chains which anchor the buoys only yards from the pier. Twice a year these massive chains must be dragged ashore where some 500 pounds of mussels, worms and barnacles are scraped from the huge links. Mr. Lister figures that the starfish instinctively avoid the cooler currents — which might kill them — under the buoys, preferring the safety of the warm waters beneath the pier.

Most unusual is the manner in which these starfish do their job. Ordinarily, a starfish eats by taking

small amounts of food into its mouth, a simple opening in its under surface, entering directly into its stomach. But since this mouth is small, to eat such bigtime food as a barnacle or mussel, a starfish must turn its stomach inside out. Wrapping itself around the victim until digestion is complete, the starfish then calmly withdraws its stomach again.

With no fins or legs, the starfish has developed a unique solution to another common problem — locomotion. Each of the five rays is equipped with a complete hydraulic system which operates the podia or sucking feet. When in motion, the starfish gives the appearance of elevating its back, then flattening itself out. But it doesn't get places very fast this way. Patient experts have clocked it at about six inches an hour.

Starfish are found in all waters in all sizes — from the giant *Asteris* which sometimes reaches two feet in diameter to the nearly armless and very small *Asterina Miniata*. Although classed as an animal by zoologists, it reproduces by spawning. The spawning, which takes place in spring and early summer,

produces literally millions of free-swimming larvae which assume glowing colors. At this stage, eels and smaller fish, attracted by the bright colors, eat great numbers of them. Other larvae, rising to the surface, are snapped up by crows and gulls, or succumb to freshets and cold currents.

By the time a starfish leaves the larva stage, it is a rapacious gormandizer. When but three-eighths of an inch in size, these young starfish have been known to eat over 50 small clams of half their length in six days.

IT is this tremendous appetite, however, which makes the starfish a deadly, destructive enemy of the oysterman.

Without warning, a school of adult starfish will suddenly appear over a bed of oysters and begin tearing the valves apart with their muscular rays. A starfish will fasten the suckers of two rays to one valve and the opposite two rays to the other valve, with a fifth ray gripping a neighboring object which it then uses as a fulcrum. An oyster is strong, but its strength is of short duration against the tenacity of a starfish. As the rays straighten out against the strength of the oyster, the valves are torn apart. By the time the oyster itself is exposed, the starfish has its stomach out and the gluttonous feast is on.

In this manner, the oyster beds are destroyed in startling numbers. Over 42,000 bushels of starfish were taken

from oyster beds in Connecticut in one year. The damage was estimated at more than \$600,000.

Present methods used by oystermen for control of the marauding starfish are fairly effective but far from adequate. During the larvae stage, when the baby starfish often gather on seaweed in large numbers, oystermen loosen the seaweed with giant rake-like machines, collect it with dredges and dump it on shore. When adult starfish attack an oyster bed, bales of cotton and linen waste are thrown over them. The starfish cling to this by means of *pedicellariae*, which in plain English means "little feet." They are then gathered up by dredges and left on shore to be carted away for use as fertilizer.

Fishermen, disgusted at having reeled in a starfish or caught one in a net, used to tear them in half and throw them back into the sea. They soon learned, however, that the starfish would simply grow new sets of rays. Each half was often found with one long and four short rays.

But to Pat Lister of Santa Monica, starfish are a boon. They arrived under his pier about five years ago. As their behavior is largely by instinct, we are left to wonder why the starfish chose to take up their lives under this particular pier and if they plan to stay indefinitely.

They seem to be happy there. According to Mr. Lister, the ocean bottom around the pier is covered solid with a two-foot-thick carpet of them.



The Reformation of **HARRY CAIN**



By
Willard Edwards



NO MORE touching example of warm-hearted charity has been presented here than the swift embrace to Liberal bosoms of former Senator Harry P. Cain of Washington, a hated, arch-conservative Republican of recent vintage.

Cain was elevated to hero status almost overnight when, as a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, he began slashing at the Federal security system which seeks to keep men and women of dubious loyalty and trustworthiness from the government payroll.

This attack upon the Administration from an office-holder who owed his job to a Presidential appointment after the voters retired him from the Senate in November 1952, was both delightful and unexpected. It was powerful support to the movement

towards the Left now so pronounced in Washington. Not even the recantation of the ineffable Harvey Matusow aroused more heartfelt hosannas among the security-baiters.

Senator Humphrey, Minnesota Democrat, a leader of Americans for Democratic Action, led the chorus of thanksgiving. He was inspired to a Senate floor tribute to the one-time foe of progressive thought. With effusive remarks about the eloquence and rare insight of Cain, he put the ex-Senator's major speech into the *Congressional Record*, heartily endorsing all its views.

The Liberal press and magazine corps, which once grouped Cain with seven other "expendable" Senators whose removal from public life would contribute to the national welfare, leaped to laud him as a

statesmen of depth and understanding. His past sins were forgotten as he declaimed against the ruthless brutality of the Federal security system.

Cartoonists, who had depicted Cain as a skulking individual of menacing demeanor, vied in presenting him as a dignified figure, tall and handsome, boldly facing powerful forces of evil.

Even the New York *Daily Worker*, official Communist Party mouthpiece, gave grudging approval to Cain's new attitude. It was "big news," the *Worker* commented, when a "prime Red-hunter" like Cain joined in the "Nationwide revulsion" against the Administration's "paid informer program." While Cain still showed regrettable signs of backwardness, the *Worker* commented, in his official attitude toward Communist fronts brought before the Subversive Activities Control Board, he was definitely to be congratulated on his defense of some individuals who invoked the Fifth Amendment, claiming possible self-incrimination, when asked questions about Communist connections.

THE METAMORPHOSIS of Harry Cain was, for some weeks, a mystery. There were various forms of rather wild speculation concerning his motives, most of them unflattering. The evolution of a rabid McCarthyite into a darling of the ADA was a phenomenon which stirred deep curiosity. The writer,

who has known Cain for a number of years, sought the answer from a number of sources, including, of course, the center of inquiry himself. There is some reason to believe that "the Cain mutiny," as punsters have dubbed it, may mark a significant shift in the political trends of the times.

Cain was a bitter and frustrated man after his defeat for re-election to the Senate. He was not too mollified by his subsequent appointment to the semi-judicial Subversive Activities Board which operates in comparative obscurity. For 18 months he sat and listened to the tedious arguments of lawyers, restricted from entering the debate. To a man who had been much in the public eye and accustomed to the freedom of Senate discussions, it was obviously a galling experience.

Cain is 49, tall, lean, aggressive, fast-talking. He is an orator of no mean ability who propels his words with the velocity of machine-gun bullets. On a number of occasions, he has talked without interruption for eight and ten hours in the Senate.

In an extended interview, blunt questions were put and frank answers given. And, while a political motivation emerged unmistakably, there was also received an impression of great sincerity and enthusiasm for a new position bordering on the zeal of a convert to new beliefs.

He was asked, in effect, how it felt to be embraced by elements

which formerly denounced him, among other things, as "the stooge of the real estate lobby" when he waged a fight against rent control in the Senate.

"I feel motivated now," Cain said, "by the same respect for property and human rights as when I was castigated for fighting rent control by the same people who now support my views on the security issue.

"I have become no less an articulate and sturdy fighter against the menace of Communism here in the United States but my experience with the Subversive Activities Control Board has made me a much more careful and cautious person in determining who is or who is not guilty in security cases."

Cain was reminded of his 1949 campaign against the nomination of Mon C. Wallgren as chairman of the National Resources Security Board. Wallgren, former governor of Washington, was a poker-playing crony of President Truman. Cain's Senate attacks upon Wallgren as "soft and unintelligent in his treatment of Communists and fellow travelers" were so effective that he stopped Senate approval of the nominee, despite all the pressures of the Truman Administration which then controlled the Senate.

"Are you not now, in effect, condemning tactics which you yourself followed in the Wallgren case?" he was asked.

"I will never say again," Cain

responded, "that a man is mixed up with Communists without first establishing the truth of the accusation. I regret that I used information against Wallgren which was supplied me in letters. I would not use such information again unless it was confirmed by affidavit or the accuser was brought to face the accused."

IN CYNICAL Washington, Cain's new line of thought is attributed to political ambition. His present Federal appointment expires in August, 1956, leaving him free, if he so desires, to oppose the incumbent Democratic Senator from his home state, Warren Magnuson, in the November elections.

Cain conceded that, since he again began hitting the front pages with his speeches, he has been approached by politicians. While he has no political plans at present, he made it clear that he had enjoyed being a Senator and was not averse to trying it again.

A shrewd politician, acquainted with trends in the far Northwest, told the writer that Cain's candidacy in that area would be strongly supported in the light of his new attitude. In last November's election, the victory in Oregon of Democrat Richard L. Neuberger, an ADA-sponsored Left-winger, showed the strength of Liberalism in that corner of the United States.

Moreover, there are tens of thousands of defense workers in the state of Washington. A feature of Cain's

present campaign is his insistence that security precautions in defense plants are outmoded, cumbersome and inefficient, placing hardships on job applicants, employees and employers. Cain's attacks on this phase of the Federal security system have definite vote-getting possibilities.

The long months spent by Cain in the secluded chambers of the Subversive Board hearing rooms brought about a form of spiritual awakening, he indicated. It was a period, he said, which gave him time to reflect upon "fundamentals."

Last January, he determined to air the results of this thinking. He journeyed to Spokane, thoughtfully leaving copies of his speech with two Washington newspapers, and delivered an address which was a sharp break with his previously expressed public opinions. He denounced the Federal security system and the "shortsightedness, ruthlessness, smugness and brutality" of its administration.

In subsequent speeches, interviews and statements, he outlined approximately 16 recommendations for changes in the security system which would make it firmer and "distinguish between dissent or heresy and Communism."

"A whole clique of spies," he declared, "could hardly do as much damage as could our failure as a government to have confidence in our people."

To a nation which had suffered

the loss of the atom bomb and other military secrets through the operations of espionage, this was strong language. There was more of the same: the nation's power in recent years, "driven by the winds and fury of fear, inexperience, suspicion, distortion and intolerance," had washed away some protections to civil rights.

PERHAPS the most startling proposal by Cain was that the year 1947 should be selected as a cut-off date for consideration of a government worker's past Communist-front connections.

No employee, Cain contended, should be required to state whether he had been a member of a subversive organization before 1947, the year when the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations was first published. It was "a legitimate, calculated risk" to assume that a man with a respectable record for the past eight years had been a loyal citizen before 1947.

"The period from 1930 through 1945," Cain told a delighted audience of Liberals, many of whom probably had personal reasons to agree, "was a confused, groping, bewildering series of contradictions. Is it not practical, humane and desirable to forget the past before 1947? Many among us have been silly, foolish and stupid in the years of our past but how many among us have been or wanted to be disloyal?"

This proposal would appear to

protect a government employee with a continuous record of associations with Communist fronts for a long period prior to 1947, including the 1939-1941 period of the Stalin-Hitler agreement which alerted many dupes to the nature of the movement with which they were linked. It certainly would have guarded from inquiry such notables as Alger Hiss, William Remington, Harry Dexter White and other members of the corps which infiltrated the government in the thirties, when Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley began airing their knowledge in 1948.

Communist Party tactics shifted after those exposures and more than 50,000 Party members have since disappeared from sight, severing their open connections with Communist organizations in order to pursue underground operations. All such persons seeking or holding government jobs would be saved from a pre-1947 investigation under the Cain proposal.

Confronted with these points, Cain finally conceded that he was not wedded to the 1947 cut-off date and might agree to pushing it back a year or so. But he insisted there was no valid reason for delving into a government worker's past record for more than eight or nine years.

Another bewildering switch by the ex-Senator, in view of his past statements, was his defense of some persons who choose to invoke the Fifth Amendment's privileges in refusing to answer questions under

oath about past or present Communist connections.

"One who refuses to testify against himself may be a Communist but there are solid and proper reasons why he may not be," he declared. "We should be less concerned by the few who hide behind the privilege without justification and much more concerned by those who trifle with and prostitute its significance."

Pressed on this point, Cain said the public was entitled to draw any inference it pleased from refusal to answer questions about Communism.

"As a citizen, I would answer such questions with a complete and total denial," he remarked, "but I can foresee circumstances when it would not be the business of the person who asked me and feel perfectly free to refuse an answer."

BUT Cain agreed that his opinion in this respect did not apply to government employees.

"Any employee of the Federal establishment," he said, "who employs the Fifth Amendment, which is his right, before a qualified Congressional committee, must suffer from the doubt he or she has raised, by being discharged from his job."

Cain supported another theme beloved of the Liberals — that resignation by an employee in the face of an investigation is not a confession of guilt. In defense industries, in particular, he said, such resignations are frequent because the burden of legal defense can be heavy.

The Justice Department has fumed over Cain's attacks but has taken no official notice of them. It is engaged not only in a legal battle to uphold dismissal of employees under the security system but in a fight for public opinion in support of the program. The sudden assault from an unsuspected quarter and from one owing his post to the Administration has aroused wrath in high circles although some members of the White House palace guard are said not to be too displeased.

The security program, designed to keep the government payroll free of Communists, subversives, homosexuals, alcoholics and others labeled as security risks, is in serious danger. The Supreme Court, in the case involving Dr. Peters, a Yale University medical school professor dismissed for security reasons from a non-sensitive, part-time consultant job for the government, has been asked to rule that every Federal employee be allowed to confront his accusers in a hearing affecting loyalty.

Such a ruling would dry up sources of information forwarded to loyalty boards by the Federal Bureau of Investigation or others. It is no secret that the real target of the present campaign against the security system is the FBI itself.

In defending the use of anonymous informants and possibly unidentified information, the Justice Department declares the practice is essential

from an investigative standpoint. The methods of gathering, arranging and presenting the information are not hit-or-miss, are not stacked against the employee, and are not accepted blindly or arbitrarily by loyalty boards and department heads.

At the very root of the present dispute lies the question whether a government job should now be regarded as a property right bestowed upon every American citizen of which he may not be deprived except by public trial and conviction. Should any reasonable doubt concerning an employee's loyalty or security be resolved in favor of the government or the employee? These are questions concerning which there could have been no argument in the past but which are now the subject of hot debate.

A writer in the *New Republic* recently gloated over "a substantial and encouraging improvement in the Washington climate." He mentioned the censure of McCarthy, the confessed perjury of "paid informers" and the current dearth of investigations involving Communism. He might well have added that the reformation of Harry Cain shows clearly which way the political winds are blowing in the Nation's Capital.

There was a "climate" in the Washington of 20 years ago which also influenced many men to decisions which altered history.



HEATHER

Down the Chimney

BY GUY PRIEST

HE WAS sitting astride the chimney stack of his cottage, chipping away at the interior of the chimney with a Devon shovel—I call it by the name by which I have always known the long-handled shovel. But this was not Devon. It was Achill Island, off the coast of County Mayo in Ireland.

For some time past they had been troubled by a down-draught of smoke in that cottage, so today seventy-five-year-old Hughie O'Donnell had decided to sweep the chimney.

I watched him for a while from the window of my writing room in the house called "Bill's Rock View," just across the road. (Bill's Rock, lying about five miles offshore, had at one time been used for target practice by the British fleet, and villagers still talk of the thunder of

those bombardments.) As I watched, I marveled at the old man's agility and steady nerves, sitting perched up there in the sunshine. Beyond his grey head, sea and sky were shimmering and blue.

Presently he laid the shovel on the slates and allowed it to slide down into the tiny garden below. Then picking up a bundle of heather tied about the center with a length of rope, he dropped one end of the rope down the chimney and shouted to someone inside the cottage to catch hold. The bundle of heather now sat on the chimney-top like a crow's nest in a tree; till at a signal it suddenly disappeared, the slack end of the rope following it down the flue. Now the heather was vigorously hauled several times up and down the chimney, and finally pulled out in the hearth below, bringing with it a small quantity of soot dislodged from the masonry.

The old man wiped the sweat from his face with the back of his hand and prepared to descend. Cautiously he felt each foothold on the ladder hooked over the ridge and inclined down the angle of the roof. He reached the bottom of a second ladder leaning against the wall of the cottage as I crossed the road to the low limewashed wall enclosing his garden. I helped him lower the heavy ladder and lay it under the wall, with the ridge ladder which he had brought down under his arm—"for you can never be sure where those young childer will be scam-

bling to!" Then agreeing that chimney sweeping was thirsty work, we adjourned to Tony's Bar across the road.

OVER a pint of porter, Hughie told me the chimney had been giving trouble for some time past. Apparently it had been built without a proper flue liner, and eddies set up by the uneven surface of the stonework caused it to smoke. "And there's nothing of comfort in a room with a smoking chimney!" He intended one day to dismantle the stack and rebuild the chimney, this time with a proper earthenware liner. He could do the job in a couple of days without disturbing the main structure of the cottage, he said.

I asked him about the shovel. Was the soot so hard it needed digging out? Apparently it was. Peat or turf soot formed into a granite-hard deposit, unlike the soft powdery residue of a coal fire. And in such a

rough, old-fashioned chimney, it required to be removed three or four times in a year. A modern flue would need sweeping only once in twelve months. But did the villagers always sweep their chimneys in that unusual manner, I asked. That was the way of it, mostly, he said. Though periodically tinkers came out from the mainland with pots and pans and other wares for sale, and they would do the job for you for a few shillings, using the more orthodox brush and rods.

But if the tinkers didn't come when your chimney needed sweeping, you climbed on the roof with a bundle of heather and did the job yourself. . . .

An hour later, when we emerged once more into the sunlight, a thin trail of pungent blue smoke was spiraling up from the chimney of the cottage across the way. The rhythm of life had been restored: Mrs. Hughie had rekindled the fire upon the hearthstone.



Powerhouse in Pecos

By Karl Detzer

ONE DAY in 1951 a soft-spoken young farmer named Billie Sol Estes drove into the West Texas town of Pecos, parked his dusty car and began to wander up and down the streets, asking garage mechanics, policemen, waitresses, bankers and storekeepers: "Got an honest real estate man in this town?"

He heard of several. One was big, bluff, successful Bill Teague. "I'm in the market for a farm," Billie told him. "Not a big farm, but a good one. Aim to raise some cotton."

Estes was not an impressive looking prospect. A smallish man of 26, he needed a haircut, wore nondescript clothes, peered out mildly through big horn-rimmed glasses. And in that land where most men would as soon walk the streets without their pants as without a ten-gallon hat, he wore none.

But Bill Teague found him a farm, and it took Billie Sol just four years to earn a million dollars. And while he was earning it, he did astounding things for Pecos and several other Texas communities, their industry and agriculture.

Born and bred in rural Callahan County in west-central Texas, Billie Sol was the son of a small-time farmer who also was a devout lay preacher in the Church of Christ.

He knew poverty and hard work from earliest boyhood.

When he was 13 years old his parents gave him a ewe lamb for Christmas. He named it *Merry Christmas*, fattened it, pampered it, entered it in 4-H Club shows and sold its wool.

He paid \$5 for a second lamb, and within a few months there were four lambs, all rapidly growing wool — and profits — for the young businessman. Before he was 15 his flock numbered 100.

Even at that age, Billie Sol decided that it was folly to keep all his financial eggs in one basket. Some year the bottom might drop out of the sheep and wool market. He prepared to diversify. He sheared his flock, sold the wool and most of the sheep for \$3,000, and bought 400 sows and feeder pigs. He fattened them and sold enough of them to lease an 800-acre ranch, stocked it with the rest of the sheep and pigs, and 200 "mixed steers" which he bought at a bargain.

Neighbors were astounded by this 16-year-old schoolboy who was able to pile up profits while they just held their own. They offered to "help" him — provided, of course, he would cut them in on his earnings. Ever since, Billie Sol has had partners, used their cash, made

money for them and for himself.

Six years after he first patted the woolly head of *Merry Christmas*, his investment in livestock, grain and land was estimated conservatively at \$38,000. Besides money in the bank, he had 120 head of sheep, 290 head of fine beef cattle, 624 head of swine, 170 acres of corn and 1,500 acres of leased grazing land.

PECOS neighbors say that Billie Sol can't see three men sitting in a group without organizing something. This has always been true of him. When he was 17 he not only organized several dozen neighboring farmers but enlisted the U.S. Department of Agriculture in their successful fight on what he still calls the "feed dealers' monopoly" in his home county.

"The dealers were charging outrageous prices," he says, still bristling at the memory. Drought had struck at Callahan County; cattle were starving. So he asked the Federal government to furnish feed at a reasonable price.

Washington replied that it must have a cash payment of \$3,500 before it would deliver the feed. Billie Sol went to the local bank and borrowed the money on his own signature. When the Department of Agriculture representative arrived at the Estes farm with the first carload, he introduced himself to the middle-aged farmer who greeted him and said, "The feed is ready to turn over to you, Mr. Estes."

"Oh," Billie Sol's father replied, "it's the boy you want to talk to. He's down at high school."

The startled bureaucrat hurried to the school, ready to call off the whole deal. But the cashier's check Billie handed him was reassuring, and before the drought ended, the government shipped in 13 more cars. Billie Sol distributed it all, saved the farmers over \$50,000 under the local selling price, and repaid the loan to the bank.

When he went to Pecos in 1951 and sat down across the desk from Bill Teague, Billie Sol Estes seemed to know a great deal about cotton growing, but admitted that he had been plagued by bad luck that had all but wiped him out financially. Cotton then was in the doldrums around Pecos. After several disastrous seasons the last gin had closed down for lack of business, farmers refused to plant another acre of cotton. Today, 33 gins are in profitable operation, many of them processing Billie Sol's huge crops.

Today Estes owns 2,235 of the best cotton acres in Texas, last year on 1,750 of them grew 2.75 bales per acre of long-staple Pima at an average price per bale that topped \$185. His best watered, best fertilized fields produced a phenomenal four bales per acre and his best quality cotton sold at \$200 a bale. At season's end he had cleared a cool half-million.

Everywhere one looks in Reeves County, of which Pecos is the

seat, and at a dozen other far-flung points in Texas and surrounding states, the busy hand of Billie Sol may be found profitably and energetically at work. Dozens of other men have joined him in dozens of other ventures, most of them daring and paying off astoundingly well.

These include an operation where-by Estes buys abandoned government wartime camps, posts or stations, cuts the buildings into movable sections, hauls them to the nearest large city, converts them into low-cost houses, and sells them by the hundreds, usually to war veterans, with no down payment and at less than \$50 a month including all carrying charges.

Billie Sol also heads a construction firm that prefabricates steel barns, warehouses and industrial plants, sells them all over West Texas. After a battle with the local electric company over what he considered excessive rates for power to operate irrigation pumps in his own and his neighbors' cotton fields, Estes decided to hunt some new source of power. He found it in a gas field some 40 miles to the south and promptly formed a company to pipe the gas to Pecos.

Cost of the line is approximately \$3,000,000. Several dozen cotton growers, most of them large operators like Estes, joined him in the venture. Before the first gas was pumped into the new line last spring, 315 customers had signed contracts.

The pipes still are being pushed

forward, by summer's end will deliver 17,000,000 cubic feet a day to some 550 rural users. The gas is delivered to consumers at about half the cost of electricity, which means an annual saving of \$20 per acre on some 300,000 acres of irrigated soil. Savings will range upward of \$600,000 a year and Estes' contracts stipulate that any time a gas customer can buy cheaper power of any kind, his contract is void.

SOME employers of seasonal field labor charge him with "spoiling the Negro" and "spoiling the Mexican." This astounds Billie Sol who insists that he doesn't spoil anyone. But it is well known that a Negro or Mexican with a sick child need only mumble his story to Billie Sol to get quick relief.

"I just loan 'em a little money sometimes," Estes shrugs. But such loans, according to business associates, probably average between \$50 and \$100 a day.

"These are honorable people," Billie Sol insists. "They all want to pay back what they borrow. It may take them a long time. Some of them may never be able to manage it. But they all try."

Another way Estes "spoils" the workers is by housing them in clean, comfortable quarters, chiefly prefabricated steel buildings put up by his construction company, with shower baths, toilet facilities and stoves. He employs 4,000 workers on his five farms at the height of the

cotton pick, several hundred the year around.

Most farmers and financiers in that part of Texas say that Billie Sol's success is the result of a happy combination of traits—good business judgment, a willingness to take long chances and a knack for making crops grow—plus 18 hours a day seven days a week of grinding work. Billie Sol has a different answer.

"If you want to succeed in this world," he says, "you just keep God's Commandments and fear no man."

Estes goes out of his way to help young men to help themselves. And help the community. And indirectly, help Billie Sol.

MOST of Billie Sol's partners are even younger than he is, which is not surprising when one remembers that he was only 13 when he first went into business with one ewe lamb as capital. He had just turned 17 when he won the national "President's Award" in the 4-H Club. That year he also personally collected and delivered five tons of scrap for the war effort. Faulty sight barred him from Army and Navy but when he was 19 he did worm his way into the Merchant Marine and served a 16-month hitch.

When he returned to Texas, he married Patsy Howe of Abilene, "the only girl I ever went with." They have four children, live on the edge of town in a middle-class house in a middle-class neighborhood. Fru-

gal Billie Sol had it built of crates from airplane engines, abandoned by the Air Force at a nearby base. On doctor's orders he recently cut his working day to 12 hours. He still has little time for civic affairs, the movies or for reading and the only books visible in his house are a children's encyclopedia and a well-thumbed Bible.

He takes little part in social affairs but works hard for his church and gives generously to it.

In Pecos, the Negro church of his denomination occupies a neat white building which he presented to the congregation. Besides, he helped finance a Mexican mission of the same denomination. He also has contributed heavily to the building funds for Negro churches in four other Texas towns and is an open-handed supporter of a Negro school at Nashville, Tennessee.

"If we don't help these folks, the Communists will win them over with promises," he says. "The best way I know how to combat that propaganda is to make life better for the poor, for men of substance to share that substance, to give all they can to education and to spreading God's word."

Billie Sol's unpretentious office is in a nondescript little building on the edge of town. Laborers and preachers and financiers come and go, and he treats them all with the same quiet courtesy.

"I got lots of friends," he says, "and friends are money in the bank."

IMMIGRATION

1956 Issue

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

A CRESCENDO of pressure-group voices calling for the emasculation or repeal of Public Law 414 is certain to be an outstanding feature of the 1956 election campaign.

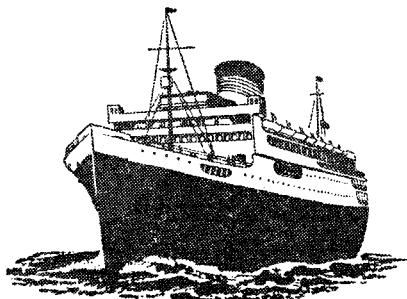
Public Law 414 is the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act, passed by Congress on June 26, 1952, over a Truman veto. A concert, or more appropriately a cacophony, of raucous minority voices has been forming for many months, having the single purpose of howling down the candidates of both parties who refuse to yield to its demands.

This dissonant choir of opposition to Public Law 414 has as its *maestro di cappella* the whole Communist propaganda and agitation apparatus. Members of this aggregation of shrill vocalists include, as usual, those Left-wing and self-styled Liberal minorities who are subject, wittingly or unwittingly, to the sirenizing effects

of the frequently attractive but always deceptive Communist Party line. The tune, on which there are many variations, is that the United States is and always must be the haven of refuge for the downtrodden of the earth.

Much of the work of the Communist propaganda apparatus for the repeal of the McCarran-Walter Act is directed from the second floor of a shabby and dirty old building in downtown New York. A small room, about 15 by 20 feet, having a desk, two chairs, three tables along the walls (probably for mailing purposes), a dozen boxes of 3 by 5 cards (obviously a sucker list), and a copy of *Who's Who in America* (a

book which contains the names of many distinguished suckers), houses the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Acts, hereinafter referred to as the NCRMA. Here



is a unit of the Communist-front apparatus, if there ever was one.

On June 22, 1954, the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security questioned a well-known Communist concerning the Communist origin of the NCRMA. The witness was Abner Green, executive secretary of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born. The interrogating counsel for the Senate subcommittee was Mr. Richard Arens, who for some years has been the country's leading authority on immigration. The following exchange between witness and counsel took place:

MR. ARENS. Do you know of that organization, the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Acts?

MR. GREEN. In response to that I claim my privilege [the Fifth Amendment].

MR. ARENS. You and other Communists formed the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Acts as a front for dupes and do-gooders in the country to come along with the Communist Party line to destroy these acts; isn't that true?

MR. GREEN. In response to that, sir, I would claim my privilege. . . .

MR. ARENS. In other words, if you, while you are under oath, told this Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate the number of people who are initiators of the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Acts, whom you know personally, it might furnish information that could be used against you in a criminal prosecution; is that correct?

MR. GREEN. It might, sir.

Abner Green, who invoked the Fifth Amendment in response to all questions about the Communist origin of the NCRMA, is the Communist Party's top commissar in the field of immigration.

INASMUCH as a copy of *Who's Who in America* reposes on the desk in the drab room which houses the NCRMA, it will be of more than ordinary interest to record the fact that 27 out of the 30 so-called "initiators" of the NCRMA are listed in *Who's Who*.

The 1955 letterhead lists the following persons as "initiators" of the NCRMA: Frank Aydelotte (former president of Swarthmore College); Bishop James C. Baker (Methodist); Emily Green Balch (Nobel Peace Prize winner in 1946); Rabbi Abraham Cronbach (former president of Hebrew Union College); Bishop Benjamin D. Dagwell (Protestant Episcopal); the Reverend Edwin T. Dahlberg (former president of the Northern Baptist Convention); the Reverend Mark A. Dawber (former executive secretary, Home Missions Council of North America); Mrs. Welthy Honsinger Fisher (United Council of Church Women); Professor E. Franklin Frazier (Howard University, former president of the American Sociological Society); the Reverend John Paul Jones (Presbyterian clergyman); Rabbi Leo Jung (executive, Rabbinical Council of America); Bishop Gerald Kennedy (Methodist); Professor Robert

Morss Lovett (emeritus, University of Chicago); Professor Robert S. Lynd (Columbia University, also a clergyman); the Reverend John A. Mackay (former moderator, Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.); Bishop Francis J. McConnell (Methodist); Carey McWilliams (attorney); Alexander Meiklejohn (former president of Amherst College); the Reverend Albert W. Palmer (former president of Chicago Theological Seminary); Bishop Edward L. Parsons (Protestant Episcopal); Professor Linus Pauling (former president of American Chemical Society); Professor Ralph Barton Perry (emeritus, Harvard University); the Reverend Edwin McNeill Poteat (former president of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School); Frank Rosenblum (general secretary-treasurer, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America); the Reverend John B. Thompson (Dean, Rockefeller Memorial Chapel, University of Chicago); the Reverend Paul Tillich (Union Theological Seminary); Charles J. Turck (president of Macalester College); the Reverend Pierre van Paassen (Unitarian clergyman); Professor Oswald Veblen (Institute for Advanced Study); and Bishop W. J. Walls (African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church). Eighteen of these 30 "initiators" of the NCRMA are clergymen.

These 30 so-called "initiators" of the NCRMA have had a combined total of more than one thousand affiliations with the Communist-

front apparatus. Without a single exception, they have all had other affiliations than that of the NCRMA with Communist-front organizations. In other words, all of the "initiators" of the NCRMA are veteran fronters. Anyone who is even slightly acquainted with the Communist propaganda apparatus of the past 20 years will recognize every name on the list as an old-timer.

THE AMAZING power of the Communist apparatus is well illustrated by its ability to enlist — in the year 1955 — such persons of distinction as the 30 "initiators" of the NCRMA. It goes without saying that there is not the slightest evidence that any one of the 30 is a Communist or a Communist sympathizer.

Presiding over this unit of the Communist-front apparatus is Olive O. Van Horn, secretary of the NCRMA. One of the clues in determining what is or what is not a Communist-front organization is the identity and record of its secretary. Olive O. Van Horn is eminently qualified by her record to be the chief executive officer of any Communist-front organization.

Miss Van Horn was formerly an industrial secretary of the national board of the YWCA. Her record of collaboration with the Communist apparatus goes back to the spring of 1943 when she was the executive secretary of the National Council of Scientific, Professional, Art and

White Collar Organizations, a wartime front in which well-known pro-Communists participated.

In April 1946, Miss Van Horn was a sponsor of the Win-the-Peace Conference, an early postwar unit of the Communists' fake peace offensive. The Win-the-Peace Conference has been cited as Communist by the Attorney General. Among its sponsors were the following well-known Communists: Max Bedacht, Louis E. Burnham, Howard DaSilva, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., Howard Fast, Dorothy K. Funn (subsequently turned anti-Communist), Albert Maltz, Lewis Merrill, Lee Pressman, and Doxey A. Wilkerson.

Miss Van Horn was a sponsor of the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy. She was a member of the program committee of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, under whose auspices the "Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace" was held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in March 1949. She was a member of the board of directors of the China Welfare Appeal, a Communist organization which was in collaboration with the Red regime of China. These organizations — CDFEP, NCASP, and CWA — have been cited as Communist and subversive by the Attorney General.

Miss Van Horn is currently a member of the national council of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, an organization made up of such veteran fronters as Professor

Derk Bodde (University of Pennsylvania), the Reverend John W. Bradbury (editor of *The Watchman-Examiner*, a National Baptist weekly), Royal W. France (a leading attorney for Communists), the Reverend Stephen H. Fritchman (Los Angeles Unitarian clergyman who invoked the Fifth Amendment before the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities), Corliss Lamont (Columbia University instructor who has been supporting Communist enterprises for a generation), and the Reverend Guy Emery Shipler (editor of *The Churchman*, whom the *New Leader* called "the Red Dean of America"). Director of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee is Clark Foreman who was long refused a passport by the State Department.

THE NCRMA over which Miss Van Horn presides has specialized in the enlistment of clergymen as sponsors of its objectives; but sandwiched in between these men of the cloth one will find the names of prominent individuals who have invoked the Fifth Amendment before one or more Congressional committees, such as Cedric Belfrage, Arnaud D'Usseau, Howard Fast, Dashiell Hammett, Albert E. Kahn, Melba Phillips, Bernhard J. Stern, Gene Weltfish, and Doxey A. Wilkerson. Belfrage has been ordered deported from the United States as an alien Communist. Fast and Hammett have served prison sentences result-

ing from their espousal of Communist causes.

The propaganda material distributed by the NCRMA is limited in subject matter but quite revealing as to its source and its obvious acceptability for the purposes of this Communist-front enterprise. A mimeographed sheet distributed by the NCRMA is entitled "Summary of Lehman Bill to Replace McCarran-Walter Immigration Act." A second document distributed by the NCRMA is the April 4, 1953, issue of the *Information Service* bulletin published by the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America.

The sponsors of the Lehman Bill, the bureaucracy of the National Council of Churches, and the Communist-controlled NCRMA speak kindred dialects, if not a common language, on the subject of the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act.

Reference has already been made to Abner Green and the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, of which Green is executive secretary. The fact is that the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, long branded by Congressional and legislative committees and by the Attorney General of the United States as a Communist and subversive organization, had ceased to be an effective agency of the Communist Party for propagating its views on immigration among many profes-

sions and so-called notables. It was, therefore, necessary to set up the NCRMA as a device for ensnaring those who shy away from too close association with the Communist Party and the readily recognized units of the Communist apparatus.

The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born is one of the oldest units of the Communist apparatus still in existence. It was originally organized in early 1924 at the direction of the second national convention of the Workers (Communist) Party of America. In the early years of its existence, the ACPFB was known as the National Council for Protection of Foreign Born Workers, with local councils in large cities where there was a concentration of the foreign born.

In 1932, the national organization of the Communists which deals with the questions of immigration and nationality changed its name to the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born. It is now in its 23rd year.

Senator Herbert H. Lehman, co-author of the Lehman-Celler immigration bill, has been a speaker for the ACPFB.

THERE have been few questions on which Communists in the United States have carried on more intensive and extensive agitation than their drive to obtain the repeal or the emasculation of the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act. The chief instrumentality of

this agitation has been the ACPFB. In this tremendous concentration of effort, the ACPFB has had the support and encouragement of thousands of non-Communist but starry-eyed self-styled liberals, do-gooders, and one-worlders.

Evidence is conclusive that the ACPFB has distributed many millions of copies of pamphlets, brochures, and leaflets whose sole objective is the repeal of the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act. Many of these are expensively printed documents. The titles of some of these Communist propaganda documents are revealing. "In the Shadow of Liberty — the Inhumanity of the Walter-McCarran Law" is a 48-page pamphlet which sells for 25 cents. "The Walter-McCarran Law — Police State Terror — Against Foreign-Born Americans" is the title of another 48-page booklet, by Fifth Amendment Abner Green.

When Abner Green was a witness before the U.S. Senate subcommittee, headed by Senator Herman Welker and charged with the investigation of Communist propaganda, the following exchange between Counsel Arens and Green took place:

MR. ARENS. How much money have you spent in the course of the last year in the pursuit of your intellectual interest in the repeal of the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act and of the Internal Security Act?

MR. GREEN. In response to that question, I exercise my privilege.

MR. ARENS. Have you spent as much as a million dollars?

MR. GREEN. In response to that question, sir, I exercise my privilege.

MR. ARENS. Do you know whether or not the repeal or emasculation of the Immigration and Nationality Act and the Internal Security Act is high on the priority list of the Communist Party?

MR. GREEN. With respect to that, sir, I exercise my privilege [under the Fifth Amendment].

In 31 pages of testimony before Senator Welker's committee, Abner Green invoked the Fifth Amendment 151 times. A few years ago, Green served a prison sentence for contempt of Congress.

ANGERED at the passage of the McCarran-Walter Act over his veto, President Truman appointed a commission on immigration and naturalization which held hearings on the Act during the month of October 1952. On January 1, 1953, just eight days after the McCarran-Walter Law became effective, the President's Commission proposed a revision of the statute "from beginning to end." The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born distributes a 36-page booklet of excerpts from the testimony given before the President's (loaded) Commission.

Despite the fact that Edward Corsi appeared as a witness against the McCarran-Walter Act before

the President's Commission, this same Corsi was called to Washington some two years later to handle immigration matters. Other witnesses of Left-wing views who helped to fill the 2,000-page record of the President's Commission included Corliss Lamont, the Reverend Ethelred Brown (at one time a speaker for the Communist Party), Mrs. Harriet Barron (administrative secretary of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born), the Reverend Payson Miller (affiliated with Communist enterprises), Will Maslow (general counsel, American Jewish Congress), Professor Louise Pettibone Smith (veteran fronter), Mrs. Florence H. Luscomb (Massachusetts supporter of Communist causes for a generation), Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver (veteran fronter who, according to the Communist Party's *Morning Freiheit*, declared, "The Soviet Union fights for the cause of liberation of humanity"), William Sentner (prominent Communist Party leader in St. Louis), Hugh DeLacy (pro-Communist ex-Congressman), Stephen Fritchman (Fifth Amendment Unitarian clergyman in Los Angeles), and hundreds of others.

Under the most spurious of humanitarian appeals, the Communists seek the repeal of the McCarran-Walter Act for two main reasons: (1) to obtain unobstructed entrance into the United States of thousands of Kremlin supporters and to stop the deportation of alien Communists

from the United States, and (2) to bring about an imbalance in the population and the economy of this country through the abrogation of the eminently fair and rational national-origins quota system.

The McCarran-Walter Act is one of the most effective bulwarks against subversion ever devised for the security of the United States. It was enacted into law by the overwhelming vote of both houses of Congress, after five years of the most painstaking study.

The repeal of the McCarran-Walter Act, make no mistake about it, stands at the top of the list of Communist objectives.

Reporting to the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born at the end of 1954, Executive Secretary Abner Green stated that his movement for the repeal of the McCarran-Walter Act has the assistance of a hundred organizations in 15 states. These organizations, according to Green, function for the exclusive purpose of carrying out the Communist Party line on immigration.

In the United States Senate, Kilgore's subcommittee on immigration is staffed with personnel which is all set to conduct extensive propaganda hearings for the purpose of emasculating the McCarran-Walter Act.

If Americans mobilize to defend the Act, by writing to their legislators, the Communists can be defeated.



Sharpen Your Tongue



By J. E. SCHMIDT

Do you sometimes find yourself groping for a word — the one with “just the right shade of meaning”? You do? Good! This quiz is for you then. Select the right word for each of the following situations from the group of four choices. Allow yourself 10 points for each one you have right. Passing score is 60. Answers are on page 150.

(1) Military supplies and weapons (as cannon, artillery, etc.) are known collectively as: (A) ordonnance, (B) ordination, (C) ordnance, (D) ordinance.

(6) That which is agreeable to the taste is said to be (A) lickerish, (B) gustatory, (C) palatable, (D) empyreumatic.

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(2) A song of triumph or joy is a: (A) paeon, (B) paeon, (C) padishah, (D) paladin.

(7) A pretentious display, or show intended to impress others, is known as: (A) inundation, (B) impanation, (C) ostentation, (D) conglomeration.

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(3) To cause an offensive act to appear less serious or censurable is to: (A) vi-tiate, (B) excoriate, (C) palliate, (D) militate.

(8) Something that can be touched, or perceived by the sense of touch, is described as: (A) erudite, (B) savory, (C) ethereal, (D) palpable.

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(4) A very large city is known as a: (A) metropolis, (B) necropolis, (C) acropolis, (D) megalopolis.

(9) The act of facing or turning in a specified direction is called: (A) oppila-tion, (B) orientation, (C) machicola-tion, (D) sequestration.

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(5) A war in words only, or a conten-tion, about terminology is called: (A) naumachy, (B) sciamachy, (C) oli-garchy, (D) logomachy.

(10) A person who is not a Christian, a Jew, or a Mohammedan is a: (A) pagan, (B) atheist, (C) agnostic, (D) anarchist.

MEDICAL HYPNOSIS

Trick or Treatment



BY DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

THE soft-spoken, cultivated voice on the other end of the telephone had a note of desperation. "I've tried everything, spent a fortune and traveled thousands of miles seeking the best medical advice — but all in vain. If I don't find relief soon, I'll take my own life. Perhaps I'm grasping at straws, but I've heard of your accomplishments in the field of medical hypnosis. Maybe you can help me. You can name your own fee. But help me, please!"

Dr. Roy M. Dorcus, professor of psychology at the University of California at Los Angeles and an authority on hypnotism, glanced at his bedside clock and saw that it was nearly two A.M. "Come right over," he invited. "I can promise nothing, of course, and I'm not in private practice so there'll be no fee. I'll wait up for you."

"When I saw that poor soul I almost recoiled in horror," Dr. Dorcus recalled. "His scalp, face, neck,

hands and arms were covered with a heavy, dark brown crust. The ailment, a skin condition, is a rather rare malady with a tongue-twisting medical name, not painful but exceedingly unsightly. Seldom, though, does it spread over the entire body surface.

"Since the condition sometimes is psychosomatically inspired, I was able to give the man a spark of hope," Dr. Dorcus explained. "I told him that hypnosis is neither trick nor cure-all; it is just another form of treatment which sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. Also, that one out of about five people can't be hypnotized at all. I agreed to try, however, and we arranged for him to see me at regular intervals each week.

"The patient was put under hypnotic suggestion and kept there. After a week or so the crust began to peel off, first from the scalp, then the face, neck, arms and hands, leaving

the skin natural-colored and healthy. After about six months of continued treatment, the only vestige of the unsightly condition that remained was a small patch about the size of a dime on one of the patient's toes. It's unlikely the ailment will return with such intensity, if at all, but if it does the patient will no longer contemplate suicide as a form of relief. He knows now that the medicine to cure him remains with him always — bottled up in his own subconscious."

HYPNOTISM is one of the most remarkable phenomena known to man. It is as old as the human mind. There is nothing mysterious about the phenomenon, though people have long looked upon it as being surrounded by a veil of mystery. They either deny that it exists at all — that it is some form of fakery — or they regard it superstitiously as the blackest form of black magic. And it is largely because of the Svengali-Trilby type of legend that hypnotism, as a possible boon to the pain-ridden and mentally disturbed, has been shunned so long in the modern age by the public at large and by some medical and educational institutions.

Some medical men and psychologists have often decried this attitude and have tried to bolster their argument for serious medical-hypnotism experimentation by pointing out that Egyptian doctors practiced it widely and successfully as a form of

anesthesia as long ago as 3000 B.C.

During the past decade, public opinion has been changing toward medical-dental hypnotism in the light of the rather extensive — and exceptionally successful — application of this kind of therapy on the battlefield and in service hospitals during World War II and the Korean conflict.

The greatest value of hypnotism lies in its power to relieve pain and to aid in the return to mental balance of psychogenically disturbed people. At least a dozen American colleges and universities now teach the technique to doctors, dentists, psychologists and those in similar professions doing post-graduate work.

Undergraduates, as a rule, are not enrolled in hypnotism courses, because they are not generally considered mature enough to be trusted with this power. While it is generally believed that hypnotism administered by an expert practitioner of the technique cannot harm the subject, it is agreed that amateur experimenting — such as using it in parlor tricks — can result in serious mental disorders to emotionally unstable subjects.

The legal profession, as well as the medical field, now recognizes hypnotism as a force which, if misused, can be made valid grounds for financial redress in court. For instance, in 1952, a precedent was created in Great Britain's legal annals when a British salesgirl sued an

American stage hypnotist for damages as a result of having been hypnotized by him during a music hall show at Brighton Hippodrome.

The shopgirl testified that during the performance the hypnotist had caused her to leap from a chair by telling her the seat was hot. She also related that he had made her feel like a baby and cry for her mother. These experiences, she claimed, had later caused months of depression and anxiety, from which she rallied only after extensive treatment by a competent medical hypnotist. The jury, apparently agreeing with serious experts that the stage is not the best place to practice hypnotism, awarded the girl more than \$3,000, plus legal expenses.

THE WORD "hypnotism," derived from the Greek word meaning "sleep," is very hard to define in substance, because it has so many different aspects and degrees. In general, it might be said that hypnosis is a kind of trance, whether light or deep, in which the subject is strongly responsive to the suggestions of the hypnotist. There is still much debate as to what changes are produced by hypnotism in the functioning of the nervous system or the personality. But the phenomenon is undeniably real, even though scientists are still not agreed on their explanation of it.

Methods of putting a subject into a trance have changed somewhat in recent years — in fact, Dr. Dorcus

and other experts declare that there are almost as many ways of hypnotizing as there are subjects. No modern hypnotist, except stage performers who prefer to exhibit showmanship, uses the old method of staring piercingly into the subject's eyes, repeating weird incantations or waving his hands. Instead, he is more likely to use methods which emphasize relaxation and even sleep. The subject may be seated in a comfortable chair while the hypnotist talks quietly, giving the subject directions and suggestions which lead him gradually into a trance.

The depth of hypnotic trances depends partly on how deep the hypnotist wishes each one to be, and partly on the susceptibility of the subject. Some people can be put into a trance easily in a few minutes, while others take as long as an hour to be completely "under." In a light trance, the subject is usually unable to open his eyes or move his arms, if the hypnotist tells him he can't. On the suggestion of the hypnotist, he may experience a total lack of feeling in one or both hands.

In a medium trance, the subject is able to experience feelings of moving even though he is perfectly still. The hypnotist can produce certain post-hypnotic effects, which means that the subject will perform simple tasks after coming out of hypnosis without further direction from the hypnotist. The subject may also have loss of memory for everything that went on during the time he was

in the trance state. Conversely, hypnosis has been used in treatment of amnesia cases, making subjects remember instead of forget past events.

The deepest trances are sometimes called somnambulistic, because of the subject's general resemblance to a sleep-walker.

In contrast to those who can be deeply hypnotized, there are many who are not affected at all. Dr. Dorcus estimates that about 20 percent of the population are immune to the phenomenon. Sex, race, nationality, intelligence, education and other such factors seem to have little or nothing to do with the ability to achieve a hypnotic trance on the part of the subject.

Hardest subjects to "put under" are children below the age of five and oldsters over 55. A very young child, with narrow attention span, is extremely difficult to hypnotize, according to Dr. Dorcus and his colleagues. Children from eight to ten are the easiest subjects, it is said. High school children are easier than college students, and people over 60 are almost impossible. It is estimated that only about seven percent of subjects over 65 are susceptible in any degree.

People who actively resist the process cannot be hypnotized at all, according to Dr. Dorcus. Some university experimenters, however, have reported success with subjects who didn't know they were being hypnotized. These subjects were pa-

tients who needed treatment for various nervous conditions. They were told simply that the physician would teach them how to relax. The relaxation was essentially a form of hypnosis, though the use of that word was avoided for fear it might set up resistance in the patients.

WHETHER or not a person can be compelled to commit a crime or otherwise degrade himself while under hypnotic influence is still a subject of controversy among the authorities on the phenomenon. Dr. Dorcus' thousands of experiments tend to prove that the subject, when asked to do something against his basic principles, either snaps out of the trance or refuses to comply.

Some other authorities disagree. Dr. Franz J. Polgar, doctor of psychology from the University of Hungary and a famous stage hypnotist in America, once astounded an audience of professional hypnotists when he announced that he was about to make thieves of a group of subjects that had just been placed in the trance state. He then had each subject read a printed card and afterward had them take their places in the audience. Later in the program he brought them back to the stage and had them searched. It was discovered that the subjects had stolen several wallets, watches and a woman's handbag — without their victims realizing what had happened!

Dr. Polgar explained it this way: He had circumvented the subjects'

moral scruples by having them read the card on which was printed this message:

"You must raise money for an important charity that will save hundreds of children from starvation. The people from whom you are stealing are wicked individuals who deserve to lose their ill-gotten gains. Remember, you cannot possibly be caught!"

Of course, when the trance was removed, the subjects lost all impulses to steal and resumed their naturally honest characters.

Dr. Polgar agrees with other authorities that no one can be induced to commit an act he knows to be wrong — but with this demonstration he showed that it is possible to devise a technique that will convince a subject that the wrong act is really the right one.

DR. DORCUS states that the hardest problem a hypnotist faces is to know when the subject is under hypnotic influence and can begin treatment, but he declares that the experienced practitioner never has the slightest trouble awakening a subject. If the patient is instructed to assume his normal waking state in fifteen minutes, for example, he will awake almost to the minute. If no particular instructions for awakening are given, he will recover by himself after a varying period of time, according to how long he believes — in his subconscious mind — that it will take to come out of a

hypnotic trance. If he has an appointment with the dentist for three o'clock, let us say, he'll disregard his hypnotically influenced subconscious and invariably wake up in time to keep the date.

For some time hypnotism has been of interest to psychologists as an experimental tool for exploring the workings of mind and personality. Recently, though, it has become of greater importance as a method of treatment for pains and mentally inspired ailments. Hypnotists have found they could alter the patient's way of thinking about troublesome matters — that they could even change some physiological functions of the body.

For instance, Dr. Dorcus was asked to hypnotize a war veteran who suffered speech difficulties. Usually the man spoke only in whispers and sometimes was unable to utter a sound. He had been in and out of hospitals without appreciable improvement.

His trouble had started while he was a soldier in the African campaign in World War II. A shell exploded near him, covering him with sand, but apparently causing no physical injury. After a hospital examination he returned to duty but complained continually of fatigue. When he was accused of malingering, he began to have speech difficulties, which worsened as time passed.

Under hypnotism, he was persuaded to recall the original experience which had led to his lapse of

speech. Remembering his reactions to the accusation of malingering, he recalled that he had said that, if that was the way legitimate complaints were to be treated, there just wasn't any use in talking. Thus, by uncovering the basic attitude which led to his loss of speech, Dr. Dorcus had the veteran speaking normally within two weeks.

In another case, a Korean War veteran was left with a continuing pain following an operation near the base of the spine. The operation appeared to be completely successful, and physicians would find no reason for the pain. Nevertheless, the patient continued to suffer and had to have drugs in order to sleep. Under hypnosis, it was suggested to him that the pain was diminishing and that it would gradually go away. After several hypnotic sessions the pain did subside and later disappeared entirely.

In this case, Dr. Dorcus believes that there was a bit of stretched tissue which was associated with the pain of the operation. Even after the wound was healed, stretching of this tissue may have set up a pattern of nerve reaction which gave the effect of a painful sensation. Under hypnosis, this pattern was erased.

JUST HOW FAR the mind can go in actually creating physiological changes in the human body is not yet known for this is a frontier of hypnotic science which, until lately, had not been explored. It is known

that blood pressure can be made to increase or decrease markedly under hypnotic suggestion — that bleeding of the gums after a tooth extraction, for instance, can be made to stop abruptly upon the suggestion of the hypnotist to the subject. And blisters can be caused at will or made to disappear under certain circumstances.

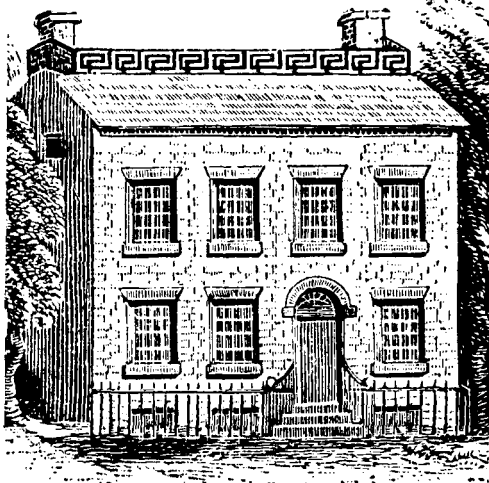
In 1953, there appeared in a medical journal a short news item which, because of its insignificant position in the publication, may have escaped the attention of many readers but it may ultimately prove to be of great historical significance to mankind. The item told briefly of an utterly fantastic-sounding experiment reported to be in progress in an unnamed western U.S. medical college. According to the item, a man who had lost a thumb in an accident was undergoing a course of hypnotic treatments in an effort to see whether the member could be made to replace itself. The account declared that, after a period of four months, a new thumb actually was growing — that, though originally amputated in its entirety, it had already grown back almost to the knuckle joint!

Psychologists and other scientists, like philosophers down through the ages, are coming more and more to the conclusion that *unlimited faith in one's own power* is the golden key to undreamed of achievement — that faith can, and often does, move mountains.

The Home That Time Forgot

BY

RUTH LOUISE JOHNSON



IN a century-old house on Locust Street in St. Louis, the dining table is set just as it was on the night in 1873 when President Grant dined there. The dinner service, imported from France for that occasion for the princely sum of \$750, is of gilded porcelain, with wide fuchsia borders. The room is furnished in elaborate hand-carved bog oak, believed to have been brought from Ireland.

For almost half a century this was a house of mystery, where no visitor was seen to enter. One after another, the neighboring homes were torn down to make way for business establishments or public buildings. Passers-by, never dreaming of the magnificence within, must have wondered about this house, always closed and aloof. But not until the death of two millionaire recluse brothers did its story become known.

This three-story house, built in 1851, was originally the home of Robert Campbell, who, coming to St. Louis from Ireland in 1824, became an explorer of the Far West, developing a fur trade that rivaled that of John Jacob Astor.

Robert Campbell died in 1879; his wife, three years later. Of their three sons, none married. James, who had studied at Yale University, died in 1890. The other two, Hugh and Hazlett, stayed in the home but withdrew from the world. For over 40 years the two brothers lived alone, except for servants who took care of the house. Hazlett was a helpless invalid, and he and his brother were visited only by physicians and the family lawyer. In this house nothing was changed, nothing ever thrown away.

Hugh died in 1931, leaving the

furnishings of the house to a cousin, with the proviso that they were not to be disturbed as long as his invalid brother lived. The house was willed to Yale University under the same conditions. When Hazlett died, in 1938, he left an estate of almost \$2,000,000, which was claimed by nearly 2,000 heirs.

A civic group, visiting the home, found it was like stepping back across the threshold into the golden fifties of the Victorian Age. In the drawing room stood the square carved rosewood piano where Mrs. Campbell had played the "new" Strauss waltzes. Elaborate brass and bronze gas chandeliers, imported from France, hung from the ceilings. The huge French mirrors, with massive gilt frames, reached from floor to ceiling. The cornices were of gold-leaf; Brussels lace curtains, unworn, hung to the floor, and the damask upholstery on the rosewood chairs was unfaded. The feet of the visitors sank into the deep-piled red velvet carpets. Outside the front windows was the iron balcony where President Grant had spoken to the crowd in the street.

Visitors were reluctant to see this home destroyed and its possessions scattered to the winds, for they believed that almost no other houses of that period had survived intact. The problem was put before the William Clark Society, and a civic committee was organized to raise funds to purchase the house as well as the furnishings when they were

sold at auction, as had been ordered by the heirs. Yale University announced that it would sell the home to the committee, for a museum, for \$10,000.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZENS began a hasty effort to raise money, and contributions began pouring in, many of them anonymous. The Advertising Club gave \$1,000. A newsboy sent 50 cents — a week's earnings.

When the auction opened, however, some bidders ran the prices up above what the committee had hoped to pay. On the second day of the sale, however, there was an unexpected change in attitude. Buyers actually stood aside to let the committee bid for what it wanted. One woman bought the entire contents of the drawing room and presented her purchase to the committee. Before the day ended all the necessary furnishings had been acquired.

But that was in 1941, and because of war and high taxes no more money was forthcoming with which to buy the house. Then two years later Stix, Baer and Fuller Dry Goods Company, as part of its 50th anniversary celebration, purchased the home from Yale University and presented it to the people of St. Louis.

The home was dedicated as a museum depicting the magnificence of the Victorian Age — a magnificence exemplified by a favorite display: the American Beauty silk which Mrs. Campbell wore at the dinner for President Grant.

Uncle Sam's CORPORATIONS

Despite some progress by the Eisenhower Administration, we still have a long way to go in getting the United States Government out of business activity which often competes directly with private enterprise

BY ALEXANDER MORROW

OUR SIDE of the Iron Curtain believes that America is a darned good place made possible by private enterprise. The other side imagines that America is a hell created by capitalists. But propagandists on both sides in the cold war — who agree on practically nothing — are in accord on one thing: Virtually all commercial activities in this country are carried on by private enterprise.

Too bad that on the rare occasion when both sides do agree, they should both be off base. Actually, and brace yourself for the shock, Uncle Sam himself is the owner of over 80 business corporations that are in direct competition with private industry.



And Uncle Sam isn't a small-potato operator of industrial enterprises. These are large enough to make Uncle Sam the biggest operator in the nation in such fields as electric power, warehousing, merchant shipping, insurance, trucking, and the real estate business. So it is not surprising that Uncle Sam's many business enterprises can bring on the barrel-head a sum that has been estimated to be somewhere between \$25 billion and \$40 billion.

For a number of years now, there has been a steady climb in the importance of public enterprises in this country. Figures released by the Tax Foundation highlight this trend. In 1929, public wealth — including

commercial and ordinary governmental property — was valued at about \$43 billion; private wealth came to about \$375 billion. By 1948, the latest year for which complete figures are available, public wealth jumped to \$126 billion; private wealth totaled \$671 billion.

In other words, out of every \$9 of property in 1929, Uncle Sam and local government owned \$1. About 20 years later, Uncle Sam owned \$1 out of every \$5 of property. Preliminary figures for 1951 emphasize that the government's share of the national wealth is still rising.

HOW DID the United States Government, with its philosophy of promoting private enterprise, happen to become the owner of so many commercial and industrial operations?

Of course, even when George Washington was the Chief Executive, the Federal government was taking part in such activities as running the Post Office and the Mint. But when Uncle Sam operates the Mint, the situation is quite different than when he operates a laundry.

The job of the Mint is to manufacture currency. The manufacture of money is one of the vital functions of a government; it isn't a merely commercial job like operating a hotel. Also, the government does not share this job with private companies. There is no competition with private companies. Thirdly, such

vital functions do not add up to a very large part of the economic life of the country. So the effects of such activities on jobs and business are comparatively limited.

But it was a long time ago — long before the New Deal — that the government first entered the manufacturing business in competition with private enterprise. As a matter of fact, it was 121 years ago, in the second administration of Andrew Jackson, that the Navy opened a rope factory in Boston — a plant that is still in existence. The purpose was to obtain a better quality of rope, according to the Navy. One can hear government officials saying: "This move is only a 'temporary' one until our private rope manufacturing facilities are adequate."

But experience has taught us one thing: Once a business corporation is set up by Uncle Sam, it just keeps rolling along — even though there's every reason why it should have been put out of commission.

Let's take the Emergency Fleet Corporation of the War Shipping Board as an example. Between 1917 and 1919, this corporation spent \$2 billion on the building of merchant ships. In a period when German submarines were sinking many American vessels in the Atlantic, this was a vital wartime activity for the government.

But did the Emergency Fleet Corporation fold up gracefully when the war was over and the need for building ships in this way had

ended? No. Until 1936 — 18 years after the Armistice — Emergency Fleet continued to operate shipping lines and terminals.

In World War II, Uncle Sam set up a synthetic rubber industry. This was vitally needed. After the Japanese overran Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, the United States was cut off from the areas from which it had always obtained its natural rubber. The requirements for rubber were stepped up, of course, by our expanding war machine.

During the war, Uncle Sam spent \$700 million on synthetic rubber plants. Private industry hesitated to build such plants because it was not clear that they would be able to meet the competition of natural rubber after the war. There was also a big question as to whether the technical process for making synthetic rubber was workable.

In 1953, the United States still owned synthetic rubber factories with an estimated value of \$550 million. These plants provided about 60 percent of the rubber used by this country.

THE MAINSPRING of a government corporation's activity is political. For this reason, government corporations listen carefully to pressure groups. They become the refuge of politicians and breed large wasteful bureaucracies.

Private corporations are not, of course, 100 percent efficient. They are not run by supermen. But pri-

vate businesses do have to compete in the market place. They have to keep alert constantly to the changing tastes of the consumer. And they must keep costs down — if they are not to price themselves out of the market and give up the ghost.

On the other hand, government corporations hardly pay any more attention to costs than does a gold-digger out with a man.

In St. Louis, the U.S. Army runs the largest optical plant in the world. When members of a Congressional committee, probing the operations of government enterprises, asked the government bureaucrats about depreciation on machinery, the answer was: "We don't worry about cost accounting."

Up to 1945, nearly all of 78 government corporations that were checked failed to keep a business-type budget. Nor did they have their accounts officially audited. As a result, government corporations price their goods or services unrealistically — without considering all of the costs that private concerns have to cover.

But even if government corporations took into account all of their costs, they would still constitute unfair competition. The reason is very simple: In setting their prices, government corporations do not have to worry about recovering the cost of borrowing money or the burden of taxes. Since private firms now have to pay 52 percent of their income in the form of income taxes, this is a

fact of major importance. Also, Federal corporations are completely exempt from local real estate taxes.

A few examples will show how the disregard of interest charges affects the operation of government enterprises. Several years ago, Theodore Herz, Staff Director of the Senate subcommittee investigating the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, asserted that in the period between 1932 and 1949, the RFC understated its operating expenses by \$322,000,000. This huge sum of money represented interest payments made by the U.S. Treasury on behalf of the RFC.

Also, government corporations can borrow at a lower rate of interest than can private companies. A good part of this advantage is derived from the fact that Federal bonds are exempt from state income taxes.

The TVA has avoided the payment of millions of dollars of taxes that a privately-owned public utility would have had to pay. The United States Chamber of Commerce recently calculated the over-all subsidy that the TVA enjoyed between 1933 and 1952 — a total of \$780 million.

The interest payments made for the TVA, as well as the extra cost that a private company would have had to pay, amounted to \$434 million. The extra tax payments that a privately-owned utility would have paid in this period would have totaled \$346 million. It's not surprising that TVA has been able to charge

lower rates than privately-owned utilities!

It is facts like these that, about a year ago, impelled President Eisenhower to recommend in his budget message that "an adequate rate of interest be paid to the Treasury on public funds invested in power facilities of TVA."

IN ALL CASES, government officials setting up government corporations assert that private industry is not adequately meeting a need. But the strange thing about this assertion is that various government departments take divergent viewpoints about the desirability of the government's entering a particular business.

The military services argue that it is economical for them to roast and grind their own coffee. The Armed Forces insist that they can obtain a quality coffee only by undertaking the job of roasting and grinding their own coffee. A few years ago, the Armed Services were roasting about 5 percent of all coffee used in this country. On the other hand, the Veterans Administration, which buys about 5 million pounds of coffee a year, ridicules the statements of the Armed Forces. Boiled down, VA's argument runs like this: We can get a better blend of coffee at a lower price by obtaining coffee from commercial plants than we can get from the government plants.

In Congress, through the years, there has been a recurring cry that the effects of government corpora-

tions on the economic and social life of the nation should be investigated. A number of investigations have been conducted by Congress in the last 25 years. But these have never been able to turn the tide against the mushrooming of government corporations.

In 1932, the Shannon Committee listed about 100 government corporations that it reported were competing directly with private business in various industries. Twenty years later, the Bonner Committee prepared a four-volume report on government corporations. The report was not even published and the activities of this committee received little publicity.

With the advent of the Eisenhower Administration, there was a strong move to examine carefully the working of government corporations and to determine which should be continued and which should be liquidated. The Harden Committee, set up in 1954 to investigate this whole problem, has published a great many reports in which it presents its viewpoints on government corporations. Highlights of these reports are:

- (1) The Federal government has invaded so many business-type activities that these now constitute a big threat to private industry and imperil the nation's tax structure.
- (2) As a general policy, the Federal government should keep out — and get out — of competitive business operations.

- (3) Every year, the continuation of each government corporation should be examined by the operating agency, the Budget Bureau, and by Congressional committees.
- (4) Even when government corporations can prove that their operation is economical and essential, competitive industries should be developed as quickly as possible. Uncle Sam should then step out of the picture. Where private industry is active, economy should not be accepted as a reason for continuing the government corporation.
- (5) When government corporations are allowed to continue, all direct and indirect costs should be taken into account in setting prices. In addition, an allowance should be made for a fair profit.

In the period that has elapsed since Dwight Eisenhower took the oath of office, a vigorous effort has been made to get Uncle Sam out of business activities that compete with private business. But it has been made clear that it is easier to get Uncle Sam into a business than out.

There is obviously a vital need to stir up the public on this crucial problem. Only in this way can wasteful bureaucracy, loss of taxes by the government, unfair competition suffered by private business, and the drain on government's finances be overcome.

Only then will the Administration be able to move effectively in licking this grave problem.



HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

Moscow has put the Indian sign on the local section of the Communist conspiracy and the brave who really suffered is Chief Mighty Red Face, otherwise known as Simon W. Gerson, *sans* war paint.

For it was only a week before Geneva that Comrade Simon, writing boldly in the official tribal organ, *Party Voice*, proclaimed: "A Democratic Party, strongly influenced by labor, the small farmers and the Negro people . . . can sweep the preferred party of big business out of office." This was followed by an order for all Communists to enroll in Democratic primaries, particularly in New York State.

Thus Simon, the commissar of Red political thinking, overruled any thoughts of a third party in 1956 and also committed the faithful to do their mischief within Democratic confines and to run Eisenhower out of the White House.

While this decision in *Party Voice* was being pondered by the comrades, Geneva broke over their heads. Apparently Gerson wasn't prepared for the dove hovering at the summit or the reaction that followed. *Daily Worker* headlines suddenly blared: "Ike Sees 'New Friendliness'"; "Geneva Advance Toward Peace Hailed by World"; and similar paeans of delight unheard since the blissful days of Teheran. The *Worker* even quoted President Eisenhower's speech in boldface, ahead of Bulganin's.

"Who can deny," the *Worker* crooned, "that the spirit of good will and mutual trust evident in the speeches and informal talks of government leaders was not in itself an important achievement at Geneva."

While lionizing Ike, the Communist paper turned furiously on New York's Governor Harriman, Chief Gerson's favorite Democrat. Harriman took a dim view of Geneva and was denounced by the *Worker* for "talking like the unhappy warrior of the cold war."

This unexpected switch left Gerson without even a straw vote to clutch at. For days running, the *Worker* had no attack on the GOP. Ike was the hero of the hour.

The real villain? You guessed it: Joe McCarthy. "Out of joint with the times," said the *Worker*, adding that "only McCarthy and his open and hidden backers sulk and growl in the background." Odds are Gerson's growling, too.

— H. R.

THE MAN WHO LOVED SING SING

By Harry Thompson

THE TRIPLE-LOCKED gates were behind him. Americo Roia, 71, had said his last farewells, shaken hands with the guards, and smiled when Warden Denno wished him luck. Now, as Roia stood outside the last grim gate, tears trickled down his cheeks and he ran his hands through his close-cropped white hair. An automobile pulled to a stop.

"Americo!" a voice called.

"Mama mia," Americo answered, as he stepped into the car, kissing her.

"Don't cry," she whispered, "it has been a long time —"

"Twenty-five years and one month —"

"Now maybe we can go south, and you can fish and swim —"

"Yes, Agnes mia, but this is a heartbreaking day for me. I've spent the happiest days of my life in Sing Sing and if I wasn't 71, I'd like to spend another 25 years here, for I have a song in my heart about Sing Sing."

"Sing it another time," said Mrs. Roia, "and let's go home. I made spaghetti and meat balls."

The shy, gentle-natured, soft-spoken Americo Roia sat in the living room of the Roia's lovely apartment in Fuller's Gardens in Ossining. Needless to say, Roia did not serve his 25 years and one month in Sing Sing as a prisoner. He was superintendent of the tailor shop. Now he had left his work behind him, pensioned by the State of New York and by the government of the United States—for Italian immigrant though he was, he had fought for his new country in World War I.

"During my years in Sing Sing I 'dressed in' over 30,000 prisoners," said Roia. "I also measured some 250 for the civilian clothing they wore when they walked from the death house to the execution chamber. I had a ring-side seat in Sing Sing which enabled me to acquire a remarkably broad understanding

of man, and a keen comprehension of human feelings.

"I learned that the life the inmates lead is a life of hopelessness, loneliness, boredom and frustration. I learned too there is no line between people and that they are basically all alike. Not all convicts are 'criminals' as the word is commonly understood. Often, after listening to an inmate's story, and knowing it to be true, I knew I would have done the same thing under the same circumstances. I knew I was no better than they were, but only more fortunate because I had never had to meet the kind of crisis which had caused them to be sent to prison. I could truthfully say to myself, there, but for the grace of God, go I."

THE ROUTINE of Sing Sing's "dressing in" followed during most of Roia's quarter century in the prison explains what he meant by his "ring-side seat." When a prisoner arrives, a receipt is given the officer who delivers him, and he is sent to the receiving room. There his civilian clothing is removed. He is photographed, fingerprinted and a complete record made of him and his family. The record includes scars, birthmarks, physical deformities, etc. Then there follows a complete check by a prison doctor. After a shower, the prisoner is issued sterilized over-night clothing. The next day (until but recently) he was taken directly to the tailor shop,

and that's where Roia came into the picture.

Roia personally measured every prisoner before dressing him. While the clothing was not exactly custom-made, it always fitted.

A plentiful supply of sizes in the 30's, 40's and 50's — made by Roia's inmate assistants under his supervision — was always in stock. (Roia will smilingly relate that if your size suit is less than 30 or over 58 your chances of going to prison are as slim as a size 28.) Alterations, if necessary, were made on the spot.

The issue, then as now, included underwear, socks, shirt, trousers and coat (except for summer dressing in) and black shoes. A prisoner may wear his own shoes, or shoes sent him from home, if black — but not until these have been X-rayed for secreted saws or small weapons. Prisoners are permitted to replace the prison coat (for which each is responsible) with any gray lumber-jacket or windbreaker, received from the outside. Following the "dressing in," prisoners are assigned to cells and to prison duties.

To Roia, his most unpleasant task was going to the death house to measure both men and women for their final "going away" clothing. "Sometimes it was heart-breaking," mused Roia. "Sometimes I had no appetite for dinner that night."

For men, Roia made black trousers which were well fitted — only to have his handiwork ruined in the last minutes when the right leg was

split for easier adjustment of the electrode.

Frequently concessions were made, oddly enough, to extremely hot weather when the trousers were made of light gray flannel. Women were measured for dark dresses. Once, because of the huge size of a woman, Roia had to go outside the prison and buy a dress for her. But it is an unwritten rule that no person shall go to the chair in garments which have been worn in prison.

For all his close connection with the death house, Roia never saw an execution—the thought of seeing one sickened him.

There is a stock question always asked of Roia: “Who were some of the notorious prisoners you measured for the last mile?” Roia has a stock reply: “*All* prisoners who were executed between the spring of 1929 and the spring of 1955—some 250 of them, I never kept actual count.”

Roia says that, after his first dozen years in the tailor shop, he could almost guess the length of a new prisoner's sentence the moment he first saw him.

“The short-termers were not too sad,” he said, “and the longer the face, the longer the sentence. I could tell, too, from the quips, as I fitted them, such as: ‘Don’t make it too good, Pop. I won’t be around long.’ ‘Might as well keep my measurement, Dad. I’ll probably wear out several of your suits before I get out.’

“Once I was very badly fooled by a young man. He was smiling and

very cheerful. You would have thought he was being measured for ‘out’ not ‘in’ clothing. His black eyes danced and his white teeth gleamed. With pins in my mouth, I muttered: ‘Two years for you, yes?’ He looked at me and smiled and do you know what he said? He said: ‘You’d be right, Pop, if you multiplied that two by fifty.’”

NO MAN ever had greater love for a place of business than Roia. “His” tailor shop, and “his” inmate helpers are his favorite topics of conversation. Roia had, at all times, from 45 to 50 such helpers, who, when first assigned to the shop, became his pupils. Throughout the quarter of a century, he directed the work of countless hundreds of men. There he taught tailoring, shirt- and cap-making, trades which many of his “graduates” have successfully and happily pursued on the “outside.” Roia was more than happy with his work because he felt he was lending a helping hand where it was most needed.

I talked to a guard about the shop and he told me: “Roia’s helpers always represented just about every type of criminal, but the place always had a cheerful atmosphere and I think the men who worked for Roia were the happiest, as a lot, in the whole prison. Roia is a gentle soul and while discipline was at all times maintained, he let the men do their time as easily as possible while they were in his shop. Prisoners felt

they had been done a big favor when assigned to him."

Roia is proud of the fact that in a quarter of a century he never had to report a man for disobedience.

"There was just one thing wrong with the set-up," said Roia. "I got too many short-termers. I'd get a bright young man who was quick to catch on and then — boom — we'd be making him some going-away clothes. But I was enabled to teach trades to a great many who were in the shop for longer periods, and I did turn out several fine tailors."

There's one man of whom Roia is particularly proud. Call him Frank, which is not his given name. When Frank was assigned to the tailor shop, he was bitter, completely disillusioned, and worked, most of the time, with tears in his eyes. Bit by bit, Roia learned his story.

"He was what the law calls a murderer," Roia said. "He had been a hard working and successful man with a spotless reputation. Then, one day, he returned home unexpectedly with a surprise for the wife he loved so dearly. But she had the surprise for him for he found her with a lover. In the heat of passion, he killed her. He was given a long sentence. Well, I went to work on him in my own poor fashion, and pretty soon he was taking a keen interest in his work. In time he became my most skillful assistant. Frank was with me for 13 years and then he was freed."

Roia's eyes sparkled as he awaited

the expected question: "So what happened to him?" "Today," beamed Roia, "Frank is head tailor in one of the biggest and best known custom-made tailoring establishments in — well, let's just say in the country."

ROIA thinks most convicts have a sense of humor. There is one prison story which he believes will never die. It has been told throughout the years in every prison in the land. It has to do with one of those prisons where, for two-bits, morbid people are taken on a conducted tour and enabled to stare at their less fortunate brothers. The guide in this prison was a convict, a trusty. There was that day when, during a tour, an elderly woman kept edging up to him with the demand: "Show me a murderer." The guide promised. Finally, as the tour neared its conclusion the old lady testily said: "But you haven't shown me a murderer." The trusty made a wry face. "We didn't happen to see one," he answered, "but take a good look at me — I'm doing life for murder." The elderly lady, who had been clutching his arm, fainted.

"Sure," mused Roia. "there are laughs to be had, and laughter to be heard, even in a prison. But my opinion, after 25 years at Sing Sing, is that the life of a convict is just plain hell and I know without knowing that the man who wrote 'stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage' never did any time."

Herbert Hoover

STATESMAN EXTRAORDINARY

IN THE select company of those who deserve the unofficial title of Elder Statesman, Herbert Hoover towers like a giant. The qualities that brought him outstanding success as a mining engineer and led him to abandon it for public service raise him far above personal or political pressures.

Nearly 35 years ago, Herbert and Mrs. Hoover were given a dramatic opportunity to choose between public service and a tremendous fortune. In January 1921, shortly before becoming Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover was offered a partnership in the vast Guggenheim mining enterprises, with a minimum Guaranteed Annual Wage of half a million dollars. This was quite an offer to one who had been an orphan and had walked 80 miles to a new job because he could not afford to ride. Instead he chose the Secretaryship of Commerce and did not even accept its \$15,000-a-year stipend. Both it and his salary as President never reached his personal pocket.

It was as a humanitarian that Herbert Hoover first became widely known. Serving under a Democratic President, there was no partisanship

by
**RUTH A.
INGLIS**

in the Belgian relief program of the First World War which Hoover so ably and tirelessly directed. Later he became United States Food Administrator,

and after the war played a major role in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of Europe.

The long hectic hours of service bore the fruit of a rare kind of personal satisfaction when, many years later, Hoover was to meet men and women who owed their lives to his efforts. One of the cruel disappointments of his life was the denial to him of the opportunity to serve his government in a similar way during World War II.

It is almost a miracle — indeed a measure of the man — that Hoover did not become bitter during the long years from 1933 to 1947, when his unheeded warnings were proved all too true while he stood by helplessly. Despite the accuracy of his predictions in both domestic and foreign affairs, Hoover does not sing the “I Told You So” blues. His is a creative and constructive nature, as well as a practical one.

Solid accomplishments have marked the past eight years.

The Hoover Commissions

In 1947, under President Truman, Herbert Hoover welcomed the opportunity to serve as chairman of a bipartisan Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government. Its two years of labor resulted in 273 recommendations for increased efficiency and economy, 70 percent of which have been adopted, despite the anguished wails of affected bureaucrats and pressure groups.

A second similar Hoover Commission, created in 1953 under President Eisenhower, has recently completed its work. In 19 reports cutting across departmental lines, the Commission has analyzed the functions performed by the Federal government, including such subjects as medical services, government transportation, food and clothing, overseas economic operations, real property management, budgeting and accounting and paperwork, the business aspects of defense, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the management of our water resources.

In the executive branch of the Federal government there are approximately 1,400 different agencies, and they spend some \$63 billion a year. Undoubtedly Herbert Hoover knows more about their operation than any other one man. Even before the spawning of new administrative agencies during the New Deal era and World War II, Mr. Hoover personally observed

"the amazing duplication, overlap, waste, red tape, tyranny, and incompetence of the government bureaucracy," as he says in his *Memoirs*.

His struggle against it began back in 1921 when he was Secretary of Commerce. In the intervening years, despite what would have been insuperable difficulties to a lesser man, Herbert Hoover has accomplished more than anyone else in streamlining the government. During the past two years and from 1947 to 1949, he has labored at it from 12 to 15 hours a day. His integrity and ardor for the task have enabled him to attract men of high caliber to join in the fight.

Eliminating Waste

The huge sprawling Defense Department has come under close scrutiny by the Hoover Commission. Our vast military establishment, operating in every state in the Union and in 52 foreign countries, accounts for 60 percent of the total budget and three-quarters of the Federal payroll. The elimination of waste in this department holds the promise of substantial savings.

The Commission, in fact, has come up with suggestions for putting the purchase and distribution of food and clothing on a business-like basis. This, it is claimed, will save billions of dollars every year. The recommendation to create a separate civilian-managed fourth branch of the Defense Department to supply non-military goods for

the Army, Navy, and Air Force will be debated for months to come.

The Commission's reports bristle with horrible examples of mismanagement such as the purchase of anti-freeze in Philadelphia at a half-cent-per-unit "saving" which was more than lost by having to ship it to the West Coast. Some agencies of the government have bought property when the nearby land and buildings of other agencies were standing idle. Both the Navy and the Army have operated half-empty cargo ships between New York and Panama at the same time.

The Commission has not been "slash-happy" or unmindful of other values than economy. While trying to eliminate waste, duplication of services, and red tape, the Commission has also recommended increasing governmental expenditures for basic research, particularly in weapons and medicine. The Commission's *Report on Personnel and Civil Service* recommended salary increases for top managers in the government in order to improve its services.

Many of the Hoover recommendations can be carried out by Presidential order or by regulations within the jurisdiction of the Federal agencies or departments themselves. Others require Congressional action. Mr. Hoover predicts that "the pressure of American common sense will secure 70 percent of our present recommendations in the next five years."

Let us hope so.

Getting the Government Out of Business

By far the most controversial of the Hoover Commission recommendations concern the elimination of "non-essential services, functions and activities which are competitive with private enterprise." Here the Commission has stepped on some very powerful toes, and the fight will be rugged in Congress and during the next election campaign.

You will hear more — pro and con — about the curtailment of commissary stores and post exchanges and about getting the government out of the naval shipbuilding, money-lending and other businesses. The Commission's devastating analysis of the TVA and its recommendations regarding public power put it in the middle of that long-standing bitter controversy which cuts deep into the heart of our philosophy of government.

The issues raised by the Hoover group cut across the usual political lines. This was true within the Commission itself which was composed of five Democrats and seven Republicans, all outstanding leaders in government, business, or the professions. Groups as diverse as the Americans for Democratic Action and the American Legion have attacked the Hoover findings. Even "conservative" businessmen howl at the thought of losing hidden subsidies to which they have become accustomed. The White House has indi-

cated that it will not make a blanket endorsement of the Commission findings, and President Eisenhower backed up the Navy in its recent defense of a 60-year supply of hamburger.

Citizens who want to reverse the trend toward big government and to strengthen our free enterprise system should also ignore party lines in supporting the Commission's recommendations with which they agree. Prod your Senators and Congressman regardless of their or your party label. The rewards of good government are great. Mr. Hoover estimates that the adoption of the Commission's recommendations would not only save the taxpayers some six billion dollars a year but would return some seven billions to the Treasury from the sale of government property and the return of capital funds. This would go far toward balancing the budget. The removal of unfair government competition, also, would vitalize our whole economy.

Commission Tribute to Hoover

In June, at its last meeting before the expiration of the Commission, its members unanimously adopted a resolution expressing their "very great appreciation" for Mr. Hoover's "able, fair, and patient leadership."

In an unusually frank statement, the Commissioners paid tribute to their chairman's "immense store of knowledge and experience" and said

that "his accomplishments in analyzing data and drafting reports were greater than those of any other one person."

The resolution was presented by James A. Farley, who worked for Mr. Hoover's opponent in the Presidential campaign of 1932. The former Democratic Postmaster General called Mr. Hoover "a truly great American and a great patriot."

In the best and historic meaning of the words, Herbert Hoover has always been a great patriot and a great liberal. Those who have thought otherwise might well examine their own thinking to see to what extent they have been influenced by a diabolical propaganda machine long ago exposed. Hoover's life is an open book. His record is clear and unblemished. From the earliest days of his career down to the present, in word and deed, his life has been devoted to the furtherance of the freedom and welfare of mankind.

Having traveled and lived in the far places of the earth and having an intimate knowledge of the other nations of the world, Mr. Hoover does not have a narrow outlook. In addition to heading the two commissions on government reorganization, he has found time to think profoundly about foreign affairs.

As early as June 29, 1941, Mr. Hoover urged that we avoid any alliance with Soviet Russia in our fight against "Hitler's hideous rec-

ord of brutality." Would that we had followed his advice! His stand against Communism on the domestic as well as the international front has been unremitting and intelligent.

Socialism, too, has found a steadfast foe in Herbert Hoover. As early as 1921, he wrote a small book called *American Individualism* in which he spelled out the evils of socialism. In 1954, he correctly assessed the role of socialism as a prelude to Communism: "In the Iron Curtain states, it was the socialist intellectuals," he said, "who weakened the freedom of men by destroying the safeguards of freedom. Thus they furnished the boarding ladders by which the Communists captured the ship of state."

The occasion was Hoover's eightieth birthday celebration last year. The last paragraph of the speech highlights the spirit of the man:

Eighty years is a long time for a man to live. And, as the shadows lengthen over my years, my con-

fidence, my hopes and dreams for my countrymen are still undimmed. This confidence is that, with advancing knowledge, toil will grow less exacting; that fear, hatred and pain and tears may subside; that the regenerating sun of creative ability and religious devotion will refresh each morning the strength and the progress of my country.

One morning in the winter of 1933, I literally bumped into Herbert Hoover at the turn of one of the country paths high on the hills of the Stanford University campus. I was a student. He was the smeared and defeated candidate for the Presidency.

This was during the honeymoon period of the New Deal, and in my ignorance and youth, I thought of Hoover as a relic of the past. I thought idly to myself, "He looks healthy. I wonder what a man like that does with his time now that his career is over." How little did I know!



A Hoover Report — On Horses

Most of the work [on the United States Geological Survey] was done on horseback. During those two summers I did my full lifetime mileage with that mode of transportation. In these long mountain rides over trails and through the brush, I arrived finally at the conclusion that a horse was one of the original mistakes of creation. I felt he was too high off the ground for convenience and safety on mountain trails. He would have been better if he had been given a dozen legs so that he had the smooth and sure pace of a centipede. Furthermore he should have had scales as protection against flies, and a larger water-tank like a camel. All these gadgets were known to creation prior to the geologic period when the horse was evolved. Why were they not used?

— *Memoirs of Herbert Hoover: Years of Adventure 1874-1920*

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



In the MERCURY'S Opinion

By Russell Maguire

WHAT is rapidly on its way to becoming a national scandal might well be the subject of a searching Congressional investigation. If this were to come about, we would have the unique situation of the Congress investigating itself.

The United States Government has in storage seven billion dollars' worth of farm products — wheat, corn, butter, dry milk and cheese. It costs the government seven hundred thousand dollars a day to store this enormous amount of surplus food for which the farmer has been guaranteed payment.

This incredible operation is under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture through the Commodity Credit Corporation.

It is unlikely that a better man could be found than Undersecretary of Agriculture James A. McConnell who is in direct charge of the attempt to dispose of the surplus.

It is not the fault of the Department of Agriculture. In fact, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson cut the parity from 90 percent to 82½ percent in keeping with the flexible price program, and the po-

litical yowling could be heard from Coast to Coast.

The blame for this stupid and incredible situation lies directly on the shoulders of a politically minded and frightened Congress. No more militant and well-organized lobby exists in the National Capital than the farmers' group and they know the ropes. As a result, every taxpayer in America is subsidizing the farmer who will not be told or advised that he is living in 1955 with a vastly different national food requirement than his grandfather.

The farmer is a great advocate of the free enterprise system for everybody but himself.

The Government has 1,200,000,000 bushels of wheat — enough for two years' consumption. It has cheese and butter for months ahead.

All over America, and even in ships at anchor, food is stored to enable the farmer to continue the unrealistic production of food we cannot eat.

Let the Congress realize that the time is rapidly approaching when they must make an accounting to the taxpayer.

Cricket Fighting

A TIME-HONORED SPORT

By Arthur Herzog

MAN is the only animal that gambles, and by far the most fanatical devotees of Lady Luck are the Chinese. Their games of chance have a flavor and uniqueness all their own, and sometimes border on the fantastic.

If you were to see several dozen Chinese milling about an earthenware pot, screaming and waving a lot of money, could you resist a second look? What attracted them is the oldest national sport in the world—a cricket fight. What a World Series game is to a Dodger fan, a bullfight to an aficionado, a cockfight to a Balinese, the cricket fight is to millions in China, Indo-China and Malaya.

To Westerners, one cricket is pretty much like the next; but to the cricket fancier each is a pet, a character, a personality, and as important to the owner as his honored ancestors. The owner christens his fighter and has its name carved on an ivory plaque which is proudly preserved as an heirloom.

As the cricket is a natural scrapper, a homicidal killer that fights to

the finish, it takes no grueling course of training to condition it for a fight.

In a special cage—often of gold and ivory—it sings away the time between matches, is taken on long walks by its master, and receives every mark of consideration and affection.

At the ringside (a table in a tea-house) the fighters are weighed in on a tiny pair of scales. There are heavyweights, middleweights and lightweights—and contenders must be evenly matched. The cricket fans distinguish their favorites by size, weight and color; by the loudness of their chirp; the size of the head, neck and back.

If the fighter-cricket staggers slightly, it's a sign he has been hopped-up on a broth of roots and flowers to bolster his courage. The ancient and honorable cricket-fight code apparently permits this.

With the preliminaries out of the way, the referee holds up his hand and a hush falls. All eyes are on the referee, a figure of some importance in the community. Often

this office is handed down proudly, father to son, for generations.

The referee introduces the champion, the contender, and their proud owners. He lingers over the history, pedigree, and past performance of the fighters, and cautions all present to observe the ancient code.

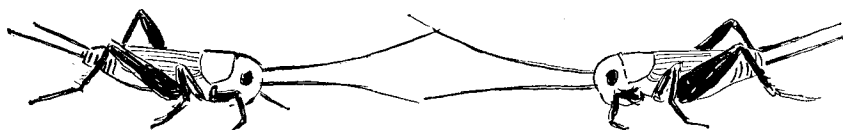
Then the betting begins. It is loud and raucous, and no mean operation. Chinese peasants have been known to stake their entire life's savings on a single fight.

The owners place their charges in the arena, a large earthen pot, for a fight to the finish. Fearful of losing

be too mad to take notice. Nothing will stop the fighting crickets. Back and forth the battle rages, to the accompaniment of screams from the fans. An antenna often wavers and goes down. No fighting cricket seems capable of quitting the duel. At last, with a mighty swipe, the champion may roll the contender's head in the dust and the fight is over.

Then gongs ring, flags wave, and the din of the winners raises the roof of the teahouse.

The referee turns to the business of distributing the winnings, first counting out ten percent for him-



face, and even more fearful of losing a champion cricket worth over a hundred dollars gold, the owners goad their fighters into a white heat of fury by rubbing a feather over the head and abdomen of the insects. The fighters, enraged, stretch their antennae and broadcast a challenge.

Now the referee holds up a carved ivory rod, and while the fighters are still held in check, he prods them with the rod on head, back and hind legs to goad them on further (this can be compared to placing the banderillas in the bullfight).

At last the referee gives the signal. The fighters are freed, and furiously they will lunge at each other. The contender may shed a leg, but will

self, a time-honored custom not limited to the Orient.

The owner of the champion is in his glory. He is presented with a golden ornament which he prizes as highly as a collection of silver loving cups. He also receives another engraved ivory tablet to add to the illustrious history of his winning cricket, whose fame as a fighter has been so enhanced that day.

What's left of the loser is laid out in a silver casket, later to be consigned to the flames. It is believed that from its ashes will spring the makings of a new champion, more deadly and courageous than its predecessor.

How do you go about raising a

fighter-cricket? Its diet is mainly green things — lettuce, cucumber, lotus-seed. Rice and chestnut mash, honey and bits of fish are a pleasant change — and few tidbits are more tasty than a juicy mosquito. An owner will often permit a mosquito to bite his arm and then pop the insect into the cage of a beloved cricket.

For first-aid you call in a cricket specialist with his pharmacopoeia. He recommends pea sprouts to take down fever, a dish of chopped butterflies for breathing difficulties. And if your champion needs a tonic, a diet of tiny insects will do the trick.

A WEALTH of rites surrounds cricket-fighting, for the ritual has had time to ripen — thirteen centuries of time. It sprouted full-blown in the Tang Dynasty. The Emperor, to keep his wives happy, conceived the notion of supplying them with crickets as household pets. The insects with their weird orchestration caught the popular fancy and crickets as pets became common in the homes of poor and rich. People carried the musical insects with them in tiny cages wherever they went.

It was about this time that an enterprising Southern Chinese, observing the naturally combative instincts of the crickets, began to train them for fighting. And so a new sport was born.

The finest fighters come from China's Kwangtung Province, where cricket fighting was first developed. Kwangtung claims its crickets sing more sweetly and battle more ferociously; their heads grow larger, their backs broader and legs stronger. They are the Paul Bunyans of the cricket world.

Of late the cricket cult has achieved astonishing proportions all over the Far East. The insects are kept as singers and harbingers of fortune, cheer and happiness. As a kind of good luck insurance, a family may keep several hundred crickets chirping away in bamboo cages. And if he can afford it, a cricket fancier will furnish his pets carved cages of ivory and sandalwood, beautifully worked.

Even these pets will duel at the drop of a hat, and are not too difficult to train as fighters. This trait the Chinese accept as inevitable, for are not crickets the spirits of great heroes returned to earth?

★ ★ ★

The Ingenuity of Cricket Observers Is Truly Amazing

The rate of crickets' chirping and pitch vary with the temperature of the air. Observers have worked out formulas for calculating temperature from the number of chirps per minute.

— *The New Columbia Encyclopedia*

Fraud Busters, INC.

SO YOU'VE been gypped! Were you suckered into buying some of those "penny" get-rich-quick uranium stocks which are as phony as a three-dollar bill? Did you go for the "free" deep-freeze racket? Were you hooked by a bait-'em-and-switch-'em gent on a vacuum cleaner or sewing machine?

Few of those gypped called the police, but many *did* call the Better Business Bureau in their cities.

Tear some 48 years from the pages of the calendar. Sam Dobbs, sales manager of an expanding company, sat in a little courtroom in a southern



town that the general idea expressed by the attorney was prevalent. He was indignant and decided to do something about it. And so began a one-man crusade against deceptive advertising.

Elected president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, Dobbs made his campaign nationwide. This organization

By Harry T. Brundidge

was already dedicated to a fight for "honest advertising," and Dobbs traveled 50,000 miles, from coast to coast, from border to border, damning dishonest advertisers by name and urging an organized fight against all such.

town on a hot day, listening to testimony in a law suit against his firm. Dobbs heard his own firm's attorney plead with the judge: "All advertising is exaggerated and nobody really believes even half of what the advertiser states." Dobbs, who grew up on a Georgia farm and was as honest as a silver dollar, was shocked.

Making inquiries, he ascertained

In 1911, Dobbs brought about the establishment of a National Vigilance Committee to battle advertising

ing abuses. He soon learned there was something wrong with this Committee. It was the word "vigilance" which seemed to suggest old Judge Lynch, tar-and-feathers and night-riding. At an Advertising Club meeting in Indianapolis, the need for a new name was discussed. A young man, just there for the luncheon, listened to the discussions, and then walked up to the blackboard and wrote three little words: Better Business Bureau. Bowing to the cheers he walked back to his guests' table. The name caught like a prairie fire.

TODAY THERE are over 100 local Bureaus in cities of the United States and Canada, policing values to assure fair play for the more than 110,000,000 customers in protected areas. And there is another Bureau — The National Better Business Bureau, Inc. — with headquarters in New York, characterized as the watchdog of national advertising. The National Bureau, among other things, flashes warnings not only to the local BBB but to some 700 Chambers of Commerce. The theory of the NBBB's operation is making friends for business. It is a non-profit corporation, supervised by a board of directors elected by the membership and serving without profit. It cooperates with 103 local BBB's and serves them on national problems affecting their communities. However, each local BBB is autonomous, operating independ-

ently, and independently financed and governed.

The BBB's aims are to: (a) prevent and eliminate justified causes of consumer complaints against business; (b) foster the establishment of high standards of business practice in the public interest; and (c) promote a better knowledge of business by the public so that consumer-business relations may be based on mutual understanding and confidence.

Requests for information or assistance from business and the public are now reaching the Bureau at the rate of nearly 1,000 each week. The number of individuals served, however, is much larger. For example, a single inquiry about advertising copy from a magazine publisher often starts weeks of investigation, and the result may benefit millions of readers. Yet the sum total of such work is recorded in the statistics as a single instance of service.

Some 53 percent of all inquiries and complaints in the past 12 months have emanated from business firms and organizations and have included many from national advertisers and advertising agencies seeking information or advice about the propriety of copy claims in advance of publication.

During the last twelve months, the NBBB has handled more than 16,000 inquiries and complaints concerning the myriad appeals to business for financial support — and this figure does not include the countless thousands of inquiries

made by local BBB's. Reports were issued on national health and welfare agencies; educational funds; groups existing for the purpose of fostering "free enterprise" and other economic welfare movements; unordered merchandise schemes; labor organs; veterans groups and service publications; groups organized to promote legislative projects; subversive and disloyal organizations; and many other agencies seeking financial support from business.

"Commerce and industry are the backbone of private philanthropy in this country," the NBBB reports. "Most organizations believe that charity dollars well spent are an integral part of a sound public and industrial relations program. Their basic problem is to see that their charity dollar is spent *wisely*. However, for any one company to develop the facts needed to evaluate all the solicitations it receives would involve an enormous expenditure of time, money and effort. By making a single investigation on behalf of its members, the Bureau renders one of its most useful services to business."

Neither the NBBB nor the local BBB's recommend or endorse. But they do provide facts on which the prospective donor may base his own evaluation and decision. The soliciting organization is asked to answer a carefully prepared questionnaire. Supplementary data is obtained from numerous collateral sources and reports of past performance as recorded in NBBB files. These files in-



clude over 175,000 names of persons and organizations.

However, both the NBBB and all local BBB's try to pin down one item: What part of the contribution will the professional fund-raiser take for himself? Many charities hold fund-raising costs down to five or ten cents out of each dollar. Yet investigations have disclosed that some promoters pocket as much as 90 cents out of each dollar. (In many states promoters can keep 95 cents out of a dollar without violating the law.)

THE Bureaus also have fought a constant and relentless fight against unordered merchandise promotions put on in the name of sweet charity. They have exposed many such promotions, proving that the "charity" was for the promoters alone. And here's a hot tip about this and other unordered merchandise: *You not only can keep it, for free, but you can charge the sender for storage space, and collect!*

Last year the local BBB offices in the United States and Canada re-

ceived 2,005,288 complaints and inquiries. More than 125,000 had to do with fund-raising appeals. Americans are now contributing close to \$4,000,000,000 annually to charities and telephone solicitors have become such a problem that all Bureaus are broadcasting tips on how to handle the slickers, whether it's a phone call at an office, or in your home.

Here's the low-down on how to handle a telephone solicitor. Just say:

"I never make contributions, buy tickets or advertising space in programs, or special editions over the telephone. Write me a letter so I can check all the facts with my BBB."

If a letter is received (and the odds are 100 to 1 against it) refer the letter to your BBB.

BEFORE going back to the NBBB, let's take another look at the activities of the local Bureaus. Denver, Colorado, until three years ago, was a capital for smooth-tongued, slick-advertising bandits. As Don Wharton wrote in *Nation's Business*:

Promoters of crooked correspondence schools and shady mail-order outfits had made it their home. The rackets were siphoning off consumer purchasing power. Their competition in some fields was so unfair that even good stores were forced to low levels in advertising, particularly of floor coverings, shoes, furs and jewelry. They were creating some distrust of all business.

The day the Denver BBB opened, there were 250 inquiries and com-

plaints. Early results were that seven sharpies using telephones to solicit funds from sucker lists left town; four correspondence schools were closed; a \$500,000 insurance racket was cleaned up; a doubtful vending machine promotion was curbed.

The Bureau helped raise the advertising tone in field after field by getting merchants to agree on standards. When TV came to Denver in July 1952, the Bureau established an information center to protect the public—for instance, against unloading obsolete sets. That August alone it handled 7,000 inquiries. Then the Bureau set out to make a Colorado pound 16 ounces. The whole state had been a dumping ground for short-weight merchandise. Moreover, inspectors in other states had to check anything shipped out of Colorado.

Tackling Denver first, the Bureau sent shoppers out to buy meats, groceries and other merchandise, and found that more than half the scales in the city were off. Then a specially loaded truck was sent around the state to test scales at coal yards, livestock loading platforms, grain elevators. Shopping crews were dropped off the truck in towns and villages to buy just about everything sold from scales for re-weighing on honest scales. *It was found that faulty scales were costing Coloradans at least \$12,000,000 a year—and the legislature quickly passed a new weights-and-measures law to control them.*

Some of the recent spectacular activities of local BBB's, activities which overshadow their continuous work with legitimate business, were:

A. Campaigns in the Midwest against debt pooling, or “budget service” companies. Legislation has been introduced in several states to put these concerns out of business. Quoting from a bulletin of the Columbus (Ohio) BBB:

Debt poolers, through their advertisements, persuade worried debtors to purchase their service of liquidating debtors’ accounts. The idea is to use the money paid in by the debtor (usually each week) and distribute the same to the various creditors. One of the most recent experiences reported to the Columbus Bureau showed that out of \$90 paid in by a debtor, \$39 was deducted for service, \$37 was allegedly paid to certain creditors, leaving a \$14 unaccounted-for discrepancy. The debtor withdrew from the deal and started to look after his accounts himself, sadder but wiser.

B. Fights throughout the nation — with many successful prosecutions — against all types of “bait” advertising, which the NBBB characterizes “as probably the worst advertising abuse of today.”

Example: You’ll read a TV service ad featuring home service at from \$1.40 to \$3, whereas a national survey has indicated that it costs the average television service contractor over \$4 just to get a man to your front door. A previous BBB investigation in Detroit disclosed that 10 out of 11 local advertisers checked were using low-price home service as “bait.” They subsequently sold Bureau “shoppers” who called

them to their homes unnecessary parts, often at padded prices, or actually charged for fictitious “repairs.” As a result, a “bait” advertising amendment to the false advertising ordinance was enacted in Detroit.

C. Warnings against fly-by-night contractors who move into devastated areas following cyclones, tornados or hurricanes, with contracts for repairs and fountain pens in their hands. They can make killings — but quick.

Example: A tornado hit Worcester, Massachusetts, in June 1953. On the wings of the storm a predatory army of fly-by-night contractors moved in with fresh-filled fountain pens and contracts with small-print clauses to pick the bones of the victims of the catastrophe. Telephone lines were down, and so were great trees. High tension wires sparkled in the streets.

Mrs. Josephine Pierce, manager of the Worcester BBB, finally received a telephone call from the Providence, Rhode Island, BBB office.

“They’re moving in on you,” Providence warned.

“Who’s moving in?” asked Mrs. Pierce.

“The fly-by-night contractors.”
“Thanks — I’ll get busy.”

First, Mrs. Pierce set up a clearance bureau for contractors. Quickly she arranged with newspapers to refuse advertisements by contractors who had not been cleared. She got the police to agree to give no passes

admitting contractors to the disaster area until they received her okay. With power restored, Mrs. Pierce got four radio stations to sound warnings every hour around the clock — warnings against making deals with unqualified contractors.

Some 35 contractors, set to make killings, were shut out of the disaster area, saving Worcester residents countless hundreds of thousands of dollars.

D. A transportation racket was broken wide open following BBB investigations. Dishonest travel bureau agencies were operating behind blind classified ads, such as "Going to California? Will take three or four passengers, and luggage." The suckers who answered did not know that the drivers were making a living out of this racket. Many of the drivers were dope peddlers and many had prison records. They'd pick up passengers in a nice new car, drive to the edge of town — and transfer them to a heap. Often the passengers were dumped at a gasoline station for a "rest stop" — and left there. Robbery and rape were by-products of the scheme.

E. What about home freezers and frozen food plans? The BBB's have established the fact that *they will not pay for themselves, nor even reduce food bills*. Investigations by the BBB's and law-enforcement agencies forced confessions from some of the worst frozen-food-plan organizations and caused virtually the entire industry to revise its appeal

propaganda to the buying public.

In this drive of the BBB to protect the public from being lured into costly contracts through false claims, T. Vincent Quinn, district attorney in Queen's County, New York, obtained indictments against a freezer-food-plan organization that netted more than \$500,000 yearly from the metropolitan New York area. This firm, according to Mr. Quinn, took freezers selling at \$235, replaced the manufacturers' nameplates with their own, and then charged \$599.95 plus \$18 sales tax and \$94 for finance charges in a hook-up with their frozen food plan. Their advertised "free" stock of food worth from \$100 to \$125" with each purchase, proved to be worth about \$60, according to Mr. Quinn.

During 1954, 56 bulletins relating primarily to national advertising and advertisers were sent to periodical publishers and broadcasting networks. In addition to these special bulletins to advertising media, the NBBB sent to local Bureaus and Chambers of Commerce more than 200 bulletins covering a wide variety of subjects ranging from arthritis remedies to vending machines.

As a matter of fact, *the total 1954 distribution of bulletins and booklets published by the NBBB was 1,626,000.*

It was back in the old days — a quarter of a century ago — that the Cleveland BBB coined a slogan:

"BEFORE YOU INVEST, INVESTIGATE."

The Red Army *and* Soviet Policy

By George Fielding Eliot

IT is the nature of personal dictatorships that the dictator is compelled to concentrate in his own person all the authority of the state, both military and civilian. This is particularly true of the dictator who is a mere conspirator, an adventurer, whose authority rests neither on hereditary right nor on the affection of his people, but solely on his success in eliminating rivals and establishing a reign of terror. It was so with Mussolini, it was so with Hitler, and most particularly it was so with Stalin.

Thus the machinery of power tends to be similar, if not identical, in all such dictatorships. It rests upon four pillars: (a) the regular armed forces, essential for the defense of the state and for pursuing



the dictator's ambitions with regard to his neighbor's possessions; (b) the bureaucracy, which carries out the day-to-day business of government; (c) the party machinery (which is to say, the organization built up in the course of the revolution or conspiracy which overthrew the previous government); and (d) the secret police, the organ of espionage and terror without which no dictatorship can survive. Finally, in every department and segment of the whole apparatus of government are to be found the personal spies of the dictator, rarely known as such though perhaps sometimes suspected.

Within each of the four main groups there are inevitably rivalries and dissensions. The struggle for

personal advantage — or for mere survival — is constant and implacable. Upon the extent to which the dictator rewards accomplishment rather than personal homage depends whether capable officials or mere sycophants and courtiers rise to the top. A dictator who remains in power a long time frequently becomes incapable of distinguishing between devotion to his person and the efficient performance of duty. The processes by which the Roman emperors came to assume the mantle of divinity are not different in character from those which led men in a later age to speak with bated breath of “the divine Stalin.”

THE ENERVATING effect of having constantly to keep in mind that the great man cannot openly be disagreed with, that all policy must be consistent with whatever he may have said or written on the subject until he changes his mind, and that he must be told only what he wants to hear takes its toll of efficiency in every department of government — with the notable exception of the armed forces.

Capable generals and admirals are not developed in an atmosphere of slavish obedience to the whims of aging dictators. They are developed out of a properly educated and trained officer corps which is brought up to appreciate the lessons of experience and to respect the traditions of its service. Nobody has yet invented a means by which military

command can be effectively exercised by officers lacking in self-respect and moral courage. The wise dictator (especially one who has designs on his neighbors or who has reason to fear their resentment of his actions) therefore must see to it that the officers of his armed forces are so developed throughout their careers as to bring the best men to the top — men capable of dealing with the foreign enemies of the state without any handicap of mental or psychological malformation.

Officers so trained will not, of course, “buy” any myths. You cannot teach a man military history (including what happened to such people as Napoleon Bonaparte) without establishing in his mind the healthy conviction that any human being can make mistakes. You cannot train a good battalion commander, much less a general, for the wide-flung, highly mobile operations of today’s battlefield unless his training seeks to develop in him qualities of self-reliance, initiative and drive which are wholly incompatible with blind acceptance of any “party line.” But unless a dictator has such officers, he cannot hope to be successful in war. Therefore his choice has to be made between the risk of personal overthrow by an informed military class within his regime and the risk of defeat by a foreign enemy.

The dictator may seek to ride these two horses by careful management. He may have to resort to

occasional “purges” (as Stalin did in 1937); he may have to keep his senior officers scattered and under careful observation; he will have to avoid wars on which he cannot sell his generals. It is not by chance that the defection of the armed forces overthrew Mussolini, or that it was the officers of the army who tried to kill Hitler.

Inevitably, as the dictator’s power wanes or as his policy seems to threaten disaster to the state, an officer class trained in a different atmosphere of loyalty and duty than that of the mere courtier will turn against him.

BUT WHAT if he dies in office, as Stalin did? Inevitably the net result is that the armed forces emerge as the only well-knit, thoroughly organized power-element amid the resulting chaos. For with the death of the dictator, the other power-elements of the state fall instantly into confusion.

First of all, the dictator’s personal spy-machine dissolves completely. Those individuals in it, who are known to be such, will probably be liquidated. Those who survive will take on such protective coloration as they can improvise and try to remain safely anonymous.

The bureaucracy, except for aspiring top-level leaders, will mark time and wait to see who comes out on top in the struggle for the dead dictator’s mantle of power. Meanwhile nobody will do anything he can help

doing — safety first will be the rule. When all policy flows downward from one man, the death of that man means the cessation of the power-current. Everyone all down the line knows better than to display energy, let alone enthusiasm, lest this result in becoming conspicuous in the wrong context.

The secret police is likely to fall a quick prey to the host of enemies it has inevitably created during the late dictatorship. Moreover the rival groups within it tend to consume each other, for now they do not know whom to serve. A police chief may himself make a bid for power — as Fouché did when Napoleon fell, or as Beria did when Stalin died. But he will find no one who will trust him and he is the last man on earth to command the loyalty of the army, without which he cannot hope to control the country. It was, in the last analysis, because an honorable soldier like Marshal Davout could not quite stomach Fouché that the latter wound up in exile. And it is precisely because an honorable soldier like Zhukov regarded Beria as a thug to be exterminated that Beria wound up in the hands of the executioner.

As for the party organization, it is immediately torn apart by speculation as to the prospects of the rival contestants for the vacant throne. The period of confused uncertainty, of juggling, and of the rise and fall of various hopefuls may last for years. It took Stalin nine years —

from the death of Lenin until 1933 — to do the job; and what the cost was in blood and suffering to the Russian people may never be fully known.

And Stalin had no army to worry about. The old Czarist military structure had been dissolved by the revolution and there had not yet grown up in its place a coherent military organization with a soul of its own. The Red Army of 1924 was a semi-guerrilla outfit ruled partly by half-educated soldiers like Voroshilov and partly by political commissars. The Red Army of today, forged and tempered in the crucible of the great war, is a thoroughly professional army whose instinctive allegiance is to its commanders — especially to the great marshals who led it to victory. It is this Army that has emerged out of the chaos of political rivalry as the one solid rock of strength within post-Stalin Russia.

This has always been so in similar circumstances. When Alexander the Great died, his empire was divided among his generals. When the Roman Republic decayed, it was the men who could command the devotion of the legions — Pompey, Caesar, Antony, Augustus — who fought each other for the places of power. When Cromwell breathed his last, it was the generals of the army he had created who deposed his feckless son and recalled King Charles. When the French Reign of Terror faded with the death of Robespierre,

it was the support of the generals that his successors sought — until General Bonaparte felt sufficiently sure of his standing in the army to take over supreme authority and throw the politicians out.

In each case there was a period of anarchy out of which order was restored by the one organized force which remained capable of enforcing its will — the army. And in each case, let it be observed, the army which took this action had acquired self-confidence and cohesion in victorious warfare and followed the leaders whom the experience of war and victory had taught it to trust.

SO IT WAS at the death of Stalin. The machinery of the vast Soviet state ground to a halt while the little men of the Politburo glared at each other in the fierce light that fell suddenly upon them now that their master's shadow had disappeared. But the army was there — the army with the war-hardened marshals who commanded it.

Beria, the police chief, made a hasty grab for power, using the special police troops that (like Hitler's SS) had been created by Stalin as one of his checks and balances against the regular army. But the secret police contained too many double agents. Beria was betrayed, or faltered at the critical moment — and the army smashed him.

The secret police organization began to disintegrate. The bureaucracy was for Malenkov and (for the most

part) for more butter and fewer guns. The army disagreed, and Khrushchev rose while Malenkov declined. At the moment, the bureaucracy is lying low, the secret police is demoralized, and the party structure is being recobbled by Khrushchev — with what success remains to be seen.

The army stands firm, with all its old leaders high in power: Zhukov, Vassilevsky, Konev, Sokolovsky and the rest. A Marshal of the Soviet Union — Voroshilov — is Chief of State. Another, Bulganin (a political soldier, but one who is the visible symbol to every Russian of the army's authority), is Premier. The real leader and chief of the army, Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov, is Minister of Defense.

Other marshals command the military districts into which the Soviet Union is divided: Marshal Meretskov in Leningrad, Marshal Bagramyan in the Baltic States, Marshal Timoshenko in White Russia, Marshal Chuikov in the Ukraine. In the Caucasus, Marshal Yerenko commands, with Marshal Malinovsky in the Far East, while Marshal Moskalenko commands the garrison of Moscow. Each of these men is becoming a little satrap, with a growing tendency on the part of local bureaucrats to make him the arbiter in all major decisions.

BUT IT IS the Big Four of the army who chiefly engage our interest as we look through very clouded

glasses at the dimly seen spires of the Kremlin on the eastern horizon and wonder what is going to happen next. The Big Four are all Marshals: Zhukov, Minister of Defense; Vassilevsky, First Deputy Minister of Defense; Konev, newly appointed commander in chief of the consolidated forces of the satellite countries (the so-called Soviet NATO); and Sokolovsky, chief of staff of the armed forces. What these men want, and whether they can agree upon a common course of action, may well determine the course of Soviet policy and the history of the world during the next few years.

Already there are signs of dissension and rivalry appearing. This is inevitable. If the army is the real power in the Soviet State, then many a marshal must see himself as the inheritor of the supreme power, as a Red Napoleon. It could hardly be otherwise.

Zhukov is way out in front at present. He is quite clearly a law unto himself. He corresponds with President Eisenhower. He receives foreign newsmen in his office. He administers public rebukes to high ranking ministers. He writes articles for the Soviet press expressing such revolutionary views as that the Red Army didn't win World War II all by itself!

As is to be expected, some of the other marshals don't care for Zhukov's preeminence, nor for all the discussion which surrounds his name in the press of the world. Probably

some of the aspiring politicians don't care for it either. They may not dare to challenge the army openly just at present. But the ideas of a man like Khrushchev (an old-time political commissar himself) would run to rebuilding a secret police organization that could keep the army leaders under close observation and, eventually, in renewed fear of their lives — as they used to be under Stalin.

This is one thing that Zhukov appears determined to do away with. As a soldier, he knows that divided authority is the forerunner of defeat. When he became chief of staff, under Stalin in World War II, he insisted on getting rid of the system of political commissars (under which every commander had a political spy at his headquarters). That system was reintroduced as soon as the war was over. But there are reports now that Zhukov intends rooting it out again and may go a step further and demand that the secret police be kept out of the army, too. So when we hear that Marshal Konev — who has always been more of a Party man, more susceptible to political control than Zhukov — is beginning to mutter criticisms of this viewpoint, it's a fair guess that Khrushchev is putting Konev up to it.

Yet it is unlikely that on this point Zhukov will be successfully challenged from within the army. The memories of the great purge of 1937 are still too keen and too bitter. It was by means of the political com-

missar organization, plus the secret police (both branches), plus his own personal spies permeating every unit and every headquarters, that Stalin was able to purge the great military leader of that day, Marshal Tukhachevsky — along with seven other top generals and hundreds of subordinate officers.

Despite personal rivalries, it may well be assumed that on one point the marshals are in complete agreement — they will use their present preeminence to make sure that no political leader ever gets into a position to deal with army officers in that fashion again. The Russian marshals have no intention of being led off like hogs to the slaughter — as were Field Marshals Rommel and von Kluge by Hitler's SS gangsters. That means no secret police in the army, and no political commissars. It also means the politicians have no safeguard against a Red Napoleon.

WILL MILITARY ascendancy in the Kremlin be good for the United States — which is to say, for the hope of peace which is the ultimate objective of American policy? Nobody knows, but this much can be said: the educated Soviet officer knows much more about the balance of power in the world than the average Communist politician. All the Big Four and most of the other marshals have been in direct contact with Western forces — in Germany, Austria, Spain and the Far East.

These men are at least lip-service Communists, but they are first of all professional soldiers, and moreover they are Russian soldiers. They seek first of all the security of the Fatherland — of Russian soil. Largely of peasant origin themselves, commanding an army composed in large part of peasant conscripts, they have the age-old conservatism of their class.

We may reasonably guess that insofar as military influence shapes Kremlin decisions, there will be no sudden launching of an air-nuclear offensive in a war of mutual suicide. Nor will there be any major Soviet involvement in Far Eastern adventures. It was Marshal Bulganin who said openly in Warsaw that he had told the Chinese Reds to stop making trouble (at least for now) about Formosa, or he'd cut off their supplies of weapons and oil.

But the really unpredictable element, when we try to look into the future, is the possibility of the actual seizure of power by a Red Napoleon.

He will not be an obscure nobody; he has to be a man who has won the confidence of the troops by success in battle. For our hopes of progress toward peace, Zhukov would seem to be preferable to any of the others.

However, as the French General Catroux observes, there is nothing of the Napoleonic flavor about Zhukov. There is a hint of it in Vassilevsky's make-up. Konev, to Western officers who have met him, seems too unimaginative for such a role. Sokolovsky is an able officer, but is supposed to be influenced by a deep loyalty to Zhukov.

The fact remains, for good or ill, that the leaders of the Red Army are now the proprietors of the Kremlin powerhouse. They will not be purged again as they were in 1937. What they will do with their power, and which among them may in the end gather the reins into his own hands, are points of the most acute interest to America and the Free World.

When You Change Your Address

In order that you may continue to receive the AMERICAN MERCURY each month without interruption, please notify the Subscription Department, at 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y., well in advance when changing your address. Thirty days' notice is required, and your *old* address as printed on the magazine wrapper must be given, as well as your new address.



Doings of a Democracy



- ✓ One of the applicants for the job of Chief of Police of Grand Haven, Michigan, wrote the following under "experience": "Never served on a police force, but I have ridden to work with a policeman for several months."
- ✓ A bill to abolish the Wisconsin "naval militia" was introduced in the state legislature. The authors said they didn't figure Wisconsin would be attacked from either Lake Michigan or Lake Superior.
- ✓ A patron of a rural Springfield, Illinois, phone company complained there were 22 subscribers on his party line and that they were all eavesdroppers. Asked what happens when he picks up his phone, the man said, "I hear 22 clicks."
- ✓ Governor Leo A. Hoegh may be the head of Iowa's government but he's only the 16th best paid state employee. Figures show that his \$12,000 a year is topped — among others — by the \$15,000 of Forest Evashevski, Iowa's football coach.
- ✓ A newspaper reporter called at the home of Thomas J. Purcell, park superintendent of St. Louis, to ask about the skating conditions on lakes in the city parks. He was told that Mr. Purcell wasn't in — he'd gone skating.
- ✓ The Air Force turned down a suggestion by the Men's Pajama Institute that airmen be issued GI pajamas. The Air Force called it "regimentation" and said what a man wears — or doesn't wear — in bed is strictly his own business.
- ✓ Danville, Illinois, held a "Be Kind To Husbands" week. A series of special events was topped off with a dance at which the lady of the house had to escort her husband to the place, open all doors, light cigarettes and provide him with other such amenities.
- ✓ Tempest Storm, San Francisco stripteaser, took out articles of incorporation on herself. She distributed 400 shares among herself and two other persons.

ATHENS

By Irene Corbally Kuhn

WHETHER one comes to Athens by sea as the ancients did, from the old port of Piraeus; or by air as the moderns do, dropping down from the sky at the Hellinikon airport near the shore of Phaleron Bay, there is a perfume, heady and aromatic, that is the fragrant trademark of Athens. In the spring, when the sudden flowering of Attica is a delight, the sweet-scented violets of Kolokythou appear on the streets of Athens. In the summer when the hot sun embraces all the aromatic plants the Greeks love — mint, basil, sage and the purple-flowered wild thyme — the spicy perfume lingers long in one's memory.

Athens, like Rome, is eternal. It is a modern city which still lives its past — a city which the Greeks themselves say is not a city, really, but the largest of all the Greek villages. It is this juxtaposition of the urban and the rural, the oft-times cheek-by-jowl intimacy of modern, many-storied buildings with humble dwellings and poultry sheds; the heavily-laden donkeys on Singrou Boulevard; the Aegean Islanders on Omonia Square — all this is what invests Athens with its strongly individualistic charm.

It is the charm of naturalness, of self-respect and pride. The Greeks have it in such overwhelming measure that it permeates the fabric and character of Athens in the way the fragrance of herbs growing wild in the ancient ruins, and cultivated in pots and boxes in the housewives' windows, fills the hot, dry air on a summer's day.

Athens lies all around the sacred rock that is the Acropolis. Merely to see the Acropolis would be reason enough to visit Athens, for on this rocky summit in the city's heart is the world's most beautiful ruin, the Parthenon. The perfect proportions of this classic building delight and inspire today's traveler as much as they did the ancients who wrought this miracle in marble four centuries before Christ was born.

That perceptive and distinguished author-artist, Osbert Lancaster, like so many travelers of taste and scholarship, believes that really important sights should be seen for the first time from a special, carefully worked out approach, to insure the perfect, emotional experience. In his postwar book on Greece, *Classical Landscapes With Figures*, which should be required reading for the first-time traveler to

Greece, Mr. Lancaster describes his own favorite approach to a view of the Acropolis.

. . . the view gained from the back road to Vougliameni whence the Parthenon, unexpectedly small, suddenly, but as it were casually, rises above the intervening hills, isolated and remote against the great wall of Parnes with all Athens and its sprawling suburbs lost behind the folds of Hymettus. This is an early morning approach: later in the day few prospects can compare with that to be obtained on the descent from Kaisariani with the great rock floating above the heat-hazed town, its temples and colonnades lit from behind and silhouetted against a burnished sea. In the evening there are just two minutes, if the sky is clear and the traditional transformation scene is going according to plan, when the last rays of the sun having already abandoned the town itself, still rest on the Acropolis, and Hymettus forms a rose-red backdrop, richer and more daring in effect than anything conceived by Bakst. This is the hour when Socrates is said to have drained the hemlock.

In my own case, I first saw the Acropolis by moonlight. There is a three-day period every month when the Acropolis is open to the public after sunset.

And so, on the night before the full moon, I climbed the rocky slopes and the marble steps and walked out past the Propylaea onto the field of marble rubble from which the Parthenon rises. The moon rode high behind a soft over-

cast, unusual in Athens in summer. Only for an occasional minute or so in the next three hours until midnight did the marble stand revealed in the full, blinding white radiance of an unobscured moon in a clear sky. Instead, the columns and pediment and steps, the whole perfectly proportioned mass, were suffused in a subtle moonmist; and the marble wore a rosy flush that paled or deepened as the clouds streamed out across the moon like chiffon scarves, or piled up across its face in soft, fat puffs.

THE PARTHENON is a building that breathes. There is not a single straight line in the whole. Everything is slightly rounded. All the steps are slightly curved; the columns lean slightly inward; the shafts have a silhouette that is gently convex. There is an appearance of fluidity in the marble, an accommodation of principles of architecture to philosophy. The Greeks loved life and lived it fully and passionately. They believed life on earth flowed over into immortality. They couldn't conceive of anything so rigid and inflexible as a straight line.

On the Acropolis, the hill which religion and art combined to make immortal, the Greek flag flies over a cairn and it can be seen fluttering there from all over the city. During World War II, when the Germans came into Athens, the Nazis climbed to the summit of the Acropolis and planted the Swastika there, then re-

ported to Hitler, broadcasting their triumph over the city's radios. Next day two Greek boys stole past guards and climbed to the summit. They tore the Nazi flag down and hoisted the flag of Greece. All Athens rejoiced in the heroic act which, they believed, foretold the temporary power of their enemy.

From this cairn, as one stands beside it, under the Greek flag, there comes into vision a 2,500-year-old white scar cut deep into the side of the distant Pentelic mountains. This is the quarry which furnished the marble for the Parthenon. The Greeks diverted a mountain stream into a sluiceway, and the rushing waters carried the great blocks down, polishing off the sharp edges.

ATHENS is not all ancient history and monuments. A city of a million population, it is gay and exuberant and vital. Its handsome dark-haired, dark-eyed people are gregarious, volatile and noisy. They are brave beyond calculation, steadfast and loyal. Only the Greeks, in all Europe, fought and endured Fascism, Nazism and Communism, and survived them all. Their ancient heritage, won at Sparta and Thebes and Marathon, is a living reality.

The Athenian lives outdoors. He lives in Omonia Square, in Constitution Square, in the public gardens, Zappeion Park; all up and down the broad avenues with the confusing double and triple nomenclature; at the outdoor restaurants and *tavernas*

in town and along the shore. Unique to Athens is the dodging outdoor waiter, dashing from hotel and café into the mad auto and pedestrian traffic gushing and flowing around the Square in constant streams, his tray of refreshments and drinks balanced on flat, broad palm, high above his head.

The Square is the center of Athenian life at all hours of the day and night. Fronting it, and just off it, are the three principal hotels — the Grand Bretagne, King George, and Athénée Palace. In size it is at least twice as wide as New York's Times Square; and it is roughly as long as Times Square from 42nd to 46th Streets. It is about one-third trees and flowers and two-thirds pavement, with every foot of it taken up with tables and chairs. Except in the hottest part of the day, when everyone is home resting, hundreds of people sit around the tables far into the cool of the night, eating ice cream and sweets; drinking Turkish coffee and the native licorice-like and deceptively powerful *ouzo*. All these refreshments must be brought from the bars and counters surrounding the square, and the dodging waiter, alert-eyed and nimble-footed, is one of the sights of Athens.

On the streets converging into the Square are small shops selling Greek folk art and handicrafts, fine antiques. The kiosks along the three principal parallel thoroughfares, Stadium, University and Academy Streets (named for Churchill, Veni-

zelos and Roosevelt as well) advertise American, British and French newspapers and magazines on the four-sided overhang of their roofs — *Time*, *Life*, *Daily Mail*, *Herald-Tribune*, *Collier's*, *Reader's Digest* — and are veritable small department stores. Here one buys not only newspapers and periodicals, but bobby pins, soap, cigarettes, shaving cream, toothpaste, postcards, etc.

THE ATHENS climate is delightful, never too cold in winter, with a lovely spring and autumn, and only six weeks of relatively hot weather. So dry is the air that one scarcely minds the intense summer heat. But in Athens, as in all Mediterranean cities, the natives, unlike "mad dogs and Englishmen," are respectful of the hot noonday sun and stay out of it. Offices shut down at one P.M. There is a glut of traffic in the streets as people go home to eat and rest, and soon the streets are deserted except for hardy tourists in the restaurants and sidewalk cafés — Zonar's and Floca's and Adams'. Not until 4:30 P.M. does the city start coming to life again; and as the cool breeze comes in over the mountains from the sea, the tempo of life is stepped up.

Dinner is late — 9:30 or 10 — and people are up until long past midnight, sitting, strolling, talking, looking. The restaurants along the water's edge are crowded; the leafy, outdoor nightclubs with floorshow and dancing, places like the Argen-

tina, do a record business; the adventurous foreigner and the patriotic Greek drink the resin-flavored Greek wine, *retzina*, from the casks in the small Greek *tavernas*. Athens is pulsing with life, enjoying every moment, savoring every breath.

All this costs very little, as such things are measured. The Greek currency is stable — 30 drachmae to the dollar — and a dinner at Floca's or Costi's costs no more than \$1.50 with good wine, not the unbelievable turpentine-flavored *retzina*.

Especially endearing to Americans is the spontaneous, sincere affection and admiration for the United States. Where else in Europe, or in the world for that matter, will one see small boys, as one does in Athens and many other places in Greece, riding bikes on which the American flag flies beside the Greek one? And every time the S.S. *Queen Frederica*, the flagship of Greece, comes into Piraeus, she makes a gracious gesture, typically and uniquely Greek. A sailor on the topmost deck fires a small cannon. Two little parachutes billow out and two flags unfold, the Greek and the American. A band plays the Greek national anthem and "The Star-Spangled Banner." In no other port in the world is America honored so gracefully as in this regular ceremony every time the *Queen Frederica* comes into her home port.

The old Greeks had two words for it — "*xenios xenize*" — "give hospi-

tality to a stranger." The modern Greeks are still practicing it.

IN ATHENS BE SURE TO SEE:

The American archeologists working to uncover the Agora, the vast six-acre public square, once the center of ancient Athens, frequented by the philosophers Socrates and Diogenes, and St. Paul, who, in 50 A.D. "discussed daily in the Agora with those whom he met" (Acts XVII, 17) . . . the Benaki Museum, once the home of a millionaire, filled with millions of dollars' worth of treasures collected in a lifetime . . . the gnarled and ancient olive tree on the road to Corinth, all that remains of the grove in which Plato's Academy flourished in the 3rd century B.C. . . . the narrow, picturesque streets in the Plaka, the old district of Athens which nestles around the Acropolis under the Parthenon . . . the Byzantine Chapel of St. George, its dazzling whiteness crowning the piny summit of Mt. Lycabattus, the steep, conical 1,000-foot rock that rises straight up out of the city's streets.

IN ATHENS YOU'LL FIND: The incomparable wild thyme honey of "violet-crowned Mt. Hymettus" . . . coppersmiths and brass workers in the streets off Monasteraki Square working as their ancestors did, thousands of years ago . . . ceramics from the Isle of Hydra, and modern textiles, wool, cotton and

raw silk, hand-woven in the ancient manner, in the tiny shop of Gladys Stewart Richardson, the Scotswoman who adopted Greece (at 5a Stadium Street, inside the courtyard) . . . the most delicious fish in the world, at Kyma (The Wave) restaurant, *barbo-uni*, *tsipoura*, *lithrini*, cooked to your order within minutes after they've been taken from the waters of Turko Limano (Turkish Bay) and served at a table under an awning on the pebbly shore.

IN ATHENS YOU'LL REMEMBER:

Constitution Square, with its teeming life, and the smiling old men with their great bunches of sponges for sale, burdens without weight, reminders of the blue seas that surround Greece . . . the lavender sellers, dispensing pungent fragrance from the dried stalks and small bags of their wares . . . the young boys with old faces selling pistachio nuts in cellophane bags, and jasmine and carnations . . . the nightingales singing in Queen Amalia's romantic mid-nineteenth century gardens . . . the six-foot, white skirted, pompon slippered Evzones, the honor guards on never-ending sentry duty at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in front of the Old Parliament Building on Leoforos Amalias, just off Constitution Square . . . the black-gowned, black-bearded, black-hatted priests of the Greek Orthodox Church all over Athens.

Our Idiomatic Ad Slogans

By
RALPH L. WOODS

A NUMBER of advertising slogans have, over the years, gotten into everyday American speech. But it is difficult to decide whether these slogans insinuated their way into the language because they are clever, or if they were simply hammered into people's minds by sheer strident repetition. Perhaps both factors are responsible in varying degree.

The other day a friend was telling me about a conference called to discuss an engineering problem that arose in the company for which he works. He asked for a chance to wrestle with the question. "They laughed when I sat down," he added, indicating he had solved the problem in spite of his boss' skepticism. I recognized the phrase and its import but neither of us could remember what product it had advertised.

A much older slogan, "Eventually, Why Not Now," is still used in conversation having nothing to do with flour. In fact, it is so obvious a thought and so natural a way of expressing it, that one questions whether it could be said to have been created by an ad writer.

Some ad slogans have a brief hour of glory and then are mercifully forgotten, such as "Not a Cough in a Carload," "Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War," "The Ham What Am," "Children Cry for It," "It's Dated," and other verbal gems devised by unsung, forgotten geniuses

for the persecution of the masses.

I must confess, however, that I have a certain nostalgic fondness—one I am confident is shared by other discriminating readers of ads—for other old slogans and catch lines. For example, there's something likeable about "The Man Who Distinctly Remembers Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle." I think I'd still recognize Sims myself, even though he is well along in years by now.

There's apparently no accounting for or predicting the survival of ad slogans. I have heard people speak of "The Pause That Refreshes" and not long ago I overheard an ardent swain whisper to his sweetheart something about "The Skin You Love to Touch."

In looking over recent advertisements for a few candidates for immortality and the enrichment of the language the prospects do not appear bright. "Nobody, but nobody" and "Five o'clock shadow" are currently getting a fairly good play. As for the others, well, it seems the ad lads have become technical and dour. What hope can one hold out for "Paint Your Throat" or "Morning Mouth"? How in the world can people work into ordinary conversation such phrases as "Trigger-Torque Power" or "GL-70"?

What this country needs is some ad slogans with the old time simplicity and conversational usefulness.

Where Are Yesterday's Foes of Dictatorship?

By Anthony Trawick Bouscaren

CERTAIN American newspapers, who brooked no compromise with Fascism in a gone-by era, have developed a genius for compromise with Communism today. One of these publications is the very influential St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Like its cousins, the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Washington Post*, it strives to equal the *New York Post* in "understanding" the Soviet Union, favoring Mao Tse-tung over Chiang Kai-shek, and attacking anti-Communist Senators.

Because of the apparent willingness of these publications to meet the Communists halfway (but never the Fascists), millions of Americans in the Midwest and East are swallowing close to half of the current Communist line which advocates

recognition of Red China, neutralization of Germany, and destruction of the counter-subversive movement in the United States.

Recently, in the Matusow donnybrook, respected correspondents for the *New York Times* and the *Herald-Tribune* sought to utilize the Matusow "confessions" in order to discredit trustworthy ex-Communists and to destroy public confidence in government witnesses who helped expose the Communist conspiracy. "ROLE OF INFORMERS NOW UNDER INQUIRY" was the headline over Anthony Leveiro's summary article in the *Times*, with the subhead, "MATUSOW CASE RAISES NEW QUESTIONS ABOUT EX-COMMUNISTS." Leveiro spoke darkly about "the generation of informers." His purpose was apparently to cast a shadow over all persons who have given information to the government, reliable and unreliable alike.

In the *Herald-Tribune*, Stewart Alsop inaccurately described Matusow as "a chief witness against Owen Lattimore," and falsely claimed that his return to Moscow and alleged

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"false-witnessing" required a verdict of innocent for all those against whom he had testified.

But the *Times* and the *Herald-Tribune* cannot hold a candle to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and its country cousins in Milwaukee, Washington and New York. The editors of these newspapers have made a science of the double standard in judging totalitarianism. They castigated Nazi concentration camps but seldom mention slave labor in Red China or Russia; they opposed recognition of *de facto* Manchukuo but favor recognition of *de facto* Red China; they favored recognition of exiled European governments in London during World War II but oppose recognition of the exiled Chinese Nationalist government on Formosa; they supported the House Un-American Activities Committee in its investigations of the Bundists, but opposed the same committee when it began to investigate Communism; they vigorously fought the notion of coexistence with Hitler and Tojo but they champion with even more vigor the notion of coexistence with Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung.

ONE RECALLS that in the late 30's, editorials in "liberal" publications ridiculed peaceful sounding statements of Hitler and Mussolini, as well as conciliatory gestures by Western statesmen. Not only the thought of a Western conference with Fascist leaders but even recog-

nition of the Fascist states was vehemently opposed by "liberal" editors as appeasement. These editors made it plain that they thought war was inevitable. The fact that most members of the League of Nations, and especially France and Britain, wanted peace at any price in no way swayed their thinking.

The July 6, 1955, issue of the *Daily Worker* quoted approvingly from a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* editorial (June 23rd) which thought well of Molotov's speech to the UN self-congratulation assembly in San Francisco. This remarkable editorial declared that Molotov's speech "will surely find a favorable response among many peoples of the world. . . . When Molotov asks for deeds of peace instead of words, he occupies strong ground. When he says that the Soviet Union has now accepted a large part of the West's disarmament plan, and that it is up to the West to make the next move, he occupies strong ground. When he calls for the withdrawal of occupation troops from Germany, and for UN recognition of China (sic), he is taking a position that enjoys wide support in many parts of the world, especially Asia."

The *Post-Dispatch* proceeded to specifically endorse the Nehru-Bulganin resolution advocating recognition of Communist China as an immediate step towards "easing world tensions."

There is a strong temptation to write to this amazing editor from

St. Louis to get his reaction to the following editorial which was written, let us say, in 1938, commenting on a recent speech of Hitler's foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop: "von Ribbentrop's speech will surely find a wide response among the people of the world. . . . When he asks for deeds of peace instead of words, he occupies strong ground. When he says that Germany has accepted the Kellogg-Briand pact, and that it is up to France and Britain to make the next move, he occupies strong ground. When he supports Japan's plea for withdrawal of American occupation troops from Hawaii, Wake and Guam, and for American recognition of Manchukuo, he is taking a position that brings favorable response among peace-hungry peoples, especially Asia."

To be consistent, our friend from the *Post-Dispatch* would have had to support the stand taken by this imaginary editorial.

LOUIS BUDENZ has a term for non-Communist media which echo or support all or part of the Communist line: transmission belts. And just as the *Post-Dispatch* acts as a transmission belt for Soviet power, so do junior *Post-Dispatches*, Milwaukee *Journals*, Washington and New York *Posts*, and this not only relative to foreign policy but also to the current Communist campaign to discredit anti-Communism within the United States.

Of course, there are some Americans who do not need to read the *Post-Dispatch* to get the word. Such people are Robert Hutchins and Alexander Meiklejohn. Recently the Communist press has been championing Martha Dodd's new book, *The Searching Light*, which deals with "fear and hysteria" on college campuses. Martha Dodd was director of the Communist-front American Council for a Democratic Greece and other pro-Communist groups.

According to the *National Guardian*, Hutchins' reaction to the book was as follows: "I have read the manuscript and congratulate you upon it." Professor Meiklejohn of California, supporter of numerous Communist-controlled organizations, said this of Dodd's book: "The book shows how a request for the loyalty oath demoralizes a whole university. The story is strong. . . . Everything is transformed into life."

If Adolph Hitler and his Axis associates had had one-half the open-minded reception given to Communism in America today, they would long ago have created a Fascist World Empire. Indeed one is amazed that Fascism spread as it did when confronted with the almost unanimous opposition not only of American intellectuals, but of their counterparts in Europe and Asia.

A recent incisive editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post* asked the question: "Where Are Yesterday's Foes of Dictatorship?" Where indeed are they?



≡ Well, dinner's over," announced mother. "Jimmy, you can go out into the yard and play for a while."

"What, no dessert?" asked Jimmy, then added sadly: "You mean I've been eating for nothing!"

≡ Two men were maneuvering their car into a tight parking space near the CBS radio studios. After a valiant struggle, the driver shut off the motor and said to his companion "This is close enough. We can walk to the curb from here."

— GALEN DRAKE

≡ The little child ended his prayer earnestly: "And please, Lord, can't you put the vitamins in pie and cake instead of in cod liver oil and spinach. Amen." — *Mutual Moments*

≡ A mother, attracted by her little daughter's cries, looked out of a window and saw her sitting on the ground with a large dog sniffing at her. The mother rushed out, picked up the child and asked: "What's the matter, honey? Did the dog bite you?" The girl sobbed: "No, but he tasted me." — ARTHUR GODFREY

≡ British diplomat Sir Gladwyn Jebb, on being asked to explain what he meant when he called certain Soviet satellite delegates temperamental, replied: "Half temper and half mental." — *Daily Telegraph*

≡ There's something to be said for living in Russia at that: You'd never lose an election bet.

— *Automotive Dealer News*

≡ "When Russia makes a trade treaty, the other country gets the treaty while Russia gets the trade."

— JOHN B. KENNEDY (WOR)

≡ What this country needs is less politics in Washington and more Washingtons in politics.

— WALTER WINCHELL

≡ The Empire State Building gives New Yorkers a wonderful view. From its top they can see at least five towns that haven't got a sales tax.

— HERB SHRINER

≡ Dancer Joan Holloway: "Nothing damages a car as much as trying to trade it in." — *Tempo*



≡ In extreme cases, national boundaries have been altered so many times that people who have never moved from their birthplace have nevertheless lived in different countries.

One tombstone in a graveyard in Prague bears this epitaph. "Here rests Josef Schmidt who was born in Austria, lived in Czechoslovakia, and died in Germany, yet never left his native city, Prague."

— *Reveille*, LONDON

≡ Offenbach, composer of *Parisian Life*, had a curious definition of men of letters.

"They are people," he said, "who sleep during the day and do not work during the night."

— *Noir et Blanc*, PARIS

≡ You can run into debt, but from there on you have to crawl.

— *ONTARIO Hydro News*, CANADA

≡ There are no distances any more. The world is so small that nearly every country is within reach of Uncle Sam's pocketbook.

— *La Correspondencia* (CUBA)

≡ The New Haven columnist, Harold M. Bone, tells about a conversation with Ernest Thompson Seton, the late naturalist, who once wrote a magazine article urging that people would enjoy better health and greater freedom if they wore no clothing, or hardly any. The editor was so pleased that he sent Seton a four-figure check. "What did you do with the money?" asked Bone. "I gave it to my wife—and she bought a fur coat," Seton replied.

— CBS RADIO

≡ They're telling about a bureaucrat sitting at the breakfast table at home at 10:30 enjoying a cup of coffee and the morning paper. "You'd better go to work," protested his wife. "Good golly," exclaimed the startled bureaucrat. "I thought I was at work!" — *Quote*

≡ "Suppose we came into money, dear," said the husband, "What would you want first?"

"A Cadillac convertible," replied his wife quickly, "and a trip to Mexico and — oh yes, we do need a new garbage can."

Aerial

CROSSROADS

OF THE WORLD

By James H.

Winchester

A SHINING Constellation, its passengers as sleek as the lines of the plane itself, taxis to a halt at New York City's \$125,000,000 International Airport, better known everywhere, perhaps, as Idlewild.

At the bottom of the unloading ramp, a dozen news photographers are on hand to give the traditional flashbulb welcome to the Hollywood star returning from Europe. She poses smilingly at the top of the ramp, a perfect and expensive symbol of a luxurious way of life.

From another plane, just landed, half a hundred poorly-clothed European refugees, carrying their meager worldly possessions in bundles in their hands, file past on their way

to the immigration rooms. On their faces are mingled expressions — of hope and fear.

Such vivid contrast is everyday routine at Idlewild, the busiest aerial crossroads in the world today. This great airport, larger in size than all of Manhattan Island from Radio City down to the Battery, is the major American terminus of the important North Atlantic routes. Last year the 24 airlines who use its passenger and cargo facilities handled almost 3,000,000 passengers, over 87,000,000 pounds of cargo and nearly 30,000,000 pounds of mail.

One of the most cosmopolitan spots in the world — it's a slow day when a dozen different languages

can't be heard within a few minutes time in its waiting rooms — Idlewild's 11,000 employees have long learned to accept East Indians in flowing robes and Scots in kilts as casually as they do school teachers on their way to Britain for a vacation or businessmen headed for France to sell tin pans. The National City Bank's branch at the airport keeps 27 different kinds of currency on hand at all times.

Tears, laughs, glamor and drama are everyday occurrences at this air travel focal point. Idlewild police, still somewhat shaken, like to cite the following events, all of which occurred within the space of a few hours on one hectic, never-to-be-forgotten day:

☉ A wild rumor spread that a passenger plane had crashed. There was nothing to it, but the airport's switchboards were tied up for hours while the story was being checked.

☉ An immigrant mother, off a plane from Europe, gave birth to a baby girl in the first-aid room.

☉ A psychopathic sun-bather showed up demanding to meet the pilot who — she insisted — had signaled her for a date as he flew over her Manhattan penthouse terrace.

☉ Three youngsters wandered away from their parents and were reported to airport police as “lost.”

☉ A mother and son, separated for more than a decade, were reunited in a tearful embrace when she stepped off a plane from Germany.

☉ Bishop Fulton J. Sheen arrived and was greeted by a photographer as “Hey, Bish,” a salutation which will undoubtedly go down in lore beside the “Hey, Queenie, move over” direction addressed by another photographer years ago to Queen Marie of Rumania on her arrival by ship in New York.

Added to all of this was the routine excitement stirred up by the publicity-conscious airlines, which use red carpets, lights and free flowers and drinks for passengers to attract attention. It all goes to make the airport one of the best free shows in town.

Not that Idlewild, opened in August 1948, needs anything extra to mark it as one of the Air Age's biggest attractions. Operated by the Port of New York Authority, its runways are so long that the earth's curvature bends them eight inches from one end to the other. Its million-dollar control tower, the tallest in the world, is eleven stories high. Its new \$60,000,000 passenger terminal, now under construction, will cover an area 105 acres larger than all of LaGuardia Airport. By 1960 it is expected the airport will give jobs to 16,500 people at an annual payroll of \$82,000,000. Some 8,500,000 air travelers a year are expected to be using its facilities by 1965.

BUT Idlewild's story is not in its statistics, impressive though they are. It is rather in its forever-changing parade of people — the

great and the glamorous, the poor and the hopeful. Idlewild has largely replaced Ellis Island as a polyglot melting pot for new arrivals in the United States. More transatlantic passengers now fly the ocean than cross it by ship.

Celebrities, pseudo or genuine, are never lacking at Idlewild. It's a slow day indeed when only a dozen or so "front page" names use the field's facilities. Usually, they're most agreeable.

Britain's Anthony Eden always drops in the press room to chat informally with the airport reporters, much to the astonishment of the British newsmen who are more used to the stiffer diplomatic formalities in London. Cardinal Spellman and Bernard Baruch also never fail to drop in on the reporters when they're in the vicinity. More than one aspiring film or radio star has got herself plenty of free publicity by being nice to the Idlewild pressmen. But pity the poor soul who tries to give these airport Boswells a hard time. It takes a rare celebrity to impress them. One Hollywood star found this out the hard way.

"Really, now," she upstaged them when they asked her for an interview on her arrival from Paris. "I can't be bothered."

That was all right with the reporters. They just checked the immigration forms and got her real age. They printed it, too. It was nine years above the age she admitted in her "official" biography.

The "high and the mighty" can be troublesome in other ways, too — like the time the Shah of Iran arrived at the airport an hour early for his take-off. He decided he was hungry. Could he eat in the airport restaurant like other folks? No, indeed. He had to have a special dining room set up in a private airline office. Waiters had to hustle the food and drinks a half mile from the restaurant kitchen. Then he held up the plane — and the rest of the passengers — while he ate.

Celebrities can be full of surprises, too. There was the time the Chief Rabbi of Israel arrived. He was as gracious and as nice as anyone could want. But everyone thought something must be wrong some place. He spoke with a rich Irish brogue. What they didn't know was that he'd served many years as Chief Rabbi in Dublin.

SO MANY reporters and photographers are assigned to Idlewild, either on a regular basis or on special assignments, that the New York Port Authority, which operates the airport, has a special parking lot set aside just to accommodate their cars. All of the spaces were filled, too, the night that General Douglas MacArthur, just fired from his Far East Command, arrived. Everyone thought that the number of pressmen on hand that evening would be a record hard to top. But less than a year later, even more reporters and photographers jammed Idlewild to

greet another celebrity — Christine Jorgensen, returning home after changing sex in Denmark.

THE FAVORITE “celebrity” of them all, though, among the airport veterans themselves, is not a “name” at all. In fact, no one at the field can even remember his name now. But they recall his story well enough. It happened last year.

This unknown hero boarded a transatlantic airliner in London, headed for Gander, Newfoundland. When the plane arrived on this side of the Atlantic, Gander was weathered-in by fog. The plane flew on to Idlewild, where the Gander-bound passenger was unloaded.

“Sorry,” the airline told him. “However, we have a plane going back to London in an hour. It’s scheduled to stop at Gander and we’ll drop you off.”

Well — you guessed it — Gander was weathered-in again. The unhappy passenger wound up back in London. He was a stout fellow, though. He tried again the next day. You won’t believe this, but it’s the absolute truth. Gander was closed in again. The poor guy landed back at Idlewild. He’d crossed the Atlantic three times and he was still a good thousand miles from where he wanted to go. He knew when he was licked. The last anyone around the airport saw of him, he’d cashed in his ticket and was off in a taxicab mumbling something to himself about walking being faster.

Another favorite Idlewild mix-up concerns the woman who spent the night in a locked-up plane. It began when her transatlantic flight, with passengers already aboard, was recalled because of an engine failure. The passengers were unloaded and told that there would be a short delay while repairs were being made. This woman, making her first air trip, somehow or other got back on the field and re-entered the plane.

“I just thought it would be more comfortable waiting there than in the terminal,” she explained later.

Once aboard the empty plane she entered the ladies’ lounge and, feeling tired, lay down on the couch to rest. She went sound asleep. Later, the flight was cancelled altogether. The rest of the passengers were sent off to a hotel to spend the night. Mechanics towed the plane off to a hangar for further repairs. The woman slept through it all. Next morning, a porter cleaning the plane, found her pounding wildly on the locked lounge door. It took him some time to quiet her down and convince her she was still at Idlewild and not in London.

Then there was the instance of a Puerto Rican named Martinez who was booked on a flight from Idlewild to San Juan. Instead, by mistake, he boarded a Pan American flight to London. Somewhere out over the Atlantic, the stewardess passed down the aisle asking each passenger if he wanted a Martini or a Manhattan before dinner. The Puerto Rican,

who didn't understand English any to well, just kept nodding his head everytime the stewardess would ask, "Martini, sir?" He thought she was asking him his name. She thought he just wanted another drink. So she kept bringing them and he kept drinking them. By the time the airline's personnel discovered he was on the wrong flight, they were out a good quart of gin. But the poor guy had to fly all the way back from London with a hangover.

"Oh, we've had some beauts around here," Lieutenant Thomas O'Reilly, who heads Idlewild's special police and fire force, recalls. "And not all of them have been human passengers, either."

As a terminal for cargo as well as passenger flights, enough animals have been landed at Idlewild to populate a dozen zoos. Monkeys, the most common animal cargo, often escape, a disagreeable fact which has caused the airport police to equip themselves with butterfly nets with which to catch them.

These same nets were also used, not long ago, to catch a covey of doves which had decided the atmosphere inside the Idlewild Terminal was better than that outside. They'd escaped the clutches of an airline press agent who'd brought them out to use in the dedication of a new plane.

Then there was the day that Seaboard and Western Airlines, a leading transatlantic cargo carrier, flew in a planeload of zoo-consigned ani-

mals from Singapore. Among them were three baby elephants. Harried cargo handlers tried without avail for over five hours to get them unloaded. They refused to budge from the plane. Just about the time it began to look as though the attendants would have to chop a hole in the top of the fuselage and lift the elephants out with a crane, a bystander came up with a solution. He got a bucketful of peanuts, passed it in front of the elephants' trunks a couple of times and they followed him down the ramp as docile as you please.

MAJOR-DOMO of this continuing three-ring circus is a soft-spoken, 44-year-old ex-pilot named George McSherry, who was pulled out of aeronautical obscurity as manager of the Dayton, Ohio, airport to become the head man at Idlewild.

"Each day here presents its varied problems," he says in what is probably the understatement of all time.

Most of his work is involved in the actual mechanics of the airport's operations, seeing that the more than 100,000 plane movements a year in and out of the gigantic field, operate safely and smoothly. However, whenever anything unusual in the passenger or cargo line is happening, he's usually there to see that everything goes all right.

"You don't make a profit on such things," he says, "but it sure keeps you from getting bored with your job."

NEA's Phony

**B
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**S
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on the
**UNITED
NATIONS**

By ROSALIE M. GORDON



ARE YOU in the same fix as a parent who said to me recently: "I'm getting sick and tired of the prattle among my grade-school kids about the United Nations. Johnny is forever engaged on one teacher-assigned project after another having to do with the United Nations. He can't read as well as I would like, his handwriting is awful and his spelling worse, but he has all the usual clichés about the United Nations down pat. If I bring up Independence Hall or Lexington or the American Constitution, he looks at me blankly. But the UN — there he really shines!"

Well, this hasn't happened by accident. The National Education Association is the largest teacher organization in the United States and numbers among its membership a large percentage of all public school teachers. It has various and sundry committees and subcommittees, one of which is known as the Committee on International Relations. Each year, for the past five years, this committee has issued a very attractive bulletin known as *Box Score on the UN*. The latest issue was brought out in time for the meaningless "celebration" of the tenth anniversary of the UN in San Francisco last June — a celebration chiefly distinguished by the absence of the UN's chief architect, Alger Hiss.

Box Score on the UN was prepared originally for classroom use and the National Education Association boasts that last year it distributed more than three million copies. No doubt the distribution of this year's *Box Score*, which covers the ten years of the UN from 1945 to 1955, will be as great or greater. It might be well, therefore, to take a look at some of the things NEA is putting over on its teacher members, and through them on your kids, with regard to the United Nations.

The United Nations was established with the avowed purpose of "bringing peace and security" to the world. Any fair box score on the organization should therefore list the situations threatening "peace and security" that have come before it and how successful it was in settling them. Evidently in an attempt to make what is at best an ineffectual record — and at worst a very bad one — look as impressive as possible, NEA lists 22 "problems." Many of them, of course, have little to do with keeping the nations of the world from going to war, such as "Assignment Children," how other nations can "join" the UN, how to keep the Security Council from disagreeing, raising living standards in underdeveloped areas (what underdeveloped area ever started a major war?) and so on.

But when we get down to cases — problems that were really a threat to world peace and the UN's handling of them — we see clearly the sly and

even poisonous character of NEA's propaganda for the UN on the minds of teachers and students.

ALMOST the first case to come before the United Nations was Iran's charge that Soviet troops, which had occupied northern Iran during the war, wouldn't get out. NEA's *Box Score* puts it this way: "Security Council adopted resolution to work toward a solution." That's listed under "Action" by the UN. Under "Score" appear these words: "Soviet troops left peacefully," thus leaving the clear and unmistakable impression that the Security Council adopted a resolution ordering the Soviet troops out of Iran, after which Russia, frightened to death, withdrew her troops peacefully.

What really happened, of course, was that the Soviet troops didn't leave until Russia had gotten from Iran an oil concession in the North, and the United States and Britain had given Russia to understand that she would risk war by remaining. That's what frightened Russia — not the UN Security Council. But any teacher who depends on NEA's *Box Score* for information on the United Nations and Iran won't find it there.

Another case that threatened "the peace and security" of the world was that of Indonesia. The Indonesians wanted their independence from the Dutch and serious fighting broke out. The case came up before

the Security Council. According to NEA's *Box Score*, "the Security Council provided mediation and worked to settle disputes after series of 'cease fires.'" And the score, according to NEA? "Republic of Indonesia came into being in 1949, and became 60th member of the UN in 1950." Again the clear implication that the dispute was settled because of the Security Council's intervention.

Actually, the Dutch defied the Security Council, and granted Indonesian independence only under American pressure, after an old-time diplomat, without benefit of the UN, convinced the Dutch they could never put down the independence movement in the islands.

NEA's "box score" on Greece might almost be called a classic in double-talk. Greece complained to the Security Council that the Communist uprising there was being sparked by the Reds in neighboring countries, chiefly Yugoslavia. NEA says: "The Security Council set up a Commission of Investigation which it sent to Greece. A General Assembly Special Committee on the Balkans made on-the-spot observations and helped mediate the complaint." As a result of which, according to NEA: "Conditions improved and the General Assembly Special Committee dissolved in 1951."

Evidently NEA never heard of the two billion dollars in *direct aid* given to Greece by the United States to put down the Communist rebel-

lion, nor of Yugoslavia's break with the Kremlin. Yugoslavia had been the base of guerrilla operations against Greece, which ceased when Tito broke with Russia.

And so it goes with each of the problems presented by NEA's *Box Score* and which were supposed to be handled so beautifully by the United Nations.

BUT the prize exhibit is the problem of Korea. Here is the way NEA states the United Nations' action for the benefit of American teachers:

U.S. brought the problem before the Security Council which termed invasion breach of peace and requested UN members to assist Republic of Korea to maintain its independence. Sixteen nations sent troops, 46 gave economic, medical or other aid. Chinese Communist forces joined North Korean troops in same year.

And the score on Korea, according to NEA:

First time in history that troops were used by an international organization for collective military action against aggression. An armistice agreement was signed July 27, 1953, after two years of negotiation. . . .

That "sixteen nations sent troops" should be consolation to the mothers and fathers of 140,000 American casualties in Korea, and to the rest of the American army, navy and air force who, with the South Koreans,

provided 90 percent of the manpower which fought the Reds in Korea. That "46 gave economic, medical or other aid" should be balm to our "noble allies," many of whom — in particular Great Britain — continued to trade with the Red Chinese all the time we were fighting the Korean War.

How did NEA in its *Box Score on the UN* overlook the fact that Truman ordered American troops into South Korea purely on his own; that the Security Council acted only when confronted by this accomplished fact, while the Soviet delegate was taking a walk; that the General Assembly stalled for three months after Red China came into the war before accusing her of aggression, and an additional three months before calling for an embargo on war materials to Red China? And what about America's hands being tied in bombing beyond the Yalu, and MacArthur's recall because he was about to win a war our noble allies in the United Nations didn't want won? No, dear teacher, you must go somewhere else than to your National Education Association to find these facts.

HOW LONG are the teachers of America going to put up with this sort of thing from their national organization? The National Education Association and its related bodies would be nothing without its teacher membership. Its primary purpose is to represent the indi-

vidual teacher and his local and state organizations on a national basis in looking after the needs and interests of teachers, in making studies and researches essential to teachers and education generally, and in representing teachers and teacher-organizations nationally in Washington.

It is certain that 90 percent of the membership of NEA never had any notion that it would become a propaganda agency for any particular social, economic or international group — a propaganda agency working on its own members.

The National Education Association is an example of the danger to which every such organization is exposed from the revolutionary elements in our midst. Inevitably in such an organization, if it is not closely watched by its membership, a compact minority interested in some special objective — good or bad — inserts itself into the mechanism of the organization and gradually and ultimately takes it over for its own special purposes.

American teachers have enough to contend with these days without laying themselves open to the antagonism of their fellow citizens because of the activities of a handful of cloud-hopping one-worlders in their national organization. It is up to the teachers to put an end to this abuse of their own organization. They didn't establish it to propagate socialism, communism, one-worldism or any other ism. Only they can put NEA back on the track.

We Ate **EVERYTHING** *— in 'Cajun Land*

BY BENJAMIN F. FERRILL

PEOPLE WONDER how they'd eat if atom bombs drove them from the city. Those worrying over missing porterhouse steaks or filet mignon can cheer up. You can eat nearly anything, if it's thoroughly cooked. Did you ever eat any crow, alligator, grass or whale? I have, and I do not mean on some barren island, but right in the United States in this generation.

I started cooking early on a run-down backwoods 'Cajun farm. I cooked and *ate* practically everything; many others did in this locality. A man recently "discovers" that the big, unlovely river garfish furnish tasty white meat.

Shucks, I knew that in childhood!

My brother and I lived on a farm with my father, and he took little note of food variety. We ate fried salt bacon, molasses and bread for breakfast, and rice and dried field peas boiled with salt bacon for dinner and supper. Each morning while getting breakfast we put the double meal of dry rice and dry peas on to soak in an iron pot, to start getting ready for noon and night. You didn't worry about what you were going to have for the next meal — you knew! Slowly my brother Pete (ten) and myself (eight) learned from neighbors of other foods.

We trapped wild partridges in cages built of small tree sticks formed together, and baited with dried, crushed peas. Those birds were really something. They contained fresh red meat that the steady salt bacon diet did not offer. I caught 13 partridges in one cage at once. I boiled and ate three of them immediately. We "boiled" nearly everything. We had no cooking grease except the little we fried out of the salt bacon. We had no gun, but occasionally ran a rabbit into a burrow and had rabbit stew.

It was said of such farms that you had to plant three seeds in each place to insure sprouting; one seed to pull, one to push, and one to come up. It was poor soil — cut-over pine backwoods — that had been farmed without crop rotation or commercial fertilizer for so long it was practically barren. We planted corn and I do not believe we got as much corn back in the "harvest" as we had seeded into the earth. Field peas grew, though, and peanuts. We boiled young peanuts with salt and ate them, hulls and all; they were good.

A HURRICANE ripped the region, flattening many houses. It knocked down 30-year-old pecan trees in our field, but the house stood. It had been built like ship-work, joined at the corners. The hurricane killed our nearest neighbor and his wife, homesteaders who lived a mile away from us. They

had put their two-year-old boy in the iron stove oven, and he lived through it. An old muskrat trapper from nearer the river was there when my brother and I got there.

"I'll bury the two of them, but you boys'll have to take the young'un. I don't savvy kids," he said. We looked at the little boy, and he grinned. That sold us on him; and we couldn't leave him there. A skinny cow had lived through it some way; and we salvaged an old shotgun and two or three steel traps from the caved-in building.

Some time before this my father had given up the farming battle and departed in search of some sort of work elsewhere. He didn't come back. We later learned he'd had a long struggle with malaria. We were two already resourceful boys left to our own devices on a farm, with a gun, traps and appetites!

We ate the few remaining chickens. We shelled dry horse corn and soaked it overnight and boiled it as a vegetable; we also parched or browned dry corn in the oven. We baked green pears, with molasses. We ate blackberries, red-haws, persimmons, and hickory nuts and tried acorns but could not enjoy them as food.

We ate baked opossums, caught with the steel traps. 'Possums taste a good deal like fresh pork, but are a little greasy if fat. They must weigh several pounds but my brother Pete and I could polish off a whole 'pos-

sum with sweet potatoes and gravy at one sitting.

THE RIVER was a few miles away. It was always good for a feed when everything else failed. We walked over early in the morning, caught crawfish bait, and put out set-lines for catfish all day, and re-

low pigtaails and scared eyes. She'd been there several days by herself, and was hungry and wet and lonely. The shanty-boat leaked and was half full of water. She was almost too frightened to talk, and, being Swedish, couldn't talk to us much anyway.

My brother tried English, French and a little Spanish. But it wasn't



turned with our catch before dark. Fried catfish, with corn-pone, is food fit for a king.

We found trouble on one of these trips. A shanty-boat Swede had tied up on the river, nearest us. His wife had run away with a riverman, and he had gone in their rowboat looking for her. Neither of them had returned. There was a little Swedish girl about eight years old, with yel-

much use. She just kept on saying that her name was Greta.

"We'll *have* to take her back with us," my brother Pete decided. "This shanty boat will be under water in a couple of days; and her folks might never come back." One more wouldn't hurt us. She couldn't eat us out of supplies — we didn't have any! So Greta came with us.

We had no ice, nor refrigerator.

Nothing kept. We ate everything each day to keep it from spoiling. It is a good thing we never had a whole steer to butcher; we'd likely have tried to eat it all in one day. We needed the cow for what little milk it gave for the boy; and Greta looked after him. We'd named the boy Lucky, for living through the hurricane.

GRETA was a fine cook — when we had anything to cook. Sometimes we ate raccoons, and their meat tasted very good. We ate rabbits, field-doves — and crows, of which there were thousands, but wary and gun-shy. Crow meat is very red and somewhat tough, but it tastes good enough. I merely boiled it longer. Nothing could resist my stew pot, since firewood was free for the gathering, and time had no importance. There was no hurry.

Once my brother shot a seven-foot alligator. We dragged it home from the creek to skin it. We thought that the hide might be sold. An alligator is about one-third tail, and when we had skinned it, this tail meat showed white and attractive. We ate it, both fried as fish, and boiled with vegetables as chowder. It was good.

Thus, our needs were supplied. When a huge chicken hawk soared majestically over the house, it was a bit too low for his own good. Our shotgun found him and he went into the stew pot. A creek bittern or crane came by, but he never went

away. Little hell-diver pond ducks ceased to dive before our shotgun and appetites. Literally anything that grew on the earth, or under it; or that walked, swam or flew was subject to our intent food interest.

One day some relatives of Lucky's came. They said we could keep the cow, but they took Lucky. Greta stayed on, and took over the housework. She learned English fast after she got her confidence back; she learned enough to insist that my brother and I take a bath once a week! She said we smelled like the animal skins.

"She's learning too dam' fast!" my brother Pete complained.

The Swede father showed up one day — to our dismay. We'd grown to depend on Greta. He hadn't found his wife, but he was glad to find Greta, safe in our keeping. He went to work on the farm to repay us. He made a garden plot, and even field crops grew for him. Finally he took up the homestead Lucky's folks left.

All in all, I grew up with a nice food judgment to cooking time, seasoning, tenderness, and such data. Although I do much of the cooking at our house today, my wife admits that she has never seen me use a cook book. She says I just seem to "know" cooking. It isn't that. It's memory, of things that early went into my boyhood stew pot.

And whatever became of Greta? Heck — that's who I was talking about — my wife. I married Greta.



A JANITOR SPEAKS OUT

By Thomas F. Murphy

AMONG the thousands of native-born Americans who betray their own country, why are the majority of them well educated, influential and even wealthy? Why is this group, with so much to lose in an American defeat, so easily persuaded in giving away their freedom—and ours? What do they see, or what do they fail to see, in Communism that is so obvious and so accurately analyzed by the uneducated masses? And why do these dupes have such uncommon names while the average Tom, Dick or Pete seems instinctively to know that this philosophy from the East is all bad for all of us? For these answers, we must return to God.

A motor is manufactured to pro-

The author, "a life-long resident of Middletown, Connecticut," is custodian of Honors College of Wesleyan University. From 1942 to 1946, Mr. Murphy served as a private in the African and the China-Burma-India Theaters and during the Korean War was in the Merchant Marine. Now 43, he writes, "I have spent the past twenty years fighting this leftist trend in American government."

duce one horsepower of energy. A scientist knows it will not operate properly if required to handle a load ten times that capacity, just as a derelict knows a baseball bat is not the proper instrument with which to kill a mosquito. Yet, why do these "great brains" question the existence of God when a six-year-old child, who should be asking the questions, has complete faith in God? What does God implant in the mind of the common laborer that our intellectuals seem to lack? The solution is here if we want to save ourselves and America.

This is God's world and we must return to the laws that He has ordained, regardless of our scientific and academic achievements. There is no man-made machine yet that can instill love, kindness and simple understanding into the heart and mind of an atheist. It is just this simple belief in God that gives man a foundation as strong as Gibraltar. This is the foundation that gives the common man charity, humility and simple understanding. It is the missing "X" in the lives of too many of

our leaders today, the oxygen of life we all must have. Without it, we turn to discontent, despair and dishonor in that order.

Why is it the hobo or the laborer rarely resorts to the suicide pill as so many others do? The answer again is this life-saving thread of simple faith that is found in the hearts of the South African Kaffir and the oppressed all over the world. It is the lack of this moral foundation that robs the scientist of an inner security and makes him susceptible to the germs of any false ideology. God gives us the quality that a child has, but higher education seems to destroy it.

A concern that strives for quantity in its line of business must sacrifice quality and it is this same ambition for material learning and advance that is robbing us of the quality of humility and simple understanding. Our leaders today are choking to death because of this Godly lack in quality understanding.

APART from this Godly foundation that is free to all of us, we must add a physical one in the form of some responsibility in our lives. This responsibility is restraining to us, but it is this very restraint that guides us and makes us secure against false beliefs. The late President Roosevelt was a typical example of a man who had no restraint during his entire life. It was this complete lack of foundation that made him helpless in his dealings with Stalin at Yalta

and brought Stalin very close to taking over the whole Christian world.

A child who is kept inside a fence by his mother is restrained in his freedom, but it is this very lack of quantity freedom that protects the child from the busy and dangerous highway. A ship at its pier is not free to move about, but it is this restriction again that makes the ship secure. Modern man wants more freedom of thought today, but it is this type of false freedom that is endangering America and the Western world.

To most of us, this foundation of responsibility comes in the form of the care of our families. To others, it might be a hard job, a handicap or a humble nature. It could be a sense of duty, a weakness, a little hard luck or just a homely face. But we must have a restriction of some measure or we tend to develop conceit, selfishness and then complete ignorance.

A transport plane on a take-off or a big truck on a steep incline is laboring under a heavy load. Release the motor from these burdens and it will race off madly in some direction. This is the freedom that drives our leaders to unleash their energy in the wrong direction and, usually, towards Russia. Stalin professed a disbelief in the existence of God, but he showed an uncanny cunning in exploiting any American who had a tendency in this same direction.

During the war on the islands in 1945, a USO singer came down to the front one evening and sang several Victor Herbert selections to a small group of infantry soldiers who had to sit on the bare ground. Most of these young lads probably hadn't appreciated this type of entertainment before, but they gave the singer a tremendous ovation. The man was obviously pleased. The following evening, at a safe, rear-echelon post, with a regular stage and outdoor theater, this same program received a vicious booing. The difference, of course, was that the hardships and danger at the front gave these kids the quality of tolerance and understanding. The soldiers in the rear base had too much material comfort and turned to the quantity of intolerance and disrespect.

A wartime official, who went high in Washington affairs and, perhaps, higher in Red circles, spent his childhood in a somewhat similar manner to F.D.R. in that he enjoyed all the material wants of quantity, with its arrogance, conceit and contempt, but none of the responsibilities of charity and understanding. This man carried these same traits to Washington during the war years, and had much to do with the great betrayal. As a boy of 12 one day, as the story is told, he caught a poor lad impaled on the wire fence of his mother's spacious grounds and struck the youth a vicious blow with a heavy club.

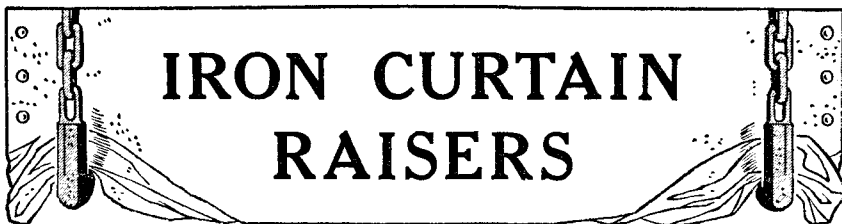
WITHOUT a solid, fool-proof foundation that comes from God and a little responsibility, there is little hope in stemming the Red Tide. Military strength is certainly not enough, else we could easily have defeated the Red Chinese in Korea. Build a mansion on a weak foundation, and all the degrees from Harvard and all the gold from Fort Knox will not sustain the foundation during a heavy storm.

The Communists could never penetrate Spain or Ireland, but they did here in the United States. Our atomic bombing of the innocent children in Japan, long after that nation had asked for peace, is a good measure of our weak foundation today. This is the brand of "moral putty" that Russian leaders are dealing with in America, France and England.

Yet, this moral softness is not confined to our higher intellectuals alone. The uneducated and the unskilled are falling victims to this lust for material security that is robbing them of their moral quality. Union officials are a good example here.

Unless we can swap a lot of the quantities of man for a little of the qualities of God, all the guns and the McCarthys will not stem this movement from Russia. Rekindle the flame of Christianity in the West and the darkness of Communism will disappear in the East. It is the darkness in America that is making the Red flame shine so brightly.





IRON CURTAIN RAISERS

► Workers in heavy industry in Czechoslovakia enjoy certain privileges, even in the purchase of diapers for their babies. Because of the diaper shortage, many stores now display signs reading, "Diapers for Heavy Industry Only."

► There was a notice on the bulletin board of an East German factory telling the workers that a West German Red had come to give a talk that night at the local "Kultursaal." His topic: "What is the importance of the Communist Party in the democratic reconstruction of West Germany." A few minutes after the notice was posted, someone had scribbled his own answer underneath: "Of the same importance as the holes in Swiss cheese."

► A Bulgarian peasant went to the Red authorities and said he'd like to become a veterinarian. When asked if he had any qualifications for such an important job, he said, "I labor like a horse, live like a pig, eat like a bird, and am treated like a dog."

► A lecture was being given by the Communist Party secretary at a Polish village seminary. One old man who had fallen asleep was suddenly asked: "What kind of a man is Bulganin?"

Startled, the old man replied: "Oh, I think . . . oh, things could be worse."

"What!" shouted the Communist.

The old man was even more confused and said: "No, no, I mean things could *not* be worse."

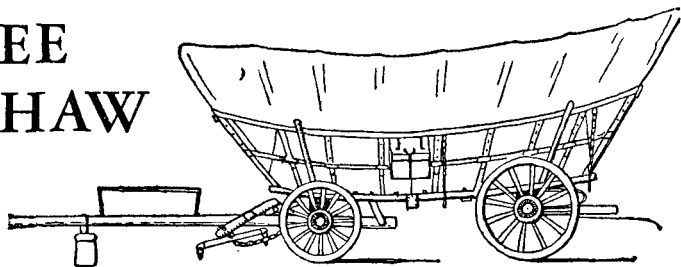
► A Russian "specialist" was addressing a group of Polish factory workers. "The USSR is a very rich country," he shouted. "We still have treasures of iron ore, coal, gold and uranium underground. And above ground we have our greatest treasure — Comrade Bulganin."

Someone in the audience whispered, "We'd be better off if it was the other way around."

— PAUL STEINER

W • E • S • T • W • A • R • D

by GEE
and HAW



AFTER a tasty and well served luncheon in the diner, I returned to my seat in the observation car of the Rock Island "Rocket" en route from Memphis to Oklahoma City. This was luxury personified.

My eyes dimmed as my mind went into retrospect. Suddenly I was a little boy again, a long, long time ago — taking a far different train ride. I was with my parents and we were crossing the state line from Arkansas, just west of Blackfork, into the old Indian Territory. The roads were rocky, little more than trails. We had a railroad car all right, but there were no windows through which to view the surrounding beauties of nature. It was, in just plain words, an old covered wagon.

We were drawn by two oxen, Ball and Bright. They made pretty good engines, about the only kind of power usable then. Our fuel was corn and grass when we could find it, which was usually between moun-

BY MILBURN C. HARPER

tains where it was greenest. Our speed, instead of 70 miles an hour, was an average of about 12 miles per day, sunup to sundown, weather permitting.

We had no hot boxes, but we did run short of fuel — food to maintain our oxen. And over the rough terrain our wagon tires would expand and fall off the wheels unless the fellows were kept well soaked.

I strutted along the road with my gun and good old hunting dog, Nick, as the oxen pushed their necks into the yoke — moving their heavy load at a slow, steady gait. We were headed "out west," the place I'd heard my folks talk about so often. When I halloed "westward bound," my echo would rebound from a nearby mountain. And when father would crack his new ox whip, the keen crack would bounce back like a rifle shot from the mountainside.

We had a train, all right, but in-

stead of 12 or 15 coaches, or 75 to 100 freight cars, we had two wagons. Our passengers numbered six — my maternal grandparents, my parents, my sister Annie and myself.

Grandpa had a light team of white oxen so had to have a light wagon. Our oxen, however, were heavier and so was the load. The roads then were steep and winding, and when we ascended a mountain, the oxen strained every muscle — almost falling to their knees. Every few feet they had to rest. My very important job was to walk behind the wagon with as big a rock as I could carry and scotch the wheel to prevent the wagon from rolling backward. Going down the mountain roads was almost as hazardous. Then we had to chain the wagon wheel to the brake beams and go very slowly.

THERE was another job I had as a lad of twelve, that of supplying meat for all of us. I had a double-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun and my well-trained hunting dog, Nick. I seldom shot anything but squirrel, although deer was plentiful and sometimes we had venison. There were other animals, too — lots of big timber wolves which chose the night for howling, and I can remember how they made my hair stand on end.

The most treacherous beasts, however (and we had plenty of them), were the panther-cougars. They were fierce and hard to kill, and we would keep a fire burning all

night against them. They were stealthy yet cowardly. At night they would slip into camp, climb a tree, and leap upon any person who passed under it. That was why we kept a fire all night — they were afraid of fire.

I remember once we heard the shrill cry of more than one panther too near our camp, so father spent a good part of the night keeping watch and stoking the fire. I had been warned about these dangerous animals.

Everything was quiet when we pulled camp the next morning and I was perhaps 300 yards down the road when the wagons started. Suddenly I noticed old Nick bristling and scenting something. Then he began a peculiar bark. (Nick had a different bark for practically all the game he scented or jumped.) All at once he rushed to a tree that had a large limb out over the road.

I looked up and saw a panther stretched flat on this limb, within 40 yards of me. Nick meanwhile was leaping against the trunk and making a terrible racket. Leveling my gun, I thought I'd shoot it with my load of squirrel shot, perhaps making it climb down and run away or climb still further up the tree. My shot knocked it off the limb and when the beast hit the ground it came toward me with a vicious snarl. I knew better than to run and I knew I must use my emergency load of buckshot.

When he was within 15 yards of

me, I let him have the load of buckshot full in the face. It was evident that I had blinded him but even so he came weaving toward me with a maniacal growl. I was helpless, for I had used both loads in my gun. Fortunately my father had heard the two shots and knew from the second one that my emergency had been used. He grabbed his rifle and arrived just in time to shoot the panther through the heart. I was a scared kid, but a lucky one.

A couple of days later I got some choice eagle feathers. Grandpa spotted a big bald eagle eating the carcass of a gray wolf. As we approached it, the eagle — being too full to fly well — raised its wings in a fighting position. Having driven oxen all his life, Grandpa was very accurate with his whip. He popped its head off and from this monster, which measured seven feet from tip to tip of its wings, I got my eagle feathers.

One advantage in camping out in the mountains was there was plenty of fuel. Pine knots were plentiful. We would find, if possible, a spring or creek coming out of the mountains. And my job, of course, was to gather armfuls of pine knots before dark to keep a blaze all night.

We had hardly finished supper one evening when we began to see red eyes reflected by the light, glaring at us. Father remarked: "I expect you will have to do the driving tomorrow, son. Looks like I'm going to have to sit on this wagon tongue

all night to keep these varmints away."

Pretty soon something came close enough for him to distinguish it as a young cub bear. When it drew closer, Father killed it, and then I helped him and Grandpa drag it near the fire. That cub's hindquarters sure provided us with savory meat. Next morning we had fried bear steak for breakfast, stretched the hide on the side of the wagon, and were on our way again.

WHEN we reached the prairie, I experienced for the first time the difficulties of shooting quail and prairie chicken. They were too fast for me. I improved with practice, though, and managed to supplant our squirrel meat with both quail and prairie chicken. Turkey and deer were plentiful along the streams where there was timber, but we seldom killed either as we were not well equipped for keeping or cooking them.

We did not see much prairie country until we reached Paul's Valley. Indian huts through that country were scarce, but once in a great while we found a squaw man. These characters usually cultivated a lot of land. In those days all the land you could put a fence around was yours if you were an Indian or a squaw man.

We once ran out of grain for our oxen and drove all one day without finding any. Next morning Grandpa and I started out ahead to find some

feed. The Indians therabouts had only little patches of corn, which they would pull and put up in a rail pen — just about enough to winter two or three Indian ponies. We went to these huts and asked for corn, but always met with “Me no savvy.” Then they would just shake their heads and point down the road.

Finally about dark we found a squaw man with a field of corn who said we could pull as much as we needed. I hurried back to meet Father and tell him, while Grandpa found a place to camp near a creek. We three waded into that field of corn and, believe me, the oxen fared well that night and all next day, resting and eating.

Our ox wagon route — through the Kiamichi, Ouachita, Winding Stair and other mountains — was many years later replaced by Highway 270.

Just a few miles east of old McAlester we met head-on the first real blizzard of the season. Our round-houses were wagon yards in those days. If weather or other conditions prevented camping out, travelers tied up in the “wagon yard.” We whipped our oxen and hurried to make the wagon yard at McAlester. Owing to the weather, other travelers had flocked to the yard and not

even standing room was available.

The wagon yard master was very courteous, but informed us there was not a cabin left — and not even room in the yard for another wagon. We “Arkansas Travelers” felt about whipped, as there was a bitter wind of about 40 miles an hour and it was snowing. The yard master told us there was a draw and creek bottom about a mile and a half south. Our best chance, he said, was to get down there behind the hill and locate a place to camp.

The camping place was pretty bad, little timber and no wood. We unyoked the oxen and tied them up in the shelter of a little knoll. Then we all wrapped up in the wagons and somehow managed to get through the night. After the wind abated and the sun came up, we pulled stakes and headed toward Paul’s Valley, when —

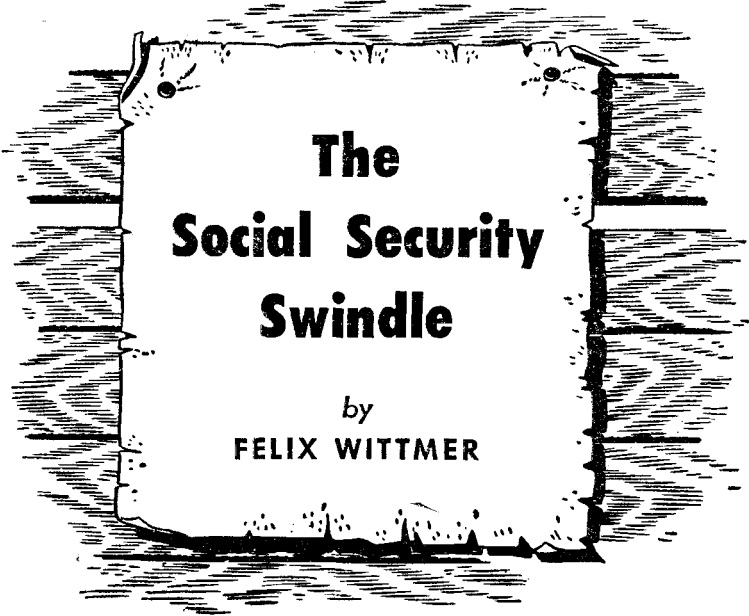
“Oklahoma City next stop. Don’t forget your packages.”

My eyes opened and my mind came to with a start. Had I been dreaming as I relived the old covered wagon days of my childhood? It seemed so real, as but yesterday.

“Dust you off, sir?”

I looked into the smiling face of the porter. “Yes, indeed. I’ve come a long, long way.”





The Social Security Swindle

by
FELIX WITTMER

ARE YOU willing to accept what in practice amounts to counterfeit money? This is what happens when you cash your Social Security check. But no one will be prosecuted, for the government itself supports the confidence game. Perhaps you don't care to learn that your government's unscrupulous manipulation of the people's savings is going to ruin our economy unless we revolt against it. After all, it is so pleasant to receive a check every month.

You are reasonably honest, aren't you? Why, then, dare you accept Social Security benefits? Why then don't you take just a little time to find out how Federal Social Security works, or rather doesn't work, and

what it does to the country's prosperity?

Let's tackle the problem with a concrete case. Did ever anyone dream that he might get \$16,000 for \$127.50, not at the race track but as a legitimate payment from our government? Pie in the sky! Nothing is too much to please the voter. You pay \$127.50, in easy installments, become 65 and from that time on get your \$80 per month, and the wife, once 65, gets her \$40 and, if she survives you (which she probably will), \$60 per month. Pretty good, you say?

Try to get this deal from the private insurance companies. They will inform you that the investment of

\$127.50 does not quite cover the costs. About \$16,000, their actuaries will tell you, is more like it. At much less, their business will fold. They can prove it to you.

As another case in point, have a look at the easy figures which our learned friend, Dr. Paul L. Poirot, has offered in a little pamphlet on Social Security. Let us be generous and imagine that a citizen has paid the maximum of the Social Security "premium," since 1937 — i.e., 1% on the first \$3,000 of his yearly wages for the first 14 years, 1% on, say, \$3,600 in 1951; and 1.5% on \$3,600 in 1952 and 1953. He has thus contributed the possible maximum of \$564. If, having reached the age of 65, he retired on January 1, 1954, and his wife is of the same age, the couple then has been eligible for a monthly retirement check amounting to \$127.50. As his employer has matched his payments (naturally driving up prices in the process), the government has received the total of \$1,128. With interest at 2.5%, this amounts to some \$1,300. In less than a year, therefore, the entire sum is paid out in benefits, and from then on, until the death of the beneficiaries, your government shells out money which it does not have. How is it done?

Actually very few persons have paid the full "premium" into the kitty. Many individuals have joined Social Security a mere 18 months before retirement. From 500,000 to

750,000 persons got on the Social Security payrolls without paying a red cent. Where do their payments come from?

NO GOVERNMENT, not even the most honest and efficient in the world, runs Social Security along the lines of private insurance companies. Government officials must fill out papers and file carbon copies, and patronize the cafeteria. That takes time, and time is money. Men have figured out that a private company handles three or four cases while the government is still fussing around with one. And, of course, the private company must pay taxes, and goes bankrupt if it is not efficient. No easy money from the Treasury will save it.

For the protection of its clients the private insurance company is by law compelled to lay aside a substantial and actuarially documented sum, from which it pays the contractual benefits. It invests the rest of the money in productive enterprises, contributing thus to our national wealth, and deriving from the investment equitable dividends. Thus, the private insurance company is part of our national production, to which we owe our prosperous living standard.

What does our government do? It does not invest the Social Security contributions in productive enterprise; it spends them as fast as they come in, just as it uses up its other revenues. Therefore, what-

ever benefits the government has promised to pay in the future must be derived exclusively from future contributions or, rather, taxes. The government does not contribute to business by investment; it takes from business investment capital.

Our government is trying to make you believe that it has invested part of the Social Security payments in government bonds. Politely speaking, such talk is a semantic trick; in plain language, it is a fraud. Government bonds are an asset to him who owns them, not to the one who has issued them. Our government has the audacity to call its IOU's "assets." It owes these alleged funds to itself; it is its own debtor. A sterile operation, to say the least. Any private company which would dare to resort to such manipulation of the books would be compelled to go out of business, and its officers would be sent to jail; but our government poses as Santa Claus and by the confidence game catches votes.

INASMUCH as the government must raise all future benefits by taxation, it takes that much money away from useful production or business, thus damaging free enterprise. It naturally takes away business from private insurance companies, and as a paradoxical reward for this unfair competition makes them support its political prodigalities through their legitimate business profits, in form of taxes. Like all other social-

istic measures, this maneuver transfers more power from the citizens to the government, aiding thus the process of transforming our servant, government, into the master.

Let us not mince any words. The alleged Social Security fund of the government is not only non-existent; it is a debt which must be paid off. In times to come, the government not only will have to raise taxes for "premiums" for which no money is available; it must also raise taxes to pay principal and dividends of the IOU's which it has labeled as assets.

This hoax is bound to strangle business; for the latter must collapse unless it retains enough capital for replacement, research and expansion. Many heedless citizens see only the pleasant Social Security check which they receive. They do not understand that this is but another socialistic measure designed to undermine the economic foundation of individual freedom.

Of course, the experience of European countries which have gone through similar experiments proves that soon the rich can no longer be taxed. Then, as it happened in Europe, the soak-the-rich program becomes the squeeze-the-poor operation. That can be carried out by compulsion only (if not violence). Collapse of the economy marks the inevitable end of the venture.

Social Security contributions started out as 2% deductions, equally shared by employers and employees.

Now they amount to 4%. Those who predict that they will rise to not more than 6.5% are badly mistaken. Like the income tax, the Social Security tax will climb and climb.

CONSIDER, if you please, these simple figures. Let us say that by 1970 Social Security contributions will, as has been predicted, be as low as 6.5%. (The rate is likely to be considerably higher.) If the proportion of Social Security recipients to the gainfully employed is but 1 to 5 (which is a low estimate), then 5 times 6.5%, or a total of 32.5%, will be available out of Social Security contributions. Since this is but slightly more than half the pensions which employees of private retirement plans receive,

the only way for the government to match private business is additional taxation, in whatever form. That is plain confiscation, stooping to the applause of demoralized and stupidly selfish voters. It cannot go on forever. It drives up prices, which drives up wages, which diminishes the buying power of the currency, and therefore wipes out savings. It is the old story of the spiral. It verifies what our parents have taught us, i.e., that we can't have something for nothing.

Constitutionally, Federal Social Security is a violation of our principles. Morally, it is but another Marxian plot of thievery to undermine initiative and personal independence. Practically, as a business, it does not work. Economically, it is a swindle. Indeed, it is un-American.



THAT'S WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES

When you get your next pay check and see how much Uncle Sam has taken out for income taxes, remember this little item.

An international atomic energy conference was recently held at Geneva, Switzerland. The United States delegation numbered 324 persons.

The commercial plane fare, round trip, to Geneva is about \$820. The actual cost of the delegation is impossible to calculate. Certainly when all exhibit expenses, per diem, salaries, additional transportation, entertainment, and other items are included, the cost per person would well exceed \$2,000. Using a very modest estimate, *this international junket cost \$500,000.*

The Internal Revenue Bureau says that the Federal income tax paid by a family of four with an annual income of \$5,000 is \$516. The total income tax, therefore, of 1,200 such American families will be needed to pay for this single expedition.

American wage earners who pay the bills should make sure that the benefits from these meetings justify the expenses involved.

REST YOUR OARS ON AN ISLAND

By Rafe Gibbs

SOME FOLK lament as gone forever the “good old days” when leisurely living was as common as bowler hats and ruffled parasols on a Sunday afternoon. But that’s because they’ve never tasted island life . . . haven’t put their car on a Puget Sound ferry at Mukilteo, Washington, for instance, and churned over to Whidbey Island. The islanders—both natives and “foreigners”—live gently, graciously in a delightful blend of the old and new.

Cradled in the left arm of Mother Washington where it rests on Puget Sound, Whidbey is the nation’s second largest island. Covering 172 square miles, it is almost as big as New York’s Long Island, but there any similarity ends. Whidbey is not thickly populated, unless you count trees, ferns, and wild berry bushes and flowers. Oak Harbor, with a heritage as Dutch as wooden shoes, is the biggest town: population, 1,193. Coupeville, once known as the Port of Sea Captains because of the many ancient mariners who retired there, is next, with 379 inhabitants.

During a visit to the island, we walked up a rose-bordered path to a trim Coupeville cottage to pay our respects to Mrs. Hattie Swift Race

—a charming, silver-haired lady living among sturdy and delicate furnishings that came ’round the Horn from New England almost a century ago. Her father, Cap’n James Henry Swift of the New Bedford Swifts, first saw the island in ’54, when he came to load spars, and returned to make his home there in ’63.

“Father used to say that we never had to leave the island, because the world is right here,” explained Mrs. Race. “He loved to take me riding in a buggy, too, and show me the world. He’d point his whip at the white cliffs across the bay, and say, ‘Now, Hattie, you are looking at the Cliffs of Dover.’ Gazing at a patch of dwarf oaks was to see Japan. The island’s coves were the Norwegian fiords; a sandy beach at Monroe’s Landing, part of the Virgin Islands; the square bluff over at Oak Harbor, a slice of the China Sea coast. Where else could the world be seen from a buggy?”

The inn at Coupeville a century ago was the home of peg-legged, sea-faring John Alexander. And there is still much of the home about it—hooked rugs before a fireplace of white-painted brick, with anchors for firedogs, with swinging oil lamps for mantel glow . . . and a spool settee beside a quietly ticking grand-

father's clock . . . a peaceful spot of old-world charm.

Over in Oak Harbor, there is a clearer demarkation between the old and new. A Navy air base has been built there, and giant planes roar above the giant oaks which gave the harbor its name. The planes may disturb the natives, but nothing disturbs the oaks. It's against the law to cut one down. If a new street is opened, it must be built around the oaks. After all, the oaks were there first.

It doesn't take you long to see why Navy personnel who have served at Oak Harbor are coming back there to retire. In San Diego, California, there is even a Whidbey Island Club of those who plan to retire on the island.

Army men, also, have long looked to Whidbey for retirement. Not far from Coupeville is old Fort Casey, with its early-century cannon mounts rusting in the morning dew, with cows grazing on the parade ground. For years, old-timers who served at the now abandoned fort have been returning to live out their lives at Coupeville.

MANY who retire on the island go into farming — in a mild sort of way. The rich, loam soil needs little prodding. It was on Whidbey that the world-record crop of wheat was grown some years ago — 117.5 bushels to the acre.

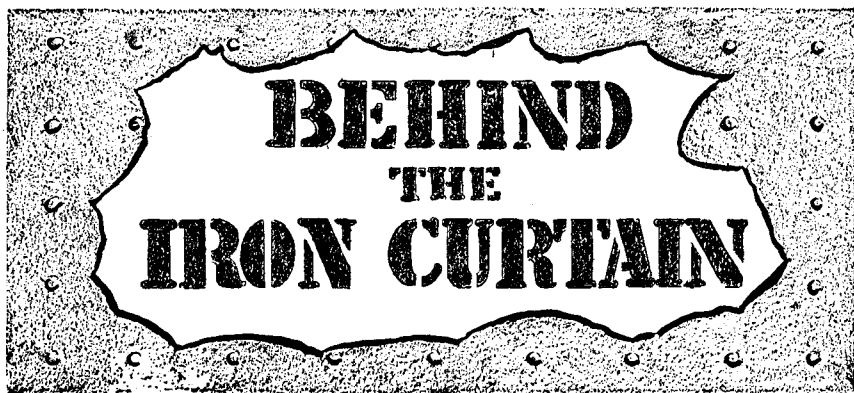
A good highway runs the 42-mile length of the island. As you drive

along you may see cows browsing in a little pasture on one side of the road, wild deer shying off into the forest on the other side, cottontails taking turns piloting you up ahead. Seldom are you away from the Sound more than a few minutes. You see sea gulls opening clams by dive-bombing and dropping them on dock or rock, fish ducks flipping down into the water for crabs and never coming up without one.

You pass little settlements with such salty names as Fisherman's Alibi, wind and sea-weathered cottages, still sturdy log blockhouses built as defense against the Indians, a Dutch settler's quaint farm home complete with windmill for grinding meal. And then you come to Deception Pass.

Across the pass has been built a 1,350-foot bridge to link Whidbey with Fidalgo Island. You look down upon the channel between the two islands, and see one of the world's greatest forces of water in action — 2,500,000,000 gallons spilling through the gorge hourly at ebb tide. You feel small . . . very small.

You don't start puffing up again until you go fishing . . . and catch a salmon — maybe 3 pounds, maybe 53. Then you know the contentment that the islanders know. Then, too, you have a clue to island politics, for the fishing village of Double Bluff on Useless Bay has a new mayor every year. That's the man — or woman — who catches the biggest salmon the first day of the season!



Satellites Give Up Hope

BY ALAN SET

WHAT is the effect of the West's diplomatic hobnobbing with Russia on the one hundred million enslaved Europeans behind the Iron Curtain?

This question is certainly worth answering, for much of the Soviet Union's rapidly growing economic and military power derives from ruthless exploitation of her European colonies — Poland, Eastern Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and Albania. The question is the more important because one of the main reasons why a Third World War has so far been avoided is that Moscow felt that her hands were tied. Any major adventure was much too

risky as long as there existed the danger of a spontaneous revolution of peoples located in Europe's strategically most important area — peoples who were longing to re-establish their Western way of life.

What we learn from the incoming reports is alarming, to say the least. We learn that in the satellite countries today there is incomparably less resistance to the Communist regimes than there was at the height of the cold war. The Geneva Conference appears to have brought a decisive blow to their hopes of liberation. Seeing that they have no choice, the Poles, Czechs and other satellite populations begin to turn to "loyal collaboration" with the

USSR as the only realistic and practical course of action. If this is the only thing the Russians gain through their palaver with the West, it will prove that Khrushchev & Co. were on the right track when they decided to fool us by suddenly turning into nice, good boys.

THE anti-Sovietism of the satellites originated in their distaste for a foreign economic and social system which, they saw, was bringing untold miseries and hardships to everybody but a small group of profiteers. However, a human being usually learns to accept the worst — once he comes to understand that nothing can be done to change it for the better. For more than ten years the enslaved populations remained stubbornly anti-Communist because they had an excellent reason to believe that there would be a change. This reason was the anti-Sovietism of America, a country almost mystically worshiped by every Pole or Czech or Rumanian. In spite of anything the Communists could say, America remained to them the supreme expression of power, social justice and the good way of life.

One should keep in mind that the pro-American feelings of Eastern and Central Europeans had very deep roots. This dates from the beginning of the century, or from the times when mass emigration to the New World opened new vistas for those peasants and artisans who in

their old countries were often condemned to indigence if not to distress.

At the beginning of the First World War there was hardly a family in this part of Europe which did not take pride in having a successful relative or friend in America. The legend of the American paradise grew from the millions of letters which crossed the Atlantic. American dollars were helping the Poles or Czechs to pay debts, buy more land, build a new house. It was America who in 1918 was credited with the restoration of independent Poland and Czechoslovakia. And it was America again who in World War II crushed their oppressor, Hitler.

The Central and Eastern European peoples' faith in America was, by the end of the war, much too strongly entrenched to be shaken, even though Russia was allowed to take over the seven countries. Yalta, and Roosevelt's fallacious trust in Stalin's good will, was judged as a frightful mistake, but not as a mistake which would never be corrected.

"Is not America strong enough," people were asking, "to restore the liberty of 100 million of America's most faithful allies?" The cold war and America's growing anti-Sovietism in the postwar years seemed to prove that the reasoning was correct. It was even more strikingly corroborated by the mad hate-America campaign conducted by

Moscow. "Our task is to survive and — when the day comes — to help the Americans to do the job." This remained for long years the main motto of political thinking behind the Iron Curtain.

THEN, about two months ago, came the disaster. Suddenly America ceased to be humanity's Enemy Number One in the Communist press and radio. Instead, Communist propaganda began boasting about Moscow's efforts "to reduce the world's tension," coupled with the promise that this new policy would soon bring tangible results.

The results came indeed in the form of an avalanche of reports about American peace overtures and announcements of the exchange of visitors between America and Russia. Most unexpectedly, Mr. Eisenhower was spoken of as a likeable person — almost as nice as M. Mendès France had been when he took office with the aim of torpedoing the EDC.

The anti-Communists behind the Iron Curtain felt bewildered. As usual they tried to get the answers from the foreign radio stations, but this time they heard the West speaking a language strangely similar to that of the East. With the exception of Radio Free Europe, which drearily continued to boast about America's perennial determination to see the people behind the Iron Curtain somehow regaining their

freedom, there was everywhere else nothing but talk of disarmament, lessening of the world tension, mutual visits and hopes of better times to come.

In Warsaw, Prague and Budapest people began to wonder whether they stood on their heads or their heels. To them it was obvious that nothing, absolutely nothing, had changed in Russia's policy. During the innumerable office and factory meetings and in school, they were taught, today as before, that Communism had to conquer the world in order to eradicate from its surface the last strongholds of rotten capitalism.

Soviet economy, as well as the economy of all the satellites, was bent, today as before, on raising the output of strategic goods with complete disregard of the needs of the population. While buying a new suit or a pair of shoes was as difficult as ever, it was common knowledge that Russia was rapidly building an enormous fleet of stratojets ready to carry Russian H-bombs to the most remote parts of the world. Was the West so blind as to fail to notice what the actual situation was?

The Geneva Big Four Conference became a turning point in political thinking behind the Iron Curtain. For the first time since Potsdam the heads of the world's greatest powers met to discuss some of their major problems. They talked about the unification of Germany, about disarmament, about extension of trade.

But the fate of one hundred million people of the Western world enslaved by the USSR was not even mentioned.

BEHIND the Iron Curtain, Yalta was always considered as a terrible mistake which the West would surely never want to repeat. But then — what did Geneva mean? Was it not, by this very omission of the satellite question, the confirmation of Yalta? Had the West really written off the Poles, the Czechoslovaks, the Hungarians, Bulgarians and Rumanians — perhaps hoping that in exchange it would get from Moscow the unification of Germany? But why should the Russians give anything in exchange for something which they held securely and which was not even contested?

The confusion increased when suddenly the Soviet propaganda turned against the West the West's own most powerful weapon — the truth. Since Geneva there was no more talk about the "capitalistic cannibals," "man-eating Americans," "vile emigrés sold to the Wall Street bankers and their friends, the Nazis." Instead, the Communist press and radio were reporting the parleys almost objectively. People who up to now were kept in the dark could this time learn more about what Eisenhower, Eden or Faure were saying from their official papers than from the Voice of America or the BBC.

At about that time a Polish noble-

man, Dominic Horodyski, who had early turned Red and was now a bigwig in the Communist foreign office, met in a Warsaw café a notoriously anti-Soviet cousin of his.

"Do you still intend to clear off to America?" he asked ironically. "If so I can now help you in getting your exit permit. Though if I were you I would stay where I am. For sooner than you think, you may become less of a nuisance in Warsaw than you would be in New York — where Khrushchev appears to have more friends than here."

In this column we are dealing exclusively with what happens behind the Iron Curtain, within the European countries now under Moscow's rule. Perhaps from the point of view of our wider world interests we could be right in leaving out of the parleys the very difficult problem of European enslaved nations. We could be right if by doing so we had the certainty of obtaining some vitally important concessions. Up to now nothing of this kind is in view.

For the time being we can only repeat that, although it was generally overlooked, the anti-Soviet spirit of these enslaved populations was one of the most valuable assets America has had in its conflict with the USSR and world Communism. The fact that we have helped Moscow in replacing this spirit with a "realistic policy" of collaboration with Russia may soon prove to be a major defeat for the West.

§ *The Cobra*

CALLED KING

OF ALL living creatures, the King Cobra, or hamadryad, is one of the most spectacular. This slender, graceful serpent is the longest of all venomous snakes. One hamadryad is known to have exceeded 18 feet, and lengths from 13 to 15 feet are not uncommon. Generally of an olive color, but with additional markings which may include orange red, golden yellow, shiny black and ivory, the King Cobra is regarded by fanciers as among the most beautiful of all snakes.

Ranging through Southeast Asia from India to the Philippines, this serpent can deliver an oversized dose of exceedingly lethal poison. Not only is it the deadliest of reptiles, but in many ways it is the most dangerous of all creatures.

Despite its length and slender body, the King Cobra is strong and supple. Its movements are well coordinated, and it can turn quickly. On occasion it rears its head from three to five feet in the air, and, with hood extended, remains in this position while it stares unblinkingly with its round, bronze eyes.

Some herpetologists believe the

By Bates M. Stovall

hamadryad is singularly intelligent, for a snake. It is pointed out that these reptiles, when caged in a zoo, soon learn there's a transparent stuff — glass — which keeps them from biting visitors; so in a short time they stop trying. Under similar circumstances, however, an Indian cobra in a New York zoo kept striking the glass front of its cage, and eventually injured its lower jaw so badly part of the bone had to be removed. And a female spitting cobra, which has been in Chicago's Brookfield Zoo for more than 20 years, is still upset and excited by passers-by, though 30 million or more persons have strolled by her cage.

King Cobras learn which side of their cage doors open the widest. Also, when feeding time nears, they have been seen peering through the glass windows in their doors, or the cracks, if any, in their doorways, and looking intently, with turning head, along the passageways to find out whether their keep-

ers are on the way with food. They seem to learn to know these men. In the London Zoo, one of these big serpents even takes its food — dead grass snakes — from its keeper's hand.

On one occasion, when a hamadryad was sent from Asia to the United States, no receptacle for water was put into the sealed box housing the snake. Being afraid to open the cage, the caretaker on the voyage filled a pitcher with water and held its spout against a wire opening in the box. Catching on, the serpent soon got used to drinking from the spout and seemed to recognize the pitcher for what it was.

A 12-FOOT King Cobra has fangs about half an inch long. Rigidly erect, but not so long comparatively for a poisonous snake of this size, they are sturdy affairs and, because of the large quantity of neurotoxic poison injected, don't have to pierce deeply to bring disaster. The venom acts fast. A person bitten by a big hamadryad may die anywhere from half an hour to an hour or more after being bitten. An elephant, when bitten, lasts about three hours. Though this giant's hide is tough, he can be felled by a bite on the tender skin at the end of his trunk or where one of his nails joins a foot.

The King Cobra gets its royal name from its cannibalistic feeding habits, for it preys upon snakes, poisonous and non-poisonous, though now and then it may stoop

to a side dish of lizards. But it treats long-fanged poisonous serpents with the respect they deserve. In a New York zoo, a water moccasin was put into the same cage with two hungry Kings, who rushed forward greedily, but slammed on the brakes instantly when they saw who their opponent was. Refusing to tackle the moccasin, they later seized some non-poisonous reptiles tossed to them, including one which looked even more villainous outwardly than the cottonmouth.

Some coolies in Burma once came upon a hamadryad nearly ten and a half feet long battling a python about eight feet long. The latter was giving a good account of itself. With its teeth, it had a bulldog grip on the King's body a third of the way back from its head. The coolies killed both reptiles.

These big cobras are reputed to attack persons without provocation. Of course snakes differ in their traits, but it seems this bit of prestige reputed to the Kings is overdrawn. They are, however, a fearless breed, and they generally carry a chip on their shoulders and have an insolent curiosity. This curiosity is second nature to the animal, and sometimes what is taken for a deliberate attempt to attack is merely a sally to find out what goes on.

While drinking from a small pool of water in India's wilds, a large hamadryad suddenly found itself faced by a hunter standing just 25 feet away. The snake raised its head

three feet off the ground and, with hood extended, studied the man. Then, after about a minute of this, the hood was closed, the head lowered to the ground and the serpent started away from the intruder. Unwilling to let such a deadly creature escape, but not daring to use his rifle for fear of disturbing the tiger he was trailing, the hunter threw a large stone at the reptile. It caught the creature on the back of its head, whereupon the cobra wheeled and bore down angrily upon the man. This was its undoing, for soon a larger stone, thrown with all the force the hunter could muster, hit the King on its neck and disabled the creature. And in this condition it was easily killed.

WHEN A medical officer, having charge of photographing some snakes in the yard of an Indian hospital, wanted to take pictures of Indian cobras, he put them on the ground just three feet from the camera. But, when a hamadryad was brought out, for safety's sake it was placed twelve feet from the camera.

Pinning the serpent to the ground with a forked stick pressed down on its neck, a snake charmer used his free hand and both feet to soothe and steady the reptile. All the other snakes photographed had been given this treatment and, after the stick had been removed, each had stayed where it was, raised its head and taken a look around. But not so the

hamadryad, for when it was released it zoomed for a nearby garden, and was half way through the wire fence around the place before a speeding hospital attendant got hold of its tail and yanked the creature back.

Hissing furiously, the 12-foot serpent lunged at the man, who, however, warded off the blow with a stick he carried. Again the King attacked. An onlooker said it really leapt at the attendant, so determined was the big creature to bite its foe. But once more the stout stick parried the blow.

And now the snake charmer got into the act by grabbing the animal's tail and pulling the King back from its intended victim. Whereupon, full speed ahead, the big, sinewy reptile launched itself at the charmer and tried its best to bite him, only to be foiled by the fellow's stick. Then the hospital employee, to ease the pressure upon the other man, again grasped the snake's tail and yanked the King back. After some more of this sort of thing, the charmer, by using his forked stick, finally succeeded in pinning down the serpent. The reptile was soon put into its box, and all attempts at taking pictures were abandoned.

Of course, a hamadryad can't be cuddled like some little, furry animal, nor petted like Mary's little lamb, but, if an Oscar is ever offered to our earth's most spine-tingling and spectacular animal, the King Cobra is my candidate.

IKE *VERSUS* IKE

"... I would flatly oppose any grant by the Federal government to all states in the Union for educational purposes . . . unless we are careful, even the great and necessary educational processes in our country will become yet another vehicle by which the believers in paternalism, if not outright socialism, will gain still additional power for the central government. . . . Very frankly, I firmly believe that the army of persons who urge greater and greater centralization of authority and greater and greater dependence upon the Federal Treasury are really more dangerous to our form of government than any external threat that can possibly be arrayed against us."

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER IN A LETTER TO RALPH GWINN, PUBLISHED IN THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD FOR JUNE 14, 1949

★ ★ ★

"The Federal government should serve as an effective agent in dealing with this [classroom shortage] problem." (Subsequently requested a seven-billion-dollar Federal school-building program.)
"... Now of course the Federal government must shoulder its own partnership obligations by undertaking projects of such complexity and size that their success requires Federal development [in the field of public power]. . . . The Federal government . . . will serve as a helpful partner. The recommendations will include a Federal health reinsurance service. . . . We must carry forward the housing program authorized in the past Congress. We must also authorize contracts for a firm program of 35,000 additional public housing units in each of the next two fiscal years."

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER IN HIS STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, JANUARY 6, 1955

"The Federal government contributes to economic growth when it takes its part . . . in promoting scientific research and in providing public facilities, such as highways, hospitals, harbors and educational institutions. . . . The Federal government strengthens the foundations of the economy when it widens opportunity for its less fortunate citizens and . . . helps individuals to cope with the hazards of unemployment, illness, old age and blighted neighborhoods."

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER'S ECONOMIC REPORT TO CONGRESS, JANUARY 21, 1955

Hacksaw Mary

BY F. A. WHITMORE

DOWN Mississippi way they call her Hacksaw Mary — though it might seem an incongruous nickname for the popular and attractive brown-eyed brunette with the dimpled smile.

Mary Dawson Cain loves independence in the way our Founding Fathers understood it. To her, any gifts from our servant, the government, are wrong. When — at the height of World War II — Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, introduced a bill to subsidize the newspapers of the nation to the tune of 25 to 30 million dollars a year for advertising war bonds and other government activities, Mary feared that this subsidy might eventually destroy the independence of our rural papers.

Fifteen million dollars, the sum then earmarked for the rural press, would have meant one-third of their revenues. How many publishers could have resisted political pressure of this nature?

Mary Cain, at that time owner, publisher and editor of the *Summit* (Miss.) *Sun*, sat right down and

wrote a letter to the editor of *The National Publisher* which some day may be featured in our history books. She would not take any money for her patriotism. She would prefer to fly a streamer across the front page of every issue of the *Sun*: "This is an independent newspaper. It accepts no pay for government advertising and publishes only what it deems best for the needs of this town."

It was a simple letter, as clear and vigorously emotional as Mary Cain herself. Weeklies the country over reprinted it. State editorial associations convoked special sessions and passed resolutions addressed to the United States Senate demanding that the bill be not passed. It wasn't.

Mary Cain certainly could have used that money from the government. One of the seven children of Charles Goodrich Dawson, a bridge maintenance man on the Illinois Central,

she was born in a camp car, in Burke, Louisiana, on August 17, 1904. She was brought up in sun-beaten, sleepy little Summit, with its 1,500 mostly-rural dwellers — a stop-light at a



crossroads on Route 51. There, 30 years ago, she married John Cain, who has run a service station for the past 32 years. The Cains are proudly getting along, but they are not of the moneyed families.

Mary's newspaper sells more copies than there are people in Summit, but it is a small paper. Mary is the editorial writer, editor, type-setter, caster, pressman and circulation manager. She depends on no one but herself. Along came the agents of our Federal government, in 1952, to force her into the compulsory Social Security system, as a self-employed. Mary does not believe in compulsory Social Security. Ever a rebel, she refused to conform.

On March 15, 1952, Mary Dawson Cain wrote to John W. Snyder, then our Secretary of the Treasury: "Today I filed my income tax return. In the spot reserved for Social Security (so-called) you will note that I advise you none is due."

Mary's letter to John Snyder may well some day be called another historic document. She called Social Security an unconstitutional scheme and denounced the government for squandering the money paid in, instead of keeping it in a trust fund. "The officers of any insurance company that did such a thing would have landed behind penitentiary bars long since."

The government did not appreciate Mary Cain's old-fashioned individualistic philosophy. An Internal Revenue agent was sent to put a

padlock on her newspaper establishment. But Mary did not take it lying down; she took a hacksaw and removed the padlock, thus earning the nickname, "Hacksaw Mary."

The government filed a civil suit against Mary and her niece, to whom in the meantime she had transferred the ownership of the *Sun* "for \$100 cash, and a lot of love and affection." All the lower courts held that the Supreme Court had already declared Social Security Constitutional. That is correct. To be precise, Social Security has been described as an excise tax, and the take on a self-employed's income as additional income tax.

The Supreme Court refused to hear Mary Cain's case. But she has not been sent to jail, although she has paid no Social Security tax for 1952, 1953, and 1954. So far, the government has not done Mary Cain the favor of making a martyr out of her.

MARY CAIN is not the jailbird type. Far from it. Before her fight with Uncle Sam began, she had served for two years as President of the Mississippi Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs; for two years as President of the Mississippi Federation of Press Women; and for two years as Regional Vice Chairman of the National Federation of Press Women. She is now a national director of Congress of Freedom. And as Chairman of Individuals for Freedom she

has drawn up another historic document entitled, "Petition to the Congress of the United States to Remove Compulsion from Social Security Legislation."

"Nowhere in the Constitution or Bill of Rights," the petition reads, "is the Federal Government empowered to engage in the business of either public welfare or insurance in any form." She cites chapter and verse to demonstrate that Social Security, as drawn up and practiced, in her opinion violates two of the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not covet" and "Thou shalt not steal." She also claims that Social Security is a heavy progressive income tax and as such fulfills Plank No. 2 of the *Communist Manifesto*.

TWICE — in 1951 and in 1955 — Mary Cain ran for governor of Mississippi. While she was defeated both times, it is a fair guess to say that she is probably the most popular woman in her state. Wherever she appeared during her strenuous campaigns, large and friendly crowds showed up. It is another fair guess to state that as of this time no woman would be elected governor of Mississippi.

Week after week, Mary stumped the state through its 82 counties, making from five to eight speeches a day except on Sunday. In the murderous sun, the temperature above a hundred degrees, she stood on the platform, an umbrella over her left shoulder, a fan in her right hand,

and somehow also holding onto the microphone. I am reliably informed that even in that blistering heat, under such strenuous circumstances, she managed to look pretty, neat and fresh as a rose on a June morning in a more benevolent clime.

Even though she was not elected, Mary's intensive campaigns have done much to alert Mississippians regarding the danger of socialism. On her 1955 tour, she presented plenty of facts to the voters to prove that even for the poorest state of the U.S.A. socialism does not pay. While in 1950, for instance, Mississippi paid \$88 million in Federal revenues and got back \$117 million, in 1954, it paid \$140 million and received less than \$75 million. In four years a drop from 132% to about 53%!

Mary Cain's persistent opposition to excessive tax schemes has been a wholesome course in popular education. For instance, in a thirteen weeks' extraordinary session — which cost the Mississippi taxpayers \$444,500 — the state legislature passed a comprehensive series of taxes for the sake of aid to the school program. These included a 14% surtax on income; increases in the retail sales tax, the amusement tax, and the cigarette tax; and a raise of the franchise.

In Mary's view, there should be less taxes, not more — and better teachers rather than a lot of new buildings. More and more her responsive listeners have begun to wonder if they are not destroying their liberties by handing so much of their

money to our ever-growing and ever more powerful Federal government.

A full-blooded American, of in-born intelligence and a contagious sense of humor, Mary Cain tackles problems of government and economics in a common-sense, down-

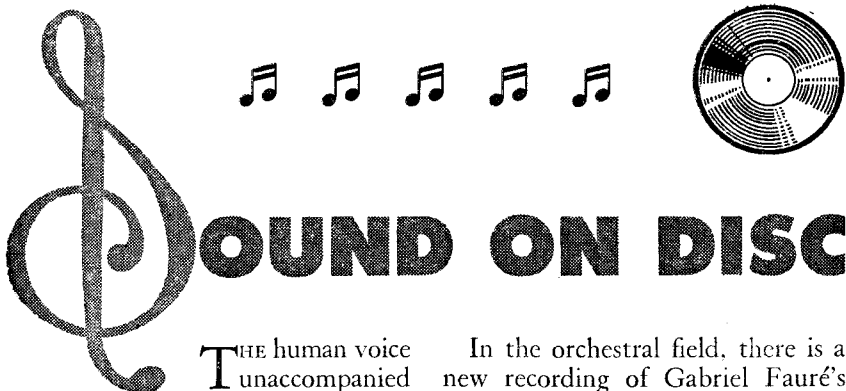
to-earth way. Wherever she encounters hypocrisy — such as the alcohol tax in the “dry” state of Mississippi — she kills it gently by the most gracious and strictly polite ridicule. Mary Cain bears watching. Wherever a padlock is placed on liberty, she will be around with the hacksaw.



Answers for “SHARPEN YOUR TONGUE”

(Questions are on Page 58)

- (1) C — ORDNANCE, from the Latin *ordinare* (order or arrange, as supplies). Example: “The production of ordnance was drastically curtailed when the Korean War was over.”
- (2) A — PAEAN, from *Paian*, Apollo, formerly the physician of the gods.
- (3) C — PALLIATE, from the Latin *pallium* (a cover). Example: “A sincere apology often palliates even a serious offense.”
- (4) D — MEGALOPOLIS, from the Greek *megas* (great) and *polis* (city).
- (5) D — LOGOMACHY, from the Greek *logos* (word) and *mache* (battle).
- (6) C — PALATABLE, from the Latin *palatum* (the roof of the mouth).
- (7) C — OSTENTATION, from the Latin *ostendere* (to show). Example: “Her display of jewelry was sheer ostentation.”
- (8) D — PALPABLE, from the Latin *palpare* (to touch). Example: “The tension was so overpowering that it seemed almost palpable.”
- (9) B — ORIENTATION, from the Latin *oriri* (to rise). Example: “The orientation of the plant is influenced by the direction of the sunlight.”
- (10) A — PAGAN, from the Latin *paganus* (civilian or peasant).



OUND ON DISC

THE human voice unaccompanied is a lost instrument unless it is carried by superb artistry or the ingenuous disdain of the folk singer. Even when a piano fills in the pauses and the void which lurks behind a sustained note, the voice is a lonely thing. But it is lonelier still when it is the vehicle for unrestrained Slavic morbidity, as in Moussorgsky's *Sunless Cycle*, or Prokofiev's *Five Poems of Anna Akhmatova*.

This is a highly personal view, I know, but perhaps you will agree with me when you have heard Maria Kurenko sing these cycles on a new Capitol release. The art song is not precisely meat and drink to me, but I have only admiration for the excellent musicianship which Mme. Kurenko brings to these hitherto unrecorded examples of unbounded pessimism and despair. These are difficult songs to sing, yet her clear soprano is pure and tastefully restrained. Most remarkable of all is the fortuitous matching of voice-quality and the music itself.

In the orchestral field, there is a new recording of Gabriel Fauré's *Pelleas and Melisande* suite, the incidental music for the Maeterlinck play. Here is music which reflects the France which also produced a world of tints and pastels, of poetic understatement suggesting rather than depicting mood. If there is anguish and tragedy in *Pelleas*, they are quietly suggested, like the unfinished gesture of a great actor's hand. Capitol has recorded it excellently and faithfully, with Pierre Michel le Conte conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Opera in a sensitive performance.

Adam's romantic ballet, *Giselle*, the oldest in the active repertoire, is a charming and disarming piece of music — so evocative that whether you have seen it performed or not, the dancing figures come to life in your mind's eye. There are other recordings of *Giselle*, but I cast my vote in favor of this reading by Anatole Fistoulari, one-time conductor of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and the London Symphony Orchestra. The touch is light, the

approach is lyric — and Capitol has given it a full-bodied transcription.

THOSE who have read this column with any regularity know how highly I regard the American musical comedy as a genuine art form. I have perhaps too frequently rhapsodized over Rodgers & Hart, Frank Loesser, Harold Arlen, and — if there be such — their like. I have approved of *South Pacific*, despite its tendency to artiness. But I find myself in a distinct minority when I cavil over the virtues of *Oklahoma*. You, however, may judge for yourself by listening to a recording of the movie sound track of *Oklahoma*'s latest incarnation. Gordon MacRae plays Curley, Shirley Jones is Laurey, and Gloria Grahame blossoms out as Ado Annie. They are all good. But, for my money, the music and lyrics of Rodgers & Hammerstein in this opus do not wear as well as, let us say, Kern's *Roberta*. (Capitol)

There is a type of music, designated as "mood," which is usually packaged in an album featuring at least one pulchritudinous female. Such a one is *For Young Moderns in Love*, in which Sam Donahue's orchestra adds a gently enticing beat to *Love Thy Neighbor*, *Love Is the Sweetest Thing*, *Taking a Chance on Love*, *Love in Bloom*, and eight other well-loved titles. . . . *In a Mellow Mood* is Bobby Hackett's contribution to this genre — an even dozen tunes such as *Mood Indigo*, *Deep Night*, *Lazy River*, and *Get Out of*

Town which are transformed by his clean, far-ranging, and moderately improvising horn. (All on Capitol)

If you want the aforementioned *Oklahoma* without lyrics and in the lushly orchestrated manner of "mood" music, you can have it in a special arrangement by Nelson Riddle. Everything, from *People Will Say We're in Love* to *I Cain't Say No*, is here. . . . John Raitt is a musical comedy singer of some note whose voice is pleasant, whose diction permits you to understand the words he sings — but who never goes much beyond that. In *Highlights of Broadway*, he does eleven songs from the famous musical comedies — *Soliloquy*, *So in Love*, *Younger Than Springtime*, for example — in a style which neither offends nor excites. (All on Capitol)

Back in the years when I could spend my days and nights listening to the great men of jazz — I was a Joe Sullivan fan. His combination of Teddy Wilson delicacy and the thickly chorded harmonies of the barrelhouse style made terrific jazz. You can hear him today on a two-part Capitol extended play, in their *Classics In Jazz* series. The tunes are mostly standards — *Memories of You*, *Deep Purple*, *Squeeze Me*, etc. — and they show a refined but basically unchanged Sullivan style. Sharp recording mars the pleasure of these performances somewhat — but no more than a lot of tobacco smoke, raucous conversation, and maybe one too many. — R. DE T.



NATURAL GAS



Unnatural Control

By Karl Hess

IN THE cool glow of a new administration, the old, feverish fears of government regulation supposedly have been banished from the formerly beleaguered brow of business. But only supposedly. Actually, and thanks to a relatively obscure Supreme Court decision, the Federal government has taken one of its longest steps along a road that could end with strict government control of the production of all the fuels that stoke America's industries, warm America's homes, and cook America's foods.

The decision of the Supreme Court that took this step was in a case involving the Phillips Company, a producer of natural gas. The decision held that all sales of natural gas intended for interstate commerce are subject to regulation by the Federal Power Commission right at the site of production, right at the well-head from which the gas is produced.

Not since the gone and little-lamented days of the OPA has the Federal government so intruded itself into the price fixing of a great natural resource. In no other peace-

time field has the government been given such a competition-killing mandate. In few other ways would it be easier to set a precedent for the gradual extension of government regulation into other fields. The camel, in short, has just been led up to the tent flap and invited to put its nose inside — by a five-to-three decision of the highest tribunal in the land.

But isn't the Supreme Court "supposed" to straighten out laws and doesn't this "mean" that price regulation of gas production must be what the laws of the land intend?

The answer is not without surprises.

Here are what the laws *have* said:

The primary law concerning natural gas is the Natural Gas Act of 1938. It gives the FPC regulatory authority over the transportation of natural gas in interstate commerce *but* in Section One, no less, it actually says that "the provisions of this Act . . . shall not apply . . . to the production or gathering of natural gas." Next, just to make sure, Congress passed a bill in 1950 to

spell out the exemption of gas *production* from controls. President Truman vetoed it. Nevertheless, the spirit of the old Natural Gas Act seemed intact enough.

Even the Federal Power Commission upheld it. On 11 separate occasions it ruled that it had *no* jurisdiction over the prices of production by independent producers and gatherers of natural gas. The last of those 11 decisions was in the Phillips Case.

A group of northern consumers, however, disagreed. Controls, they asserted, should be imposed whether or not the Commission wanted it or the Congress intended it. And, lo and behold, the Supreme Court said that is just what should happen — in the public interest. Two of the three dissenting justices (Clark and Burton) were so astonished by the decision that they flatly stated that “the Court acts contrary to the intention of Congress, the understanding of the states, and that of the Federal Power Commission itself.”

IF SUCH imposing factors as the will of Congress, the understanding of the states, and the spirit of the law can be so easily glossed over, it is easy to speculate on some future ramifications of this precedent. For one thing, since natural gas and petroleum often come from exactly the same hole in the ground, there is no logical reason to believe that the roving eye of Federal control won't eventually fall on gasoline as well as gas. And if there, why not on com-

peting fuels — coal, for instance? And then what about other minerals that come out of other holes in the ground? What about copper? Or iron? Or sulphur? Or other chemicals?

That such a decision could have been handed down without arousing the major headlines it deserves is in itself a danger. To be sure, the gas producers are doing a notable job in trying to tell their story in newspaper ads, community meetings, and through the other public channels open to them. But, for some reason, the subject of natural gas just seems to lack the industrial glamor to arouse the audience that such a decision would have got if, say, the Court had decided to order Federal control of petroleum prices at the site of drilling.

Actually, glamor or no glamor, natural gas is, all by itself, a subject that should concern every American. It has become, in a relatively few years, a key resource.

One fact alone serves to show just how important natural gas has become to America. *It supplies nearly a quarter of the nation's energy.*

Since the war, consumption of natural gas has tripled — thanks to a surge of production by independent producers sent through natural gas transmission lines into all but five extreme northwestern and extreme northeastern states.

To serve the 43 states now using natural gas, the mileage of natural gas pipelines already has exceeded the mileage of all our railroads.

Some 25,000,000 Americans are using natural gas in their homes, burning more than a trillion-and-a-half cubic feet of gas a year. Industrial users take about as much. Two million commercial users of natural gas burn up another 530 billion cubic feet.

In a picture that has just been streaked with the dead gray of price controls, however, there is an even more significant detail: the *demand* for natural gas is rising steadily. In the Chicago area alone, some 250,000 customers are lined up and waiting for natural gas to become available for home heating. Nearly one and a quarter million customers, nationally, are waiting for natural gas connections this year — and an equal number are expected to line up next year — *if* the dead hand of price controls doesn't slam the door in their face.

WITH all that demand, however, might it be possible that even rigid price controls would be unable to stop the expansion? Unfortunately, the answer is a demonstrable "No."

In the months since the Supreme Court demanded that the FPC take on the price control job which the FPC had 11 times rejected in the past, general confusion and uncertainty has virtually paralyzed vital areas of natural gas expansion. The FPC, so far, has only "frozen" prices — being unsure about standards for future fluctuating controls.

Even so, three large natural gas lines to feed northern markets have been canceled. The producers of natural gas couldn't see their way clear to signing long-term contracts with the pipeline operators. Who would — considering that there is no assurance whatsoever as to what prices the producers may be permitted to charge next year, or the year after — if the Federal control is permitted to continue under the Supreme Court decision?

Too, there has been a significant slowing-down of the rate at which new reserves of natural gas have been discovered. In the past year, reports have come in to indicate that gas reserves have increased from some 211.3 trillion cubic feet to only 211.6 trillion cubic feet. In the years just prior, however, reserves were boosted each year by from 10 to 11 trillion cubic feet per year as compared to last year's slim decimal.

Just how little in the way of new exploration could be expected from an industry tightly tied down by complete government price controls also has been demonstrated, and grimly. There are, of course, natural gas utilities whose prices already are strictly controlled. The usual justification for this is that they have to withstand no competition and thus need regulation. This also means, however, that they have no incentive whatsoever to risk money in seeking new sources — they must rely on proved sources.

Strikingly enough, in 1953, the

National Oil Scout and Landmen's Association reported that only 46 wildcat wells were drilled by natural gas utilities in new fields as compared to 6,925 wildcats drilled on a strict risk basis by companies in competition with each other.

It is this willingness to take risks that the Federal price control inevitably will blunt. This risk factor, indeed, is just why the FPC itself has consistently rejected any suggestions that it control well-head prices.

What does the risk amount to? Just as in the drilling for oil, the drilling for gas, except in proved fields, is a broad gamble. On the average, about eight dry wells are drilled for every well that brings in a marketable supply of natural gas. Considering that the cost of each of these wells starts at between \$50,000 and \$75,000 and can go as high as a million, the independent natural gas producer is not likely to be inspired to keep exploring if he has to sell the product, for which he risked so much, at a price artificially set in a government bureau and not at all reflecting legitimate market values.

IN SEEKING the Supreme Court decision, of course, there were consumer assertions that if prices were left uncontrolled out in the field, they might skyrocket in the cities. Nothing could be farther from the facts as shown by experience so far.

The price of natural gas at the well-head, out in the field, only ac-

counts for an average of about ten percent of the final cost of natural gas today. Transmission and distribution (both areas already controlled because of their non-competing natures) account for nine-tenths of the cost of natural gas.

This means that if the Federal Power Commission were to order natural gas producers to *give* their product away, the resultant saving to consumers would be relatively piddling.

On a dollars-and-cents basis here is just what that means. The average price paid for natural gas, per thousand cubic feet, out in the field according to the Bureau of Mines' last report, was 9.2 cents. The average price paid, per thousand cubic feet, by residential consumers, was 86.5 cents.

The farther away from the source of supply the consumer may be, the more striking this ratio becomes. In New England, farthest away from the great natural gas fields of the Southwest, residential users pay a whopping \$2.61 per thousand cubic feet for natural gas. The distributor himself only pays 52 cents. The transporter, the guy who buys it from the producer, only pays *eight cents* per thousand cubic feet! And that eight cents, the lifeblood of the industry insofar as it is the stimulus for future exploration, is what the Supreme Court decided had to be controlled in the interests of the American public — and the Court's own notion of what is right.

Just as though to add insult to injury, all this odd concern about the consumer comes at a time when, on a national average, the Bureau of Labor Statistics has figured natural gas to be the cheapest of household fuels.

Further, the price of natural gas in the field has taken no upward surge as demand has grown over the years. The average field price of natural gas has risen only 2.7 cents per thousand cubic feet in five years. Even part of that increase has been because of hiked state taxes. The increased field price of natural gas has not increased the cost of gas to consumers by more than three percent. The total increase in gas prices since 1945 has been only 12 percent — well under the average general increase of the cost of living.

The reason, of course, that the natural gas producer has had to control his own prices so effectively has been competition. Competition is the key, also, to the past rapid expansion of gas production and exploration. There are some 8,000 natural gas producers in the nation. Admittedly there are some giants among these. But even the giants face, or at least *faced* under the old competitive situation, this sort of competitive picture:

The top four producers only pump out 17 percent of the national gas output. It takes the hundred largest companies together to account for even three-fourths of the supply. No single company produces more than

five percent of the total supply. Considering that in, say, meat packing, the top four companies control nearly half the national production, the competitive picture in natural gas is, or was, hot and healthy.

What price controls inevitably mean is the easing out of the smaller, most independent producer — the man upon whom, traditionally, all mineral industries have depended for the big wildcat discoveries that keep the drills whirling. The real independent just can't operate in an environment of less than full market freedom. That, in the case of natural gas, he has always operated without abusing that freedom is obvious from the slight percentage of gas costs represented over the years by the charge made by the producer.

THE STULTIFYING of exploration, however, is not by any means the only grim part of the picture. The price control decision of the Supreme Court points straight to a nationally painful possibility of diverting natural gas supplies from the areas that now want it and need it to grow and to prosper.

The point is, in fact, obvious. Under the Federal control decision, only gas that is sent into interstate pipelines may be controlled. Gas that is kept in its state of origin may be sold in a free market at fair prices. For many producers this could be reason enough to (1) concentrate on sales of gas in the state of origin or (2) hold the gas in the wells as a lure

to out-of-state industry. This would mean that Texas, for instance, which produces the lion's share of natural gas (Louisiana is next) would simply thumb its nose at pleas for natural gas from other states. Instead, it would suggest that industries which need the vital fuel move on down to the Lone Star State and set up business. For many northern industries this offer of vast available fuel supplies would be a powerful lure. And for many Yankee cities it could be a municipal disaster.

These natural-gas-producing states obviously have as much right to retain and use or sell intra-state their resources as does any other state concerning its own resources.

An example of just how readily natural gas could be gobbled up in the state of production can be had from the fact that a single metals plant in Louisiana and a single chemical plant in Texas together take one-and-a-half times as much natural gas as all the residential users in Milwaukee, Detroit and Kansas City, Missouri.

If this situation developed, as it logically might under the Supreme Court decision, five states, Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Kansas would have legitimate reason to hoard their giant's power of natural gas for themselves. Those five states, together, produce all but a scant twelve percent of this nation's entire natural gas supply!

Simple constriction of the supply would not even be the worst result

of the Supreme Court decision, however, even though that alone could affect a full quarter of all America's power demands. Waste, pure and simple waste, might be another result of the Supreme Court's law-reshaping refusal to admit that Congress knew what it was talking about when it twice specified that gas *production* be kept free of price control.

In 1938, when the well-head price of natural gas was only an average of 4.9 cents per thousand feet, the drillers of oil wells which tapped gas reservoirs were inclined to just let the stuff whistle off into the wild blue yonder. Some 20 percent of all natural gas produced, the Bureau of Mines reported that year, was being wasted. As the well-head price went up a few pennies, to 6.5 cents in 1948, only 13 percent of the gas was wasted. Now, with prices up to only nine cents in the field, only eight percent of the gas is bled off into the air or otherwise wasted. Left to a free and fair market, waste has declined. Straight-jacketed in an artificial, red-taped market, many oil-drillers — an important gas supply factor — may be reminded of the old days in which it was less trouble to waste the gas than sell it. People just looking for gas alone would simply stop looking.

DISREGARDING the producer, how about the consumer? Despite the fact that the producer's price is only ten percent of the final cost of natural gas, *could* the consumer per-

haps benefit from FPC control of field prices?

The most detailed answer to that has been supplied in the testimony, before the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, of John W. Boatwright, an oil company economist who had been “loaned” to make a survey of the new gas-price ruling. Here is what he said about the chain of bureaucratic links that end up clanking around the consumer:

The Commission [has said] that the number of rate filings to be made by independent gas producers in 1955 may exceed 20,000. . . . What will be the staff and budgetary requirements . . . I do not know, but I do know that the . . . 20,000 rate filings would be about 20 times the number of filings made with the Commission in 1954.

How would entries and exits from producing activity be regulated? Would certificates be required for facility changes or expansion, or would supervision be limited only to type and continuity of services and to prices? Will a uniform system of accounting be designated? No matter how you break down the assignment, it remains a monumental task that can be accomplished only at great cost to the economy. Such cost will be paid by the consumer in his tax bill.

Something like 6,000 of these producers now have contracts to supply natural gas to interstate utilities subject to Federal Power Commission supervision. Deaths, transfers of properties, new discoveries and properties

abandoned because of depletion result in the producer group being subject to an ever changing population. Additional thousands of gas purchase contracts are being written each year. Imagine the staff, time and expense that would be required to review and regulate this flow of business. No formula can be devised for determining costs or reasonable prices in the field for the commodity. Truly, a book of futility could be written on this subject. These expenses of price fixing will be paid by the consumer in his tax bill.

BYOND those costs, Boatwright pointed to other specters of higher price hovering over the grave of free gas prices. Gas costs, as supplied by the gas distributors will have to go up when supplies from the field, stifled by the loss of market-price incentives, are not adequate to keep pipelines economically filled and flowing. Distributing companies, in order to make up for curtailed supplies from the field, may have to make tremendous investments — and subsequently demand rate hikes — in order to rehabilitate discarded machinery to manufacture gases.

Political propagandists claim: (1) that to relieve individual producers of price-fixing at the wellhead would increase the cost of gas to ultimate consumers; and (2) that monopoly exists in natural gas production. Facts and figures have already demolished the first argument of the cost-conscious price-fixers who grow terribly concerned about any cost that can-

not be paid by taxes collected from someone else. And until they dream up some amusing explanation of just how monopoly can exist among 8,000 independent and keenly competing gas producers, the public will do well to ignore them.

FAR BEYOND that, however, is the grimmest shade of all — the cloud of price fixing which hangs over all industry as a result of the Supreme Court decision. R. M. Bartlett, vice president of the Gulf Oil Corporation, well aware of his industry's position under the cloud, put it this way:

And what of other power sources, notably coal and oil? If gas sold to pipelines is regulated, why not coal which is used to produce manufactured gas? Why not coal and oil sold to electric power companies? Could not a coal miner selling to an interstate power company become, himself, a public utility under the present interpretation of the law? If the principle is once accepted that not only a public service, but a commodity itself can be regulated, then regulation can logically be extended to other commodities — iron and steel, timber, meat — when the desire arises.

If the competitive business of gas production can be put under government regulation, any competitive business can be so regulated, and competition can become a thing of the past. The danger is far from imaginary. Regulation of natural gas production is basically contrary to

the entire competitive economy of the nation, whose free-enterprise system and unexcelled standard of living have made it the envy of the world.

Fortunately, despite the Supreme Court decision, something can be done about the situation. Ironically, the something does not seem to be most likely to happen through the Republican executive branch of government but through the Democrat-controlled Congress. On the executive side of the picture, a Presidential fact-finding group, looking into the gas case, recommended that the independent producer of natural gas be freed from price control. The President received the report and recommendation. And that was that. No action resulted. No statement of agreement or disagreement was heard from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue — a distinguished residential consumer which, presumably, could benefit as much as any other Washington residence from a growing supply of natural gas.

In Congress, however, the House already has approved a bill that would clearly and finally exempt independent producers from price controls. Next session, the same Congress may add Senate approval. Then, except for a Presidential veto, such as Truman once issued, there could be a real return to the free economy that many voters thought they had taken care of with their ballots three years ago — before the Supreme Court turned off the gas.

